







William Penn.

STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA

OR

SCHOOL READINGS FROM PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY

BY

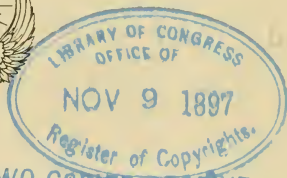
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TWO COPIES RECEIVED

NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

1897

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STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PREFACE.

PENNSYLVANIA, in many respects the most important of the original colonies, has an unwritten history. This volume is a series of sketches, taken chiefly from our unwritten history, but typifying almost every important phase of our growth.

The basis of all the incidents rests upon the best authority. In most cases the Colonial Records, the Pennsylvania Archives, and the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society have furnished the data.

Most of the sketches deal with colonial life, because the individual, the hero, for whom the young have most regard, grows less prominent in the increasingly complex social and institutional life of the state. The reader will prize all the more his own rich social, political, educational, and religious environment after becoming familiar with the struggles of an ancestry not so highly favored. The complex life of to-day will be more clearly comprehended from a view of the initial forces producing it.

Four sincere and noble classes united to build up the commonwealth : —

William Penn and the Quakers, bringing from England, Wales, Holland, and Germany a sturdy and pious body of citizens united by a common religion ;

The Germans or Pennsylvania "Dutch," attracted to the province by the peace principles of the founder, and a zeal to establish homes in a land of civil and religious liberty ;

The Moravians under Zinzendorf, carrying the Bible to the Indians, and living a community life, singularly devoted to the welfare of the humblest and poorest of their faith ;

The Scotch-Irish, earnest, aggressive, and fearless, defying all restraint and fearing no hostile neighbors, pushing to the frontier with farm and school and church, and training by hardship their sons for heroic service in the state.

The common tie which held all these diverse elements together was religion. While Penn and his German allies were in the majority the peace policy of the Quakers dominated the life of the colony. The fostering, from conscientious motives, of the non-combative spirit made Pennsylvania notably conservative in offensive movements. This influence prevailed until the close of the struggle for independence, a struggle that brought new forces to the front and created a more aggressive policy. It was this newer influence that organized the state under the Constitution and placed Pennsylvania in closer touch with her sister states.

Border friction between the colonies, and especially between the frontiersmen and the Indians, made Pennsylvania rich in Indian tales. Here wealth of sources made selection and rejection the task in presenting this phase of colonial life.

The authors have consciously omitted much that is already familiar, or within easy reach of the reader. Special effort has been made to present the less familiar but by no means less important incidents in the development of our state. For this reason no life of Penn is attempted, and Franklin's career is not treated. With such familiar names as West, Muhlenberg, Logan, Dickinson, Morris, Derator, Girard, Meade, Hancock, Kane, Fulton, Perry, Taylor, Reed, Buchanan, Blaine, and many others, every teacher is acquainted.

The illustrations are almost without exception historically correct. Many of them are for the first time presented to the public. In their preparation the authors owe a debt of gratitude to Julius F. Sachse of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, whose wide acquaintance with the history of our commonwealth is abundant proof of their value.

It is hoped that this little volume will arouse an intelligent and abiding interest in the history of the grand old Keystone State.

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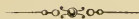
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STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA.



BEFORE THE COMING OF PENN.



THE NAMING OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EVERY child of Pennsylvania loves the grand old state. Her soil, her history, and her name are sacred. The land was given to William Penn, son of Admiral Penn, by Charles II. of England, who owed William's father 16,000 pounds sterling for services against the Dutch. To pay the debt the king gave William a large tract of land in the New World. Penn decided to name this land New Wales, but the king's secretary, a Welshman, struck it out. Penn then suggested Sylvania, because it was a great forest (the Latin for forest is *sylva*). The king said, "No; I shall call it Pennsylvania."

William Penn sailed for this great land in 1682, and every one knows how he came to Chester, and then to Philadelphia, where he made a famous treaty with the Indians under the old Elm of Shackamaxon. As we think of this solemn meeting, let us remember that the Elm

Treaty was never broken. The Indian never forgot his pledge to Penn, whom he called "Brother Onas," and the great Quaker leader never broke his faith with the red man.

To most of us, Pennsylvania is known as the Keystone State. There are four reasons given for the adoption of this name:—



Penn's Treaty.

(1) If you look at a map of the thirteen original states, you will notice that they form an irregular arch. Pennsylvania is located at the center of this great arch, and may be called for that reason the Keystone of the Arch of States.

(2) In the early days Pennsylvania was the most important state in foreign trade. Hundreds of vessels

spread their white sails to the breezes of the Delaware River, and Philadelphia was the greatest center of trade in the New World. It may be that Pennsylvania was given the title of Keystone State because of its commercial prominence.

(3) Before the year 1800 a French major, L'Enfant by name, laid out the city of Washington as the capital of the nation. The stones for the new capitol building were not all needed, and some of them were used to make a bridge over Rock Creek, a small stream flowing between Washington and Georgetown.

Thirteen stones of the arch were visible, and the cunning Frenchman carved on the faces of these stones abbreviations of the names of the states. "PA." was cut on the central or key stone, and some claim our state is called the Keystone for this reason. It is probable that L'Enfant chose this stone for Pennsylvania in honor of the position and importance of the state, and in honor of the part Pennsylvania took in the adoption of the great Declaration of Independence.

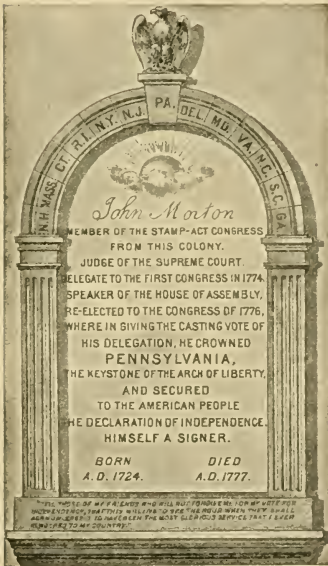
(4) July 1, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was reported to the Continental Congress. The patriots knew that our country could not be free and independent unless the Declaration was adopted. The final vote was delayed three days to give Franklin and Samuel Adams a chance to bring Pennsylvania into line for the measure, and to give Cæsar Rodney time to ride from his home in Delaware to cast his vote and his state's vote for freedom. On July 4th, Delaware was ready to vote, and the roll was called. All the states voted "Aye," until Pennsylvania, the last state, was reached.

Five of her delegates were present. Franklin and Wilson voted "Aye," Humphreys and Willing voted "Nay." Here was a tie. John Morton was outside, listening to a crowd of friends who were begging him to vote "Nay." The president, John Hancock, began to talk, and did not stop until he saw Morton enter the hall. Then Morton's

name was called, and he voted "Aye." Thus for four days the noble men of that Congress had been building the great arch of human liberty, and John Morton's vote made Pennsylvania "the Keystone of the Arch of Liberty."

The next day, John Adams of Massachusetts, almost wild with joy, wrote to his wife these words:—

"The day is past. The fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be



The Morton Tablet.

celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever."

PENN IN HOLLAND AND GERMANY.

HAVE you ever wondered why so many Germans came to Pennsylvania in the days of Penn? We think of William Penn in England, of the voyage on the good ship *Welcome*, of the great treaty, and of Penn in his own colony; but we too often forget that Penn was in Germany as early as 1671, preaching the religion he loved, and winning honest men to the church of his choice. Again, in 1677, he traveled over Europe with Keith and Fox and Barclay, preaching the principles of peace to a war-weary people.

It was this great missionary journey that made Penn a power among the Germans and Pennsylvania a refuge for so many of them. In this important mission no other man was so loyal and so helpful to Penn as Benjamin Furly, the merchant and scholar of Rotterdam.

Furly was born April 13, 1636, and at twenty-four became a merchant in this quaint old city of Holland. He married Dorothe Graigne, and their home was a refuge for scores of learned men. He collected a fine library of rare books and rarer manuscripts. His home was a welcome resort for such men as Le Clerc, Limbroch, Edward Clarke, John Locke, and Algernon Sidney. The last of these, in his will, gave to his friend Furly a fine silver goblet.

Early in life Furly became a Quaker, and he was the first man in Europe to urge and aid Dutch and German families to go to America. He often spoke in the Quaker meetings when it meant imprisonment to do so. He was



Penn and Fox at a Quaker Meeting in Furly's House.

even bold enough to write to the magistrates of the city, demanding of them protection for the pious people of his faith, who met in silence to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. This letter closes as follows :—

“At Rotterdam the eighth day of the month which we call July, 1675.”

Two years later, when Penn and his companions landed in Holland, Benjamin Furly was the first man to greet them, and it was in his home that they were entertained. From here they set out to preach the gospel and to invite all oppressed people to the New World. On this great journey up the Rhine and through the Palatinate, Furly was their fellow-traveler and faithful interpreter. To him

Penn submitted his famous *Frame of Government* for advice and correction. Furly, in advising Penn, wrote the first protest against slavery in America. Read the words of this great forerunner of Garrison, Whittier, Mott, Phillips, and Lincoln:—"Let no blacks be brought in directly. And if any come out of Virginia, Maryland, ~~or elsewhere~~ in families that have formerly brought them elsewhere let them be declared (as in ye west jersey constitutions) free at 8 years end."

Furly aided in founding the great Frankford Company; and it was the agent of this company, Francis Daniel Pastorius, of Germantown, a German Quaker, who wrote, in 1688, the first protest against slavery ever drafted on this side of the Atlantic. Who will say that Furly was not the hero who moved Pastorius and the Up de Graffs to take this noble action?

Penn and his company landed in Holland July 26, and in seven days, at Amsterdam, was held the first Yearly Meeting of Friends on the Continent. What a meeting this was! Dutch Quakers from at least six cities of Holland, and German Quakers from as many cities up the Rhine, heard William Penn and George Fox, Robert Barclay and George Keith, preach the peaceful gospel of a godly life.

Here, too, Penn learned that far away to the east, where the sluggish Vistula mingles with the Baltic, in Danzig, Poland, the seeds of the Quaker faith had been planted in true hearts by William Ames. Persecution soon tried the souls of the converts. The defender of Vienna, John Sobieski, who in 1683 sent the Turks flying to the east, was King of Poland. To this great leader Penn wrote, pleading for his brethren:—

“O King! When did the true religion persecute? Were not her weapons prayers, tears, and patience? Can clubs and staves, swords and prisons and banishments reach the soul, convert the heart, or convince the mind of man? In 1576 there sat on your throne, Stephen, who declared, ‘I am king of men, not of consciences; king of bodies, not of souls.’”

Earnest words were these. Sobieski's reply is lost. It would be of great interest to know what the conqueror of the Turk had to say in reply to the noble Penn.

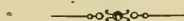
The cruel Count of Bruck had a pious daughter, who was anxious to meet Penn. The village schoolmaster carried word to the countess of Penn's desire to convey to her “the message and testimony of truth.” A meeting was arranged for Sunday in the house of the village preacher at Mühlheim. As Penn was passing the castle to reach the place of meeting the pompous count came out for a walk. When he saw that Penn and his company did not remove their hats, he became angry, called his soldiers, and ordered Penn and his followers to be driven out of the country. Late at night they came to Duisburg. The gates of the city were closed. Penn and his companions were obliged to sleep out in the open fields. They arose at three o'clock and began to speak again of “the great and notable day of the Lord dawning upon Germany,” and were glad to suffer for religion's sake.

At Cologne Penn preached to Docenius, the minister of the King of Denmark, and the minister's heart opened. He followed Penn to Rotterdam and the Hague. In 1783, Docenius wanted to remove to Pennsylvania, but his wife put an end to this by saying, — “Let well enough alone.

Now I can ride in a carriage from house to house. In America, who knows but I should have to look after cattle and milk the cows?"

It was no small task to preach and suffer in a strange land. Penn did this so nobly that he won the love and gratitude of many Germans and Hollanders. With them he always kept his word as sacredly as he did with the Indians. It was a great moment in Penn's life when he faced the Indians unarmed under the Shackamaxon Elm. It was a greater moment when he preached his way into the hearts of the Germans along the Rhine.

This is why Pennsylvania became the most important German settlement of the New World. The true history of their mutual love and helpfulness is the unwritten story of the rapid growth of the grand old Keystone State.



JOHN HUMPHREY.

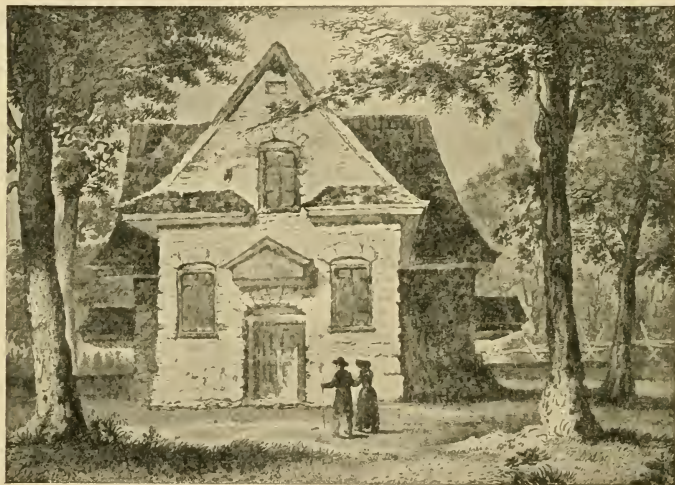
"MOTHER, mother, won't thee tell brother Charles and me about Uncle John? We could listen to thee tell about him all evening."

Mother Hannah sat down before the roaring fire of hickory logs. Charles and his sister were on the floor, with their arms in mother's lap. In a few minutes the other boys gathered around until eight eager faces made up her audience. The baby was asleep in the cradle, and Father Daniel Humphrey sat near, reading from a big, worn, leather-backed Bible.

"Remember, children," said the mother, "that John

Humphrey was your great-uncle. He and Grandfather Samuel lived in Wales. At that time they did not have the comforts we enjoy here in Merion. If five Friends over sixteen years old were found in meeting together, they were in danger of being arrested and taken to prison."

"I wouldn't have gone," said Charles, with flashing eyes ; "I'd fight first."



Merion Meeting House

"Nay, my son," said Mother Hannah, "thy temper should not rule thee. Friends believe that love and kindness can do more than guns and blows.

"In 1661, at Glwyn Grivill, the officers came and drove all the people out of a meeting where Uncle John was. Our dear Friends were forced into a penfold by the highway side, where men were drinking and swearing. They scoffed at the Friends, calling them Quakers, and asked if

the little dog which followed them was the spirit which led them. Because the Friends held their peace, saying not a word, their persecutors grew more angry and drove them two miles by the seashore, slapping them with their swords and forcing them to trot before their horses.

“It was the intention to take them to an island or sand bank in the sea, and there keep them over night in order to have them together for a drive of twenty-four miles the next day to a prison where some Friends were already confined.

“The officers had no warrant for the arrest of our Friends. Some of their neighbors rode up that night on horseback and demanded the warrant for such an arrest. When the papers could not be produced, the prisoners were allowed to go home.

“Not long after this, Uncle John dreamed that his brother Samuel, who was your grandfather, children, was in jail with three other Friends, and the keeper placed meat before them, saying that whether they ate or not he would make them pay.

“In those days the prisoners were charged a big price for everything they ate. If they were in jail very long, it often took all their property to pay the jailer’s bill.

“Uncle John took out his notebook and wrote down the day and hour of this dream. Not long after this, word came that Grandfather Samuel and those three Friends were before the jailer the same day and hour that Uncle John had his dream. Uncle John also heard that the jailer had threatened to starve them into eating his meat, that he might have the profit of their keeping and therefore put off the day for trial.

“‘This dream,’ said Uncle John, ‘is the Lord’s doings.’”

“Why was Grandfather Samuel in jail?” asked Charles.

“Because he refused to take the oath in court and declared that our Savior has said, ‘Swear not at all,’” said Father Daniel, who had been listening for some time.

“Why should the law make people swear?” asked Charles. “I have heard thee say that we should never swear.”

“I know, my son, I have. The law thinks that an oath will force men to tell the truth; but, my boy, we should always tell the truth, and the day is coming when a man’s simple affirmation will be accepted in any court in the land.

“Because your grandfather and these men would not swear, they were put in irons and chained together two and two, with their hands bound on their backs. In this manner they were driven twelve miles through the storm to a prison. Here they would have starved had not some of us who were at home carried meat in baskets to the jail. When the keeper was away, we put chunks of meat on the end of a long pike and stuffed them through a little hole in the wall.”

“Why didn’t thee shoot the jailer, father?”

“Indeed, my boy, I was often sorely tried. But let me tell thee it takes a braver man to keep his temper than to fight. We high-mettled Welsh were just learning Christ’s blessed lesson of peace. The magistrates told us if we would give up our meetings they would not disturb us. Some of the weak-kneed ones wanted to give up the meetings, or at least hold them in secret.

“When your grandfather got out of jail, several of us

with Uncle John consulted together. We concluded that we would die before we would give up our meetings. One Sabbath we were having a precious meeting. Uncle John had spoken. Many hearts were touched and many eyes were moist. Suddenly the doors were flung open, and a party of men, cursing and swearing, rushed in with swords and staves. They broke up the meeting and drove us all off to the magistrate.

"There was a young girl with us who began to cry. She said that her mother was a cripple, alone in bed, and could do nothing for herself. If the house burned down, she could not get out. The magistrate was a kind man, but he said he dare not show any tenderness, because the people would say he was not faithful to the law. He told us that this was the second offense, and the third time meant banishment. If we would pay the fine and promise to hold no more meetings, he would let us go."

"Was thee there, father?" asked Charles, eagerly.

"Yes, I was there, my son, and it was hard at times to keep still; but the mercy of the Lord prevailed. When we were sent to the Quarter Sessions for trial, six justices sat on the bench. They mocked and scoffed at us, saying, 'Here are the Quakers. Now we'll make 'em quake!' Uncle John's hat was seized by one of the crowd and flung into the air. Soon all the plain hats were thrown from our heads. Then Evan Ellis, in a loud voice, told the magistrates that they took more delight sitting in the seat of scorers than on the bench of justice and judgment. For this, and the oath which we all refused to take, we were sent to jail.

"It was now late, and the county prison was a long

way off, so we were shut up in a close room. That night, by the light of the moon, both the sheriff and the justices, save one, came before the door and made merry over us. They were all drinking to the king's health, and demanded the keeper to open the door. Then they offered us something to drink. They threw the liquor in our faces and spat upon us. They got a fiddler and kept up a commotion nearly all night.



Going to Quaker Meeting in Colonial Days.

“Uncle John whispered to me to remain still. The spirit of submission worketh wonders. I was young, and grew violently angry, but through the mercy of God was spared from striking a blow. I resolved then and there to leave Wales and England forever. After serving out our time we were released from jail.

“These are but a few of the things, my children, which led the Welsh to leave their dearly-beloved homes in old Wales and come to the land of William Penn.

"We bought this great tract west of the Schuylkill and south of the hills which bound the Great Valley on the north. Here we are very thankful for our many blessings."



THE TRIAL OF "THE LONG FINNE."

MANY years before William Penn came to America "the Long Finne," a Swede, lived on the banks of the Delaware, then called the "South River." The Finne was tall and strong, and loved his people well. He could remember when only the blue-eyed, light-haired Swedes lived on the banks of this beautiful river. But now (1660 to 1669) things were changed. First came the Dutch and took the government from the Swedes, then came the English (1664) and took the government from the Dutch. Long Finne sorrowed when he saw his people quietly submitting to these invaders.

"This country is mine," he said. "There is royal blood in my veins; I am born to rule. Was not the great Connigsmarke of Sweden my father? Shall I fold my arms and let these English and Dutch rob my people of their own? Never," said the Long Finne. "I'll arouse the Swedes. There's Henry Coleman; he's rich and well known; he will help me stir the Swedes to rebellion. The fair daughter of poor old Governor Printz will also lend me aid. The preacher at the little Swedish church encourages me. Soon all the Swedes will arise, and we'll drive out these Dutch and English, and the west bank of the river shall be mine." So thought the Long Finne as

he stirred up rebellion in and below Upland (now Chester). Governor Lovelace, in behalf of the Duke of York, governed at that time on the "South River." He heard of the Long Finne and his much talking.

"This must be stopped," he said. "We must get this tall Finne into prison." Men were sent with irons to take him. The Long Finne was surprised. He looked for his many friends. Henry Coleman, the rich man, had fled and hid himself among the Indians. Armgart, the Swedish governor's daughter, sent him no help. The preacher said not a word. The Long Finne found himself without friends, surrounded by an English sheriff and his men.

"Lay down thy gun, Long Finne," they said. "We have brought irons to take thee to prison." And before the proud Swede could strike or run they were riveting irons on his ankles, and irons on his wrists, and chaining them together. They carried him away and threw him into jail. During the beautiful autumn; the Long Finne looked wearily out between the iron bars in his little window, or rattled his chains, as the long dreary hours wore away. Little did he know that he was to be tried for his life before an English court on charge of stirring up a rebellion. Already Governor Lovelace had written to England for advice. The wise men had decided that the Long Finne deserved to die; but, fearing lest all the Swedes might rise up to avenge his death, they concluded to have him whipped in public, and the letter "R" burned into the skin of his face, and stitched into the breast of his shirt. Then he was to be sent to Barbados and sold as a slave.

Having first decided in secret what his sentence should be, the English brought Long Finne out of his jail into the court room for trial. This was on the 6th of December, 1669.

When the Long Finne came in, he was the tallest man in the court room. The irons on his ankles rubbed him sore, but he held up his head like a free man. He heard a tipstaff call out, "Oyez, oyez, oyez! silence is commanded in the court whilst His Majesty's Commission are sitting, upon pain of death." Then they read several papers which Long Finne did not understand, except the names of His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, and the Right Honorable Francis Lovelace, Governor. He scarcely knew his own name when he heard them reading "Matthew Hinks or John Binkson or Marcus Connigsmarke." When they called out, inviting any one who had anything to say against the prisoner to speak now, the Long Finne leaned forward and listened, while his eyes rested on a big crack in the floor. Then the jury was called. "Twelve good men staunch and true" were ordered to stand up, one by one. If Long Finne nodded his head, the man was told to step into the jury box; if he shook his head, another and another man was called, until the Long Finne did nod. Finally twelve men were chosen, and the trial commenced. Long Finne was ordered to stand up before the bar, and a man in a loud voice called out, "John Binkson, what hast thou to say for thyself? Art thou guilty of the charge or not guilty?" And then the Long Finne raised his blue eyes to the court and said, "Not guilty."

"By whom, then, wilt thou be tried?" said the judge.

And Long Finne, straightening himself to his full height, said, —

“By God and my country.”

“Then God give thee a good deliverance,” the judge said, and commenced calling witnesses to tell what they knew about the Long Finne’s doings and sayings.

Long Finne listened, and wondered whether he had said all that they told about him. Finally the jury was ordered to go into another room and agree among themselves, from what they had heard, whether Long Finne was guilty or not guilty. In a few minutes these twelve men all marched back again, one after another, and stood up before the court. Long Finne looked into their faces for mercy, but saw no mercy.

After the trial, the sheriff led Long Finne out before the people, and, after tying his hands to a big ring in the bottom of a post, whipped him across the back. Then the sheriff took a red-hot iron and scorched the letter “R” on his face, and with needles stitched a big “R” on his shirt.

He was then taken on board a ship called the *New Albany*, and with the same chains which the blacksmith riveted upon him when he was captured in the fall, he was now sent to Barbados and sold as a slave.

This was the first important trial under English rule on the Delaware.

PENN AND THE QUAKERS.

SALLY BRINDLEY'S LETTER.

THE following letter was written by Sally Brindley of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to her grandmother in England:—

THE MANOR, BUCKS CO., PA.

The 28th of 11th mo., 1685.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER:

Mother has been writing to thee since last fifth day, and she told me I could put a sheet into her letter. We want to get it off on the ship which sails from Philadelphia about the 10th of the twelfth month.

Our new house is all done; I wish that thee could see our big kitchen. It has a fireplace entirely across one end of the room. Father brings the backlog in with the horse, and when the boys pile wood up against it, such a fine fire as it does make!

We have so much wood. Father says that we should be rich if we had this timber in England. I gather chips. We had a grand time this fall roasting chestnuts in the ashes. I have four quarts dried. The new house is built of logs and nicely plastered inside. We'll be cozy and warm this winter. There is room in the fireplace for

Father's big chair and Mother's rocker. There is a bench on the other side of the fire for us children.

There is a little narrow window near the chimney where the spinning wheel stands. I've learned to bake cakes on the coals. We have a Dutch oven now. I wish thee could have seen our garden this summer. Besides the rows of sage, and camomile, thyme, comfrey, and rue, with yarrow and some onions, we have great big love apples [tomatoes]. They are almost as large as an apple. They grow on a bushy plant which starts from a seed in the spring. Uncle James found them last summer among the Indians. He brought some of the seed home.

Mother says they are poison if we eat them; but I guess nobody would want to eat them. They are just pretty to look at. The men dug a long winding ditch around the meadow bank this fall. It will carry the water along the side of the meadow so they can let it out to run all over the bank. It keeps the grass very green and pretty.

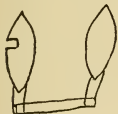
We have so many horses and cows that are not ours. Father is Ranger now, and takes up all the strays. Thee don't know about this, does thee? Well, everybody here lets his cows and horses run loose in the woods. Sometimes they don't come back and it takes a long time to find them.

We heard of a little girl this fall who got lost while hunting for the cows. Dark came on, and she heard the wolves howling. It was very late when she found the cows all huddled together. Her father found her the next morning fast asleep alongside the bell cow. She was safe and sound. I'm glad I wasn't that little girl

All the cows here have ear marks. William Penn's cows have this mark. I copied it from Father's big book. Here are some more copied by brother Thomas. It must hurt the cows to have their ears cut.

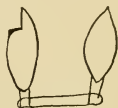


His ear marke
cropped on both ears.



John Eastburn. Henry Paxson. Thomas Stackhouse. Anthony Burton.

I also find this in the book ; Father put it in last summer : "Att the fall of the year 1684 there came a long-bodied young bb cow with this ear marke.



"She was very wild, and being a stranger, after publication, none owning her, James Harrison att the request of Luke Brindley, the Rainger, wintered her, and upon the 23rd. of the 7th. month 1685 sd cow was slaughtered and divided, two thirds to the Gournr. [Governor] and one third to the Rainger, after James Harrison had 60 lbs. of her beef for wintering of her att j of" (10 shillings sterling).

So thee sees we have plenty of meat. We have 200 shad that were caught last spring and salted. Some of them are very big. The boys were out hunting yesterday and brought in two wild turkeys. We'll have one for dinner on first day, and we'll keep the other for monthly meeting.

Oh, Grandmother, thee should see the crowds of people

who come here to dinner monthly meeting days! We have to put two tables together to seat them all. We have white bread then. Common times we eat rye bread and corn pone. We learned how to make pone at Cousin William's, in Maryland.

Mother has school for me every day. She is the teacher and I am the scholars. I am head of my class. Father says that if I keep on doing that well he will send me to England to school when I get big. Then I'll see thee, Grandmother, and the dear old place I love so well. There is no more room on the paper, so I must stop.

With lots of kisses and two pats for dear old Rover,

I am thy affectionate granddaughter,

SALLY BRINDLEY.

P.S. — Here is a picture Aunt Lucy drew. It is Father and Mother and Aunt Lucy going to meeting.



WILLIAM PENN'S MANOR HOUSE.

IN 1681, before William Penn left England, he ordered William Markham and James Harrison to select a place for a country residence. Penn expected to spend the remainder of his days in the new country. A large tract of land within the present limits of Bucks County, opposite Burlington, New Jersey, was selected. This was an attractive spot, lying within "the great bend" in the Delaware River, and near the falls. Penn thought it very desirable, since it was near the large Friends' Meeting at Burlington.

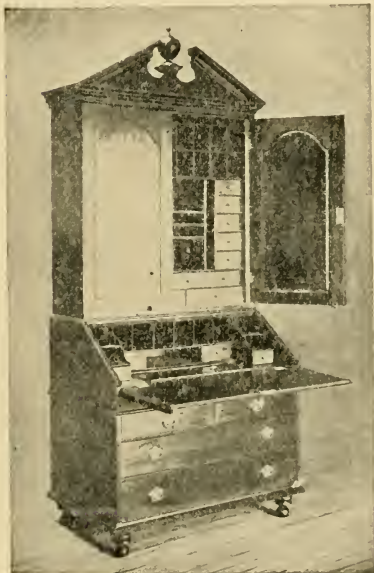
James Harrison took charge of the property, and superintended the building. When Penn came here to live, in 1699, he found a large brick house, facing the river. The bricklayer came from England, and the bricks, it is thought, were burned from clay dug at the Manor. The house was sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, with a red tile roof. A large water tank made of lead was on the top of the house. This tank in time grew leaky, and so damaged the house that it yielded to age long before the other buildings which were erected at about the same time.

The first floor was divided into four large rooms with a wide hall running through the middle. "There was a handsome porch, front and rear, with steps having both 'rails and banisters.'"

On this back porch Penn was in the habit of entertaining his important guests during public occasions. The parlor on the left was separated from the large dining room by a wainscoted partition. On the other side of the

hall a room probably opened into the great drawing room. There was also a small hall and a closet (a little living room).

Upstairs there were four rooms, one called the "best chamber," containing the curtained bedsteads. The silk



Penn's Secretary.

quilt covered a bed as high as a child's head. In this room were "a suit of satin curtains" and "four satin cushions." Six cane chairs stood along the walls, two of them having "twiggin bottoms." A tall looking glass completed the furniture. Since carpets were scarcely ever used in England, it is most probable that there were no carpets at Pennsbury. In the next room was a "suit of camblet curtains," with a "white

head cloth and tester." The nursery on the same floor had "one pallet bedstead" and "two chairs of Master John's."

A small entry and a "closet" (Mrs. Penn's private room) were all that remained on the second floor. All the rooms were nine feet high. In the best parlor were "two tables, one pair of stands, two great cane chairs and four small ones, seven cushions, four of them satin, the other three

green plush, one pair of brasses, brass fire shovel, tongs and fender, one pair of bellows" and "two large maps." In the other parlor was a leathern chair, which, no doubt, was used by William Penn himself.

The secretary which now stands in the Philadelphia Library was, doubtless, a part of the furniture of this room. The old clock stood in the great hall, where a long table was used when public business was to be transacted. "Two forms of chairs" were standing around the table.

In the "eating room" were damask tablecloths and napkins, and a suit of Tunbridge ware, besides white and blue china. For common use there was pewter ware, and for especial occasions the best plate was used, including silver forks and a tea set. The greater amount of housework was done in small outbuildings. These were near the manor house, and probably all in a straight line, since Penn wrote that he wanted them "uniform and not ascu" (askew).

In this group was a "kitchen, two ladders, a wash house, and a Milan oven for baking." These buildings were one and a half stories high, and were so situated that they would not obstruct the beautiful view of the river. A board walk led from the house to the boat landing. A row of poplar trees was planted on each side of the walk. White gravel was taken from a pit near by to make the numerous winding paths which Penn caused to be laid out among the forest trees.



Penn's Clock.

The grounds were terraced from the house down to the river's edge. Beautiful gardens with English flowers added to the attractiveness of the spot. Several gardeners from England were sent over to work on the grounds. They planted the orchards and the shrubbery, and at Penn's orders transplanted the most beautiful among the wild flowers into the gardens. In Maryland, Penn purchased many trees belonging to a more southern climate, and had them planted among the native trees. It was his intention to have "the neck" fenced off into one great park.

There were stables on the manor large enough to keep twelve horses. Penn was fond of fine horses, and brought over from England the best stock. For twenty years scarcely one hundred acres of the estate were cleared. In 1685, Penn wrote his steward to "lay down as much as you can in hay dust." This hay dust was, no doubt, grass seed, since he writes to his steward another time that "the hay dust from Long Island, such as I sowed in my courtyard, is best for our fields."

In those days there were few houses in America like Pennsbury. Visitors thought it a privilege to be shown over the house and around the grounds. The Indians who came there from time to time to hold councils with their Brother Onas, would walk around and silently gaze at the house until some old chief would shrug his shoulders and say, "One big wigwam."

The influence of William Penn had much to do with the rapid advance of agriculture in the province governed by him, and his manor served as a model for many other colonial homes.



The Bartram House.

BARTRAM'S GARDEN.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun ¹ crush amang the stoure ²
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem. — BURNS.

“THE Ayrshire Plowman” is not the only farmer whose heart was touched and whose life was called to noble deeds by the daisy. It was this simple, lovely flower that called John Bartram from his plow and made him the greatest botanist in America. Linnæus called him “the greatest natural botanist in the world.”

¹ must.

² dust.

"John and Ann Bartram, 1731." These words, cut deep in a stone of the old farmhouse on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, suggest the story of Bartram's home. He bought the ground in 1728, and at once commenced to erect a beautiful house of cut stone. Watson says he built it with his own hands. Around the quaint house he laid out a large garden, which was, after Dr. DeWitt's, the first botanical garden in the New World. It contains seven acres.

John Bartram was a Quaker farmer. He told Hector St. John how he was taken from the plow and sent over the New World to learn, better than any other American of his day, the beautiful and valuable story of the plant world.

"One day I was very busy in holding my plough (for thou seest I am but a ploughman) and, being weary, I ran under a tree to repose myself. I cast my eyes on a *daisy*; I plucked it mechanically and viewed it with more curiosity than common country farmers are wont to do, and I observed therein many distinct parts. 'What a shame,' said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, 'that thou shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth and destroying so many flowers and plants without being acquainted with their structure and their uses!'"

He took his horses to the barn, and, against his good wife's wish, went to Philadelphia and purchased a botany and a Latin grammar. A schoolmaster taught him in three months to read Latin. Then he read Linnæus's *Treatise on Botany*. "I began to botanize all over my farm. In little time I became acquainted with every vegetable that grew in my neighborhood, and next ven-

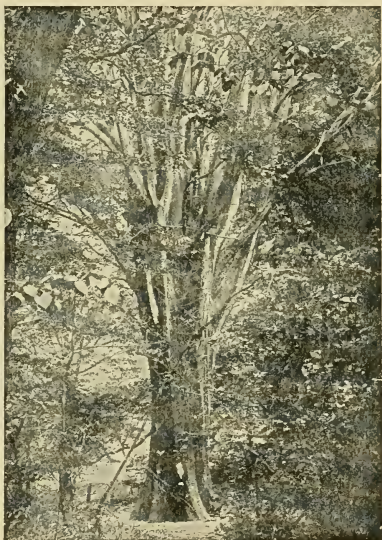
tured into Maryland, living among the Friends. In proportion as I thought myself more learned, I proceeded farther, and by a steady application of several years I have acquired a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree to be found on our continent."

In the following years, till his death in 1771, he went everywhere in search of rare plants and fossils. He published in 1751 *Observations made in his Travels from Pennsylvania to Onondaga, Oswego, and Lake Ontario*.

This was the first book of travels written by a native American. At great risk he went among the Indians and studied the plant life at the head waters of the Delaware, Schuylkill, Susquehanna, and Allegheny rivers. At greater risk, in his old age he explored the whole of East Florida, and traveled many thousand miles in Virginia, Carolina, and West Florida. From all these trips he returned to plant in his

famous garden every new and rare specimen he found, and to report his discoveries to the world through his learned friend, Peter Collinson of London.

This garden is now owned by the city of Philadelphia,



Cypress in Bartram's Garden.

and is under the care of the great University of Pennsylvania. It contains more rare trees and shrubs than any other spot in America. A magnificent cypress, now more than a hundred and fifty years old, is more than thirty feet around, and towers majestically one hundred and twenty feet high. Near it is a Norway spruce and a magnolia, each nearly a hundred feet high. Here, too, is the inter-



Cider Mill in Bartram's Garden.

esting old stone cider mill of John Bartram, hewn out of the solid rock.

John Bartram's son William was the first professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania, and the warm friend and helper of Alexander Wilson, the Scotch schoolmaster, whom William Bartram fired with love for forest and bird, a love that drove Wilson for eight years, from 1804, into the secret haunt of humming bird and oriole,

and produced the great work on birds — *American Ornithology*.

John Bartram was a quiet, good-natured, and charitable man. He wrote many works on plants in a little second-story room of his famous house, and cut with his own hands in the stone outside the window that overlooked his beautiful garden and faced the quiet Schuylkill, these words: —

'Tis God alone, the Almighty Lord,
The Holy One by me adored. — John Bartram, 1770.



THE WALKING PURCHASE.

EDWARD MARSHALL was a famous hunter on the Delaware. One day the sheriff of Bucks County sent for him.

“Edward,” he said, “we want three good men to walk out the Indian purchase. Five hundred acres of land and five pounds in cash will be given to each man. Will you go?”

Edward Marshall was examining the flint on his trusty rifle.

“I never liked an Indian,” he said; “they think no white man can hunt. They will lie. They drink too much rum. Yes, I’ll go. When do we start?”

“At sunrise, the 19th” (September, 1737), said the sheriff. “I’ll be there with the other men.”

“Before starting,” remarked Marshall, “tell me where we set out, and what are the terms of the treaty.”

"Well, it's just this way," said the sheriff. "In 1682, Markham bought for William Penn all that land lying between the Delaware River and Neshaminy Creek as far back as Wrightstown."

"Yes, I've heard of that," replied Marshall. "The northern bounds of Markham's purchase started on the Delaware at a spruce tree marked with the letter P, and ran northwest along the base of the mountain to a white oak standing by an old Indian path which led to their town of Playwickey. You remember that Playwickey was near the head of Towsissinck Creek. From this oak tree the line ran west to the Neshaminy Creek."

"I know all about that," said the sheriff. "But if we start from that old chestnut tree on the Durham road, just above Wrightstown meeting house, that will be fair enough, won't it?"

"Fair?" said Marshall. "Anything's fair enough for an Indian. You'll be along horseback to furnish provisions, will you?"

"Yes, I'll be there to see that everything is done in an honest and square manner. The further you can walk in the day and a half, the more land we will secure. There will be two other walkers, James Yeates and Solomon Jennings, and also three Indian walkers, to see that everything is done fair."

"As many as you like," said Marshall, "but I'll show them that Ed Marshall can outwalk the crowd. I'll put the Indians off the Minisink lands. I'll cross Leahay [Lehigh River] water and the hills beyond, before noon on the 20th. I'll follow the trail made in '35 [1735] when we made the trial walk; I've been there before, I know what I can do.

Ed Marshall can go further now than then. I'll make the Indian say 'Ugh!' more than once when he sees me walk."

By daylight on the morning of the 19th, a crowd of curious men and boys, including some Indians, were standing around the chestnut tree at Wrightstown. The Indians were sullen and quiet; Marshall, Yeates, and Jennings stood with their hands upon the tree, whose spreading limbs seemed to say, "Be just. There's room for all. Remember Shackamaxon and William Penn."

Nobody heeded the murmur in the branches. As soon as the first beams of the sun shone full upon their faces, the sheriff said, "Go."

Yeates took the lead with a light and easy step. Jennings came next with two of the Indian walkers. Quite a distance behind Jennings came Marshall, walking in a careless manner and swinging a hatchet. He wore thin, loose moccasins, and carried a few light biscuits. Part of the way was in the bed of the old Durham road, but the path of the trial walk was mostly taken, which followed the course of the compass in almost a direct line northwest by north. A straggling crowd of people followed on horseback.

"Yeates will outwalk all of them," said the surveyor general.

"No, he'll not," said the sheriff. "Marshall will be walking when the others are dead."

The rule was that all the streams were to be forded except the Lehigh River, where the men might use a boat. The walkers were not allowed to run and jump over a creek, unless they first walked to its edge. It is supposed that they followed the Durham road until they reached

the old furnace on Durham Creek. In two and a half hours after starting they came to Red Hill in Bedminster. Dinner was eaten in a meadow. That afternoon they crossed the Lehigh River below where Bethlehem now is, at what has since been called Jones Island. The Indians grew dissatisfied, and declared that they were being cheated. They frequently called out to Marshall to walk and not to run. Jennings gave out about eleven o'clock that morning, and lagged behind with the curious until they reached the Lehigh. It has been said that he never regained his health.

The Blue Mountains were crossed at Smiths Gap in what is now Moore Township, Northampton County. That night the walkers slept on the north side of the mountain. It was twilight when they stopped. This was to make up for the time lost while eating dinner. When the sheriff shouted to the walkers, "Pull up," Marshall clasped his arms around a sapling and leaned against it.

"What's the matter?" asked the sheriff.

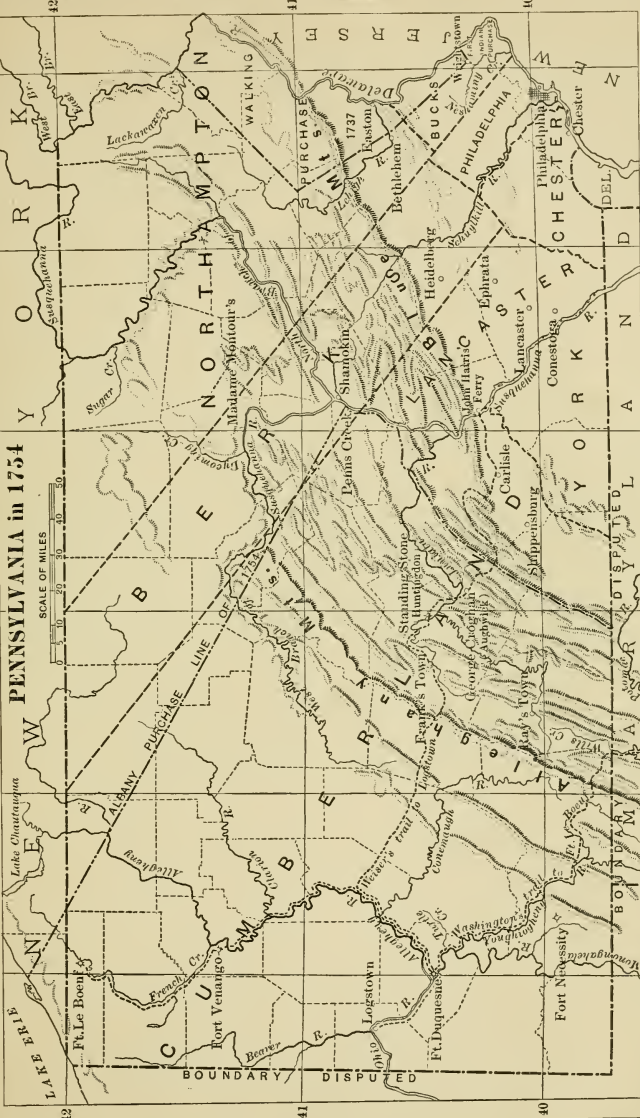
"Matter!" gasped Marshall; "if we had gone ten rods further, I'd have given out."

The Indians went off that night and danced at a "canto." At sunrise the next morning they all started again. It was not long before poor Yeates fell into a creek at the foot of the mountain. It is said that when he was picked up he was quite blind. He lived only three days.

Marshall alone held out until twelve o'clock, noon, September 20th. He was then on the north side of Pocono Mountain. Here five chestnut trees were marked with the names of the proprietors. This spot was sixty-one miles from Wrightstown.

PENNSYLVANIA in 1754

SCALE OF MILES



79 Longitude West 78 from Greenwich 77

A line was now to be drawn from this point to the Delaware River. The Indians expected that it would be drawn to the nearest point on the river. The surveyor general, in the interest of the proprietors, said that it must strike the river at right angles, and then drew it to the mouth of the Lackawaxen. All land east and south of the angle made by these lines was thus secured by Thomas and John Penn. This took away from the Indians their celebrated hunting grounds on the Minisink. These were located in the forks of the Delaware and the Lehigh rivers. The Indians said that they never intended to sell that land, and much trouble arose from the way the line was drawn.

The Indians never forgave Edward Marshall for the part he took in the walk. Their cruel scalping knife robbed him of his wife and many children. One of the little Marshall boys escaped by crawling under some beehives. The Indians never thought of looking there for him.

After this, Edward Marshall, like Captain Jack of the Juniata, gave his time to killing Indians.

The days of William Penn were no more.

THE GERMANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.



THE VOYAGE OF THE *SARA MARIA*.

THERE were Germans in Pennsylvania before Penn founded Philadelphia; but the first great band of religious people from Holland and Germany to make Penn's land a refuge from persecution, came in 1694, a dozen years after the Quakers had laid out the beautiful city on the Delaware. Their leader, John Jacob Zimmerman, died in Rotterdam just as the company were ready to sail. His widow and children continued with the company and went to London. Johannes Kelpius now became the leader of the pious band. On February 13, 1694, they crowded upon the *Sara Maria*, a vessel of fourteen guns, commanded by Captain Tanner, and sailed for America.

One of their number kept a diary, from which we learn that they "set out to spread the belief in Jesus Christ." They were earnest Christian people. They found no freedom of worship in the Fatherland, and came to Pennsylvania to live pure lives and to teach all others to do the same. They called themselves Pietists. Some called them Kelpians, after their leader. Kelpius was a college graduate, and won his Master's degree for a fine

essay on theology. Most of the party were scholarly men, trained in the best universities of Europe. They had a long and dangerous voyage before them. What we call King William's War was raging in Europe, and the Atlantic was dotted with hostile war ships.



The Hoofd-poort at Rotterdam.

(From *The Great Exodus to London*, copyright, 1897.)

Every emigrant who embarked at Rotterdam for England or America passed through the portal at the right.

These Pietists had scarcely entered the British Channel, when a furious storm swept their vessel towards the rocks. The anchor was dropped. The storm drove the vessel against the anchor, which broke, knocking a great hole in the side. The storm increased, and the vessel was driven upon a hard sand bank. There was a great crash. The sailors, in despair, cried out, "Commend your souls to the Lord ; we shall go down."

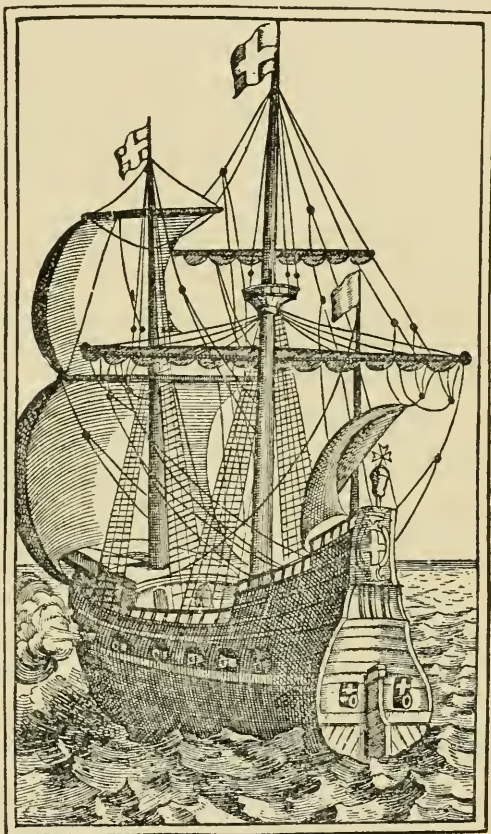
The crew and passengers threw themselves upon their knees, and prayed for about an hour. Then, suddenly, Johannes Kelpius called to the captain, "Do not fear; the Lord will deliver us."

"What reason have you for saying this?" cried the captain.

"I have had three inward promptings of the spirit," answered Kelpius.

Then came a most furious wave, and, contrary to all rules, the vessel was lifted from the bank and carried to a safe place. They reached the Downs on the 21st and secured a new anchor, repaired the vessel, and sailed out into the great ocean. Every day the Scriptures were read, and the company joined in songs and prayer.

On the 10th of March, three vessels were sighted bearing down upon the *Sara Maria*. They carried white flags with lilies on their folds. "They're French," cried a sailor, and a ship race for life was on. The booming of cannon and the shouting of men told of a deadly



The Sara Maria.

(Copyright by J. F. Sachse, 1895.)

struggle. Finally, Captain Tanner called all his German passengers on deck, and they and the sailors gave a mighty shout. The sight of so many people on the *Sara Maria* scared the French, and they sailed away. Again Kelpius and his followers fell upon their knees and gave thanks to the Lord.

On June 12, at about ten o'clock in the morning, an eclipse of the sun filled the sailors with fear, and caused even the stoutest hearts to tremble. Eclipses then were not so fully understood as now, and many people thought an eclipse was a visitation from God to punish people for wrongs that they had done.

Two days later the good vessel was floating peacefully in Chesapeake Bay. The German passengers disembarked, marched overland to the Delaware River, and sailed up to Philadelphia. It was the afternoon of June 23 when they left the vessel and crowded upon the sloping shore. They held a short religious service, and then walked two by two through the village of less than five hundred houses.

What a strange sight! They were unlike any other people in Philadelphia. Some were dressed in a coarse pilgrim's garb; others wore the dress of university students; and still others, the dress of the provinces in Germany that they had left. The place had no town hall, no court house, no prison, and no churches save the Quaker meeting houses.

The Quakers asked, "Who are these peculiar people in strange attire and of foreign tongue?" The reply was, "They are German students, seeking a home in a religious community, on their way to Germantown."

They called on Governor William Markham and took the oath of allegiance to the crown of England, and explained their reason for coming to the colony.

When evening shadows began to creep across the Schuylkill, they marched quietly to Fairmount Hill and gathered a pile of dry leaves and brushwood. A spark was struck with flint and steel, and soon a bright flame leaped skyward, lighting the sober faces of those standing around, and throwing a strange gleam upon the trees near by. It was St. John's eve. They were celebrating an old, old custom, the "Sanct Johannis." Into this fire were thrown flowers, pine boughs, and bones. Then the embers were rolled down the hillside as a sign that the longest day was passed, and that now the sun, like the embers, would gradually lose its power. On Christmas eve the same rite was observed, only the embers were cast up into the air to signify the rising power of the sun as the days grew longer. You have all seen little tapers on the Christmas trees. These are a relic of the old rite of "Sanct Johannis."

The next morning was the Sabbath. Before the sun shone on their path the Kelpians were on their way to Germantown. Here they found a hearty welcome.

It was not long before they began to build a home on the Wissahickon Creek. Here in quiet and seclusion they worked and worshiped. Kelpius had a cave in the hillside, in which he often prayed alone. Their house they called "The Woman of the Wilderness," and upon its roof day and night some of their number stood observing the changing heavens. They were looking for the coming of the Lord. With prayer and patience they watched for

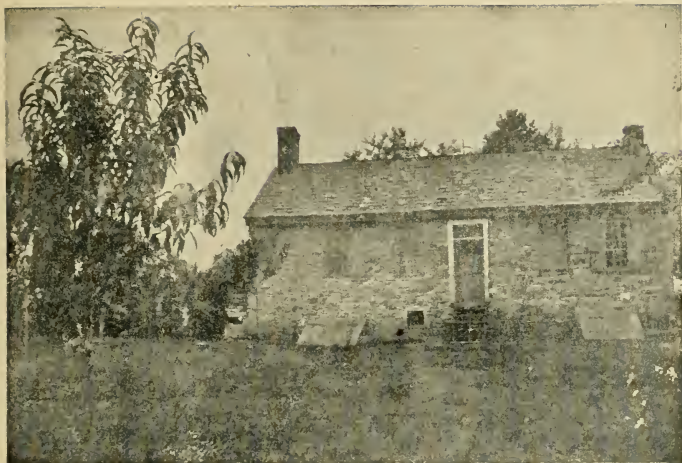
signs of His coming. And He came! Not, indeed, as they thought, with sound of trumpet and clouds of angels; but in the still, small voice that gave them spiritual comfort and nobleness of life.

These Pietists had much to do with the religious life and mode of worship in early Pennsylvania among the



On the Wissahickon — Solitude of the Kelpians.

Germans. Especially at Ephrata and Snow Hill, near Waynesboro, they had pious and earnest followers, and everywhere in German Pennsylvania the influence of the Kelpians is still plainly to be seen. They are little known to the people of the United States, but the *Sara Maria's* pilgrim band must be counted with the *Welcome's* and the *Mayflower's* in numbering the men that made America great.



Conrad Weiser's House.

CONRAD WEISER AND THE INDIANS.

SUGAR CREEK' was rushing wildly toward the river Susquehanna. The Indians called the water Os'-co-hu (the Fierce). A warm south wind had been blowing for several days. It was worth a man's life to cross the stream. Conrad Weiser said that the Indians had well named it.

It was the 28th day of March in 1737. Conrad Weiser, the great Indian interpreter of Pennsylvania, was on his way to the Onondaga council fire. The governors of Virginia and of Pennsylvania had sent him to see whether he could make peace between the Six Nations (Iroquois) of the north and the Catawbias and their allies in the south.

While war lasted between the northern and the southern Indians, the white man could not push his settlements into the mountain valleys of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Both great confederations of Indians insisted that the paths must be opened from the north to the south. If any man could settle the old, old quarrel between these Indians, it was Conrad Weiser. The work was so important that he was forced to start at once. It was the worst season of the year for traveling. The streams were high, the snow soft and deep, and provisions among the Indians scarce. At Shamokin (Sunbury) he found the Susquehanna River so high that the Indians could not get the horses across. Weiser and his companions were compelled to leave them and go on afoot. The provisions and camping outfit must be carried on their backs. By the time they reached Sugar Creek their supply of provisions was almost exhausted. They had grown weak from hunger and exposure. An Onondaga Indian told Weiser that there would be plenty to eat as soon as they came to the Susquehanna River. On the strength of this fact Conrad emptied the meal bag that morning. When their scanty breakfast was over there was nothing left. The Oscohu was rising rapidly. Its wild waters leaped the great rocks in frantic glee. About ten o'clock the men came to a place where Shik-el-li'-my, the guide, said they must cross the stream. They cut down a long pine tree, hoping that as it fell it would form a bridge upon which they could safely cross the foaming torrent.

The tree was a trifle too short. The raging water caught it and swept it away. The Indians wanted to wade over, each man holding to a long pole. Conrad Weiser said

that the water was too deep and swift. He pointed to the rocks and showed them where it had raised a foot since they began cutting the pine tree. They knew not what to do and could come to no agreement. A gnawing hunger had destroyed their good humor.

There were three Indians and two white men in the party. Stoffel, a German from Berks County, accompanied Weiser. In addition to the guide there were two Onondaga Indians, one a warrior on his way home from the war trail among the Catawbias.

This Indian did not like Conrad Weiser. He did not wish peace with the southern Indians. He still wanted revenge. Now when Weiser refused to wade the stream, the warrior said to Stoffel, "It all your fault. You tell Onas [they called Weiser, Onas] not to do what Indian advise. You want to starve us all. Your scalp would be better than your tongue. There's enough of us without you."

"If our brother," said Weiser, "was in a better humor and had had a better breakfast, he would not pick a quarrel with Stoffel. Who carried



Conrad Weiser.



Conrad Weiser's Wife.

the meal bag during the past week? Who cut down the pine tree? Who does the work when lazy Indian sit down and growl? Why, Stoffel did all this, and much more. We need Stoffel."

"You stand up for Stoffel," said the warrior, "because he is a worthless white man like yourself. You know very well that he tell you not to wade the stream. Stoffel's a coward, and so are you. You can both stay here and starve. Indian will cross stream on a raft. No white man can tell an Onondaga anything in the woods."

"Stay thy foolish tongue," said Weiser. "The stream is too swift, and the rocks too treacherous; they would surely split and overturn any raft that we could make." Then turning to the guide, who had not spoken, Conrad said, "So far I have done as you said; now I want you to do what I say. We will go on down this stream until we find a good crossing, even if we go to the Susquehanna River."

"You don't know how far it is," said Shikellimy, the guide. "It can't be done. I know the path. You don't. You and your compass have never been here before. Shikellimy has. I am the guide. If you don't cross here, I will tell Thomas Penn and James Logan of your foolishness. If you starve, no one must blame Shikellimy." Then Ta'-wa-gar'-at, the warrior, leaped to his feet, and after some moments' silence said, "An Onondaga never takes advice from a white man. He know no paths in the woods. He no guide. He's a squaw among the pine trees."

Then Conrad Weiser said that he was going to find a better crossing, no matter how far it was. They might

stay or follow, just as they wished. He would be his own guide, and responsible for his own life. He picked up his pack and started. Stoffel followed at once. The Indian who had not spoken quietly gathered up his things and followed Stoffel. Shikellimy, the guide, looked at Tawagarat for some time; not a word was spoken. Then he slowly arose and followed the other Indian. The proud warrior was left alone.

A mile down the stream Weiser found a good crossing. In an hour and a half a raft was made of dry pine, and the men got safely over. A gun was fired that the warrior might come, but he was too proud.

Late that night he came into camp very wet and tired. He said that he had made a raft, but the swift current dashed it into pieces, and he was thrown upon an island. After some time he waded from the island to the shore through water up to his armpits. The Indians all thanked Conrad Weiser for his good counsel and his bold actions. After this they thought more of him than ever before. Some weeks later, when Conrad Weiser, at the great Onondaga council fire, pleaded for peace between the north and the south, his words had weight and influence.

After the trouble about the crossing, Weiser's party came back to the regular trail, and followed it to the Susquehanna. Here they expected food, but instead they found some starving Indians. Most of the able-bodied men were away hunting. The only food Weiser and his men could find was a thin soup made of corn meal and ashes, boiled separately and then mixed. Stoffel ate it with relish, but Conrad Weiser gave most of his portion to the bony little Indian children, who stood silently watching

him eat, while tears rolled down their hollow cheeks. The three Indians ate so much of this soup that it made them sick.

When Weiser asked some of the old men among the Onondagas why game was so scarce, they all sat in silence. "I was here twelve years ago," said he, "and you were all fat, and living in plenty. Why is game so scarce now?"

A gray old Indian, whom the others called a wise man, finally looked up and said, "I have had a dream, and the Great Spirit came to me, and I asked him the same question, 'Why is game so scarce?' And the Great Spirit said, 'You ask me why game has become so scarce. I will tell you. You kill it for the sake of the skins, which you give for strong liquor, and drown your senses, and kill one another, and carry on a dreadful debauchery. Therefore have I driven the wild animals out of the country, for they are mine. If you will do good and cease from your sins, I will bring them back; if not, I will destroy you from off the face of the earth.'"

At another time, some weeks before this, when Weiser and his party were working their way up Lycoming Creek, they came to a place where the valley was very narrow and the creek very crooked, so that they would have been obliged to wade the icy waters of the stream repeatedly, had they continued their journey in the valley. A council was held, and they decided that it would be better to climb along the mountain side. This was very steep, and the snow was hard and slippery.

Shikellimy caught hold of a flat stone sticking in the root of a fallen tree. The stone came out, and at the

same time his feet slipped from under him. He fell on the hard snow at a place that was steeper than the roof of a house. There was nothing within reach, and he continued slipping. A short distance below was a precipice over one hundred feet down to a pile of sharp rocks. When he was within half a rod of the edge, the pack, which he carried in Indian fashion with a strap around the breast, went one side of a sapling, and he on the other. Here he remained hanging for nearly half an hour before Conrad Weiser and his men could rescue him from his dangerous position.

After the entire party had climbed safely down into the valley again, Shikellimy wished to go back and see where he might have fallen. When he came to the place and looked up to the cliff, and then down to the



Grave of Conrad Weiser.

sharp rocks where he most surely would have been dashed into pieces, he stood silent for some time, and then said, "I thank the great Lord and Creator of the world that he had mercy on me, and wished me to continue to live longer."

When Conrad Weiser reached the Onondaga council fire, he found plenty to eat. The Indians treated him very kindly. They listened to his words, and looked

upon him as a great man. They said that he was half Indian. The Six Nations agreed to come to the white man's council, and to keep their young men off the war-path until that time.



THE LAST OF THE KELPIANS.

"LONDON, July 20th, 1759.

"I am concerned to hear poor Dr. Witt, my old friend, is blind. A well-spent life, I doubt not, will give him consolation and illuminate his darkness."

—PETER COLLINSON to JOHN BARTRAM.

IT was in 1694 that the Pictists, or Kelpians, settled on the Wissahickon Creek, near Philadelphia. Believing the end of the world was near, they lived pious, single,



Kelpius Cave.

and solitary lives, that they might be pure and ready when Christ came. Their numbers gradually grew less until a sole survivor remained — Dr. Christopher Witt, or De Witt, who came to the settlement from Wiltshire, England, in 1704.

Dr. Witt was a learned man. He was a graduate in medicine, was well versed in religion and philosophy, and knew as much about plants as any other man in America. After his master, Kelpius, died, Dr. Witt removed to Germantown and

started a large garden — the first botanical garden in America. This garden is twenty years older than John Bartram's on the Schuylkill.

He was also a skilled workman, and in the long winter evenings, when his favorite plants slept beneath a blanket of snow, Dr. Witt made the first clocks produced in Pennsylvania, and so, no doubt, the first in America. They were made of brass and steel, ran for thirty-six hours, kept good time, struck the quarter hours, and were set on brackets fastened to the wall. They had no cases, and were called wall clocks. They were the pioneers of the famous high-case grandfather clocks so much prized at this time. They sold for about one hundred dollars.

Dr. Witt was the builder of a large pipe organ, upon which he played with much skill, and he also made a fine eight-foot telescope through which he made better observations of the comet of 1743 than the astronomers of Europe.

He also practiced magic. He was believed to have power to cure sickness, remove all sorts of evil, and to talk to spirits. Many thought him a "spook." To make matters worse, Dr. Witt went to Philadelphia and bought a slave. This slave, whom he named Robert, was a mulatto, with sharp, piercing black eyes, light skin, and curly hair. Some of his excited neighbors claimed that Robert was a "spook" that Dr. Witt had called from the graveyard. But Robert was a good servant, for all that, and did all sorts of housework for his master, and learned also how to make those wonderful wall clocks.

When Dr. Witt was eighty years old, he paid a visit to his friend John Bartram. They walked together in Bartram's famous botanical garden. It was a sad walk for

both. Bartram wrote of it to the great Peter Collinson in London, "Poor old man! he was lately in my garden, but could not distinguish a leaf from a flower."

Close study and long hours of tedious work in his shop had cost the old man his sight, and the blind old doctor was led from place to place by the faithful Robert.

In the heart of Germantown is the old Warner burying ground. Strange stories were told of this place. Many persons thought it was haunted. They declared that at the ghostly hour of midnight unearthly creatures flitted about in the pale moonlight, some robed in white, some in black. These same people said that the bent form of Dr. Witt could then be seen slowly feeling his way up the hillside into the ghostly graveyard. Here he would mingle with the spooks till the clock in the little German church tower struck one, when lo! every spook would fade away, and the blind old doctor would slowly move down the hill towards his home. The good Robert would meet him halfway, lantern in hand, and lead the lonely Pietist to his rest.

These midnight meetings ceased in 1765. The pious old doctor, more feared than loved, and little understood, was laid to rest among the spirits of Warner Hill. After this the people called the place "Spook Hill." His neighbors thought that the night after his burial they saw strange blue flames dance around his grave. No one would go to Spook Hill after dark save Robert, the slave, who nightly went alone to watch by his master's grave.

After the battle of Germantown, in 1777, many English and Hessians were buried on Spook Hill. There upon certain nights, it is said, a ghostly British officer, dressed

in full uniform, mounted on a snow-white horse, would rise suddenly from the tombs, and gallop around the charmed graves, and as suddenly vanish into the air. He was Dr. Witt's sentinel, watching above the resting place of one that could not see!

Dr. Witt loved his slave, and treated him kindly. When his will was read, it was found that he had given Robert his freedom, and had besides given him a good home, "all tools, instruments, and utensils" for the making of clocks, a lot of bedding, his "great clock that strikes the quarters," and all his household goods. He also willed £60 to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

He had lived a quiet life of charity, and he died in peace, remembering to the last that "it is more blessed to give than to receive, and closing with his life the career of the Kelpian Mystics in America. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of February 7, 1765, contains this notice:—

"Last week died at Germantown Dr. Christopher De Witt, a gentleman long and well known throughout this and the neighboring provinces for his great services and abilities in his profession as a physician."



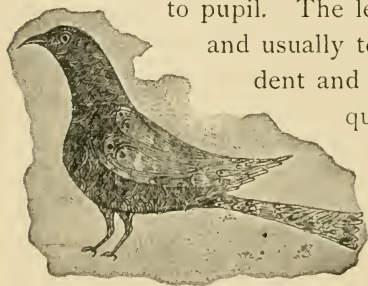
THE PIOUS SCHOOLMASTER ON THE SKIPPACK.

IN 1714 there came to America from Germany a modest, kindly man named Christopher Dock. He was a good scholar, a devout Mennonite, a lover of children. It is said of him that he was never known to be angry. To

test him, a man once met him on the road and spoke vilely, shamefully, and profanely to him. Dock only said in reply, "Friend, may the Lord have mercy upon thee."

In 1718, or earlier, he opened a school on the Skippack Creek in Montgomery County. Here he taught for ten years with no regular pay. Then he bought a modest home from John Penn for 15 pounds 10 shillings. For ten years more he farmed, teaching each of four years a three months' term at Germantown. In 1738, led of the Lord, he gave up farming and opened two schools, one in Salford and one in Skippack, teaching three days of the week in each place.

He caused the pupils in each school to write letters to those in the other, and Dock was the postman from pupil to pupil. The letters were carefully written and usually told the progress of the student and asked for answers to Bible questions. This was Dock's composition class exercise.



One of Dock's *Schriefften*.

He made with his quill on small cards beautiful pictures of birds and flowers and vines from the Bible, called *Schrieff-*

ten. Your father may have some of these in his grandfather's Bible.

Dock's schools were famous among the Germans of the Schuylkill valley, and his Dunker friend, Christopher Saur of Germantown, the first man to print the Bible in America, persuaded Dock to write and print a description of his method of keeping school. Dock refused at first,

fearing it would be sinful to write anything in his own praise. His minister, Dielman Kolb, removed his scruples on this score, and Dock completed the work on August 8, 1750. He then said he would not allow it to be printed during his lifetime, but nineteen years afterward, Christo-



From Dock's Primer.

pher Saur's son won Dock's consent to print it. But the manuscript was lost. Dock wrote to young Saur, "Do not trouble yourself about the lost writing. It has never been my opinion that it should be printed in my lifetime, and so I am pleased that it is lost." But a year later it was found and was published by the younger Saur in 1770.

This book is the first written and published in America upon school teaching. It is the only picture of a colonial country school. Let the book itself tell some of the plans and purposes of this pioneer teacher and author.

The new scholar is "first welcomed by the other scholars, who extend their hands to it."

"If it cannot say the A B C's in order and point out with the forefinger all the letters, it is put into the A-b Abs. When it gets this far, its father must give it a penny and its mother must cook for it two eggs, because of its industry.

"When they are all together, and are examined to see whether they are washed and combed, a morning hymn or psalm is given them to sing, and I sing and pray with them.

"Those who know their reading will have an O marked with chalk on their hands. This is a sign that they have failed in nothing. If any one fails as many as three times, it is shown with a word to the scholars, and they all shout out at him 'lazy!' This shaming cry of the children gives them more pain and drives them to more study than if I should hold the rod before them and use it all the time."

Christopher Dock also wrote *A Hundred Necessary Rules for Children*. We have room here for only thirteen of them.

RULE 1. Dear child, accustom yourself to awaken at the right time in the morning without being called, and as soon as you are awake get out of bed without delay.

RULE 4. Offer to those who first meet you, and to your parents, brothers and sisters, a good morning, not from habit simply, but from true love.

RULE 7. When you wash your face and hands do not scatter the water about in the room.

RULE 9. When you comb your hair do not go out into the middle of the room, but to one side in a corner.

RULE 11. Do not eat your morning bread upon the road or in school, but ask your parents to give it to you at home.

RULE 12. Then get your books together, and come to school at the right time. Do not tear them, and lose none of them.

RULE 24. At the table sit very straight and still, do not wobble with your stool, and do not lay your arms on the table. Put your knife and fork upon the right and your bread on the left side.

RULE 61. To your fellow-scholars show yourself kind and peaceable, do not quarrel with them, do not kick them, do not soil their clothes with your shoes or with ink, give them no nicknames, and behave yourself in every respect toward them as you would that they should behave towards you.

RULE 63. Keep your books, inside and outside, very clean and neat, do not write or paint in them.

RULE 86. Accustom yourself to be orderly in everything, lay your books and other things in a certain place and do not let them lie scattered about in a disorderly way.

RULE 97. Never go about nasty and dirty. Cut your nails at the right time and keep your clothes, shoes and stockings neat and clean.

RULE 98. In laughing, be moderate and modest. Do not laugh at everything, and especially at the evil or misfortune of other people.

RULE 99. If you have promised anything try to hold to it, and keep yourself from all lies and untruths.

The last years of this good man's life were spent in the home of Heinrich Kassel, a farmer on the Skippack. It was Dock's custom, after the scholars were dismissed, to remain and pray alone. He did not come home one evening in the autumn of 1771. A search was made, and he was found in the schoolhouse on his knees, dead.



THE GREATEST BOOKS OF COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN any one says in your hearing that the Pennsylvania Germans were ignorant people, deny it boldly. They were the most learned settlers that came to America. As early as 1753, Dr. William Smith, who had no sympathy for these peace-loving Mennonites and Dunkers, wrote, "They import many foreign books, and in Pennsylvania have their printing houses and their newspapers."

Willem Rittinghuysen, in 1690, built the first paper mill in the colonies, on a branch of the Wissahickon Creek.

Christopher Saur of Germantown was the first great printer in America. In 1743, thirty-nine years before the Bible was printed in this country in English, the Germans of Pennsylvania were reading the German Bible from the press of the learned Dr. Saur. The first speaker of the House of Representatives, F. A. Muhlen-

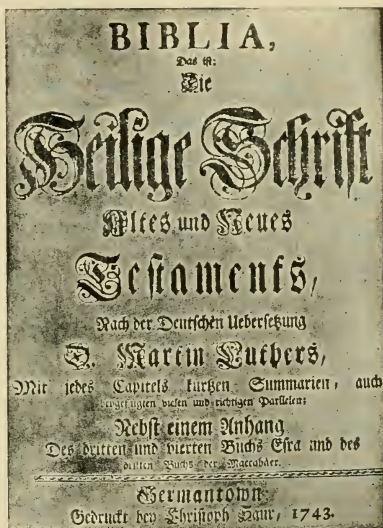
berg, and seven of the governors of Pennsylvania, had Pennsylvania German blood in their veins.

The second great printing establishment in America was at Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Here and at Germantown many religious works, a newspaper, and a German almanac were printed and widely read.

In Philadelphia, Franklin early won fame as a printer. His *Poor Richard's Almanac* was extensively read in all the colonies, and its short but wise sayings are household words everywhere. But in the early days the Germans and the Quakers were more strongly attached to the books of their own people, books that defended their religion

and increased the love of the children for the church of their fathers. Hence it came to pass that a book now unknown, save in the older German families of the state, was in its day the most read of all American books, after the Bible. This greatest literary effort of colonial Pennsylvania was the translating and printing, in 1748, of the *Mennonite Martyrs' Mirror* of Van Braght.

Think of fifteen men, set aside by prayer, working three years on one book, and you have some idea of this



Title-page of the Saur Bible.

wonderful work. The original book first appeared in Holland in 1562. It gave the lives of many pious Mennonites who suffered and died for their religion. It ran through twelve editions, but most of these books and their owners were burned by the persecutors in Europe. Some copies were brought to America; but they were



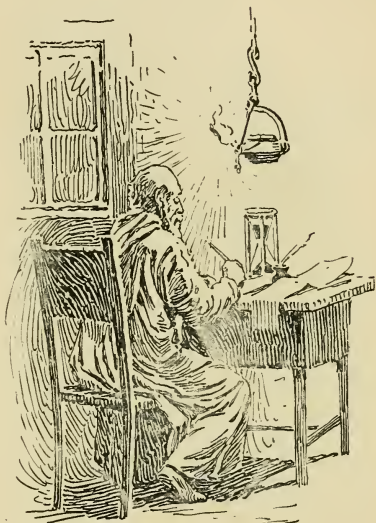
Title-page of the *Martyrs' Mirror*.

bring this about better than a careful reading of the *Martyrs' Mirror*? Here the young men would learn how cruel war is, how much holy men of their own faith had suffered for Christ's sake, and how true they should be to the faith of their fathers. But these young Germans could not read Dutch.

Six good men wrote a letter to the Brethren in Amsterdam, beseeching them to have this *Bloedig Tomeel* of

printed in Dutch, the language of Holland, and many of the Pennsylvania Germans could not read them. These pious Mennonites were opposed to war, and when, in 1744, the English and the French began to fight, these people saw that it would not be long before the sound of fife and drum would call men to arms in the colonies. They wanted their sons to love the church of their fathers. What could

Tieleman Jans Van Braght translated into the German language. But the Dutch were, as usual, slow. No answer came for three years! In the mean time these Mennonites went to the Dunker settlement at Ephrata, in Lancaster County, and asked to have this great work done there. Conrad Beissel, the founder of the Ephrata Society, and a great scholar, agreed to undertake the task. He set aside fifteen men, with prayer and fasting. Peter Miller, the greatest linguist of colonial America, was placed in charge to translate the book. This unselfish man became so much interested in the translation, and so burdened with the work, that for three years he did not sleep more than four hours a night.

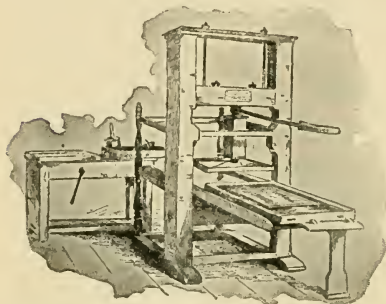


Peter Miller.

The type was set by four of Miller's assistants, another four ran the press, and the others made the paper. In three years the great work was done. It contained fifteen hundred and twelve pages, printed upon strong, thick paper, in large type, in order, as was said in the preface, "that it may suit the eyes of all." It was bound in thick boards, covered with leather, with brass mountings on the corners, and two heavy brass clasps.

The volume would be a load for any youth to carry.

One thousand two hundred copies were printed, and in 1754 five hundred were still unsold. The price was twenty-two shillings, about \$5.50. It was sold at cost, for Peter Miller declared, "We do not propose to get rich."



The Ephrata Press.

They did the work to honor God and to promote religion.

This book took a rather warm and strange part in the Revolutionary War. Paper was scarce. The soldiers needed "wads" for their guns. Two wagons and six soldiers came to Ephrata and carried

off the remaining *Martyr* books. And so it came to pass that the book that was printed with so much care and toil and sacrifice to teach young men not to fight, was rammed down American muskets and sent flying after redcoats and Hessians.



PETER MILLER.

IN the dark days of the Revolution, when General Howe was feasting in Philadelphia, and General Washington was starving at Valley Forge, a solemn-faced man, with bowed head and eyes to the ground, walked into the presence of the hero of Valley Forge. He was nearly seventy years old, and was one of the most learned men in America. He had walked all the way from his home

at Ephrata, in Lancaster County, to ask a favor of General Washington. He had a right to ask a favor, for the man and his associates had nursed hundreds of wounded soldiers in their cloister at Ephrata, and he had, at the request of Thomas Jefferson, done what few scholars of his day could do. He had translated the Declaration of Independence into seven foreign languages and helped, in this way, to explain to the world the reason for the American Revolution. He came to Washington to save the life of Michael Wittman, a man whom he had known many years. Wittman, however, had hated this man, whose name was Peter Miller, from the day that Miller joined the Ephrata Society. One day Wittman met Peter Miller as he was taking a load of paper from the mill to the press, and said, "Is this the way they treat you, harnessing you up to a wheelbarrow?" and he spit in Miller's face. He knew very well that it was against this pious old preacher's religion to strike back.



Peter Miller's House.

Peter Miller waited in patience the time to act his part. That time had come. Wittman was arrested as a Tory, tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be hanged.

Washington received Peter Miller gladly, and asked the cause of his long journey.

"General Washington," said Peter Miller, "I have come to ask you to pardon Michael Wittman. He is to be hanged to-morrow at the Turks Head" (West Chester).

"My friend," said the great man, "this I cannot do. Wittman is a Tory. He has betrayed us. He even went to Philadelphia and offered his services to our enemy, General Howe. The state of public affairs is such that renegades must suffer. Otherwise," added the general, "it would give me great pleasure to release your friend."

"Friend!" exclaimed Miller; "why, General Washington, he is my most bitter enemy."

"What," said General Washington, looking steadily in his friend's face, and with his voice strangely softened, "can you ask for the pardon of your enemy?"

"Jesus did as much for me," was the answer.

Then Washington signed the pardon of Wittman, and placing it in Peter Miller's hands said, "My dear friend, I thank you for this example of Christian charity."

All through the night, the legend tells us, Miller plodded his way to the Turks Head. As the sun broke over the quiet landscape all was confusion and excitement. Michael Wittman was led to the gallows tree, guarded by two soldiers.

Just as the officer was preparing to place the rope around the guilty man's neck, there was heard a shout in the distance. The crowd turned quickly. The officer halted. The prisoner looked up. A man was seen hastening through the crowd, right to the place of execution. He held in his hand and waved above his head a piece of paper.

"Halt!" said the runner. "I have a pardon here for

Wittman, signed by General Washington." And so it was. Peter Miller had arrived just in time to save the life of his enemy. The crowd melted away. The officer folded the paper slowly as he returned alone to the jail, while Peter Miller took Wittman by the hand and led him forth from death, out under the bending trees, out into the clear sunlight. Without a word of rebuke, or once speaking harshly, he led Wittman across the hills, and through the valleys, until the Tory was again at home, a free man.

This Peter Miller was called by his brethren at Ephrata Brother Jaebez. He was a great scholar, a noted printer, a holy man. On his tombstone at Ephrata is this inscription, in German:—

"Here lies buried Peter Miller, born in the district of Lautern in the Palatinate (Chur-Pfalz); came as a Reformed preacher to America in the year 1730, was baptized by the Community at Ephrata in the year 1735, and named Brother Jaebez; also he was afterward a preacher (Lehrer) until his end. He fell asleep the 25th of September, 1796, at the age of eighty-six years and nine months."



Peter Miller's Tombstone.

OTHER PIONEERS.



THE MORAVIANS.

The Reformers before the Reformation. — LUTHER.

JULY 6, 1415, the village of Constance on the Rhine was the scene of a great event. John Huss of Bohemia, the founder of the Moravians, was lashed to the stake and burned alive because he dared to follow his conscience and denounce wrong. His ashes were scattered in the Rhine, but his spirit raised up hosts of followers under the name *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. Many of these pious people were natives of Moravia, and they are known to us as Moravians. The greatest schoolmaster of his generation, John Amos Comenius, the author of *Orbis Pictus*, the first schoolbook for children with pictures, was a bishop of these people.

For three hundred years they were driven over Europe, hunted like wild beasts, thrust into prison, or burned at the stake. But they had one great deliverer, Nicholas Ludwig, Count of Zinzendorf. He gave these wandering, friendless, and countryless people a home on his estate. The name of this new home was Hernhut (the protection of the Lord).

In 1736 Zinzendorf was banished from his home land, Saxony, for his religion's sake. He went to England, and arranged with the agents of General Oglethorpe to send missionaries to the new colony, Georgia. Here the Moravians had no religious liberty, and on account of war they removed to the land of the peaceful and truthful Penn. They settled at Nazareth, and in 1740 Father Nitschmann and a party of followers from Germany joined them. The next year they formed a new settlement on the Lecha. The Indians called this beautiful river the Lecha, and the Moravians intended to call the new town Bethlehem (the House upon the Lecha).

To this wilderness home, late in the year, came their banished leader, Zinzendorf, to celebrate with his followers the birth of our dear Savior. Many of the settlers were



The First House in Bethlehem.

living in caves, and there was only one house in the settlement. This house had one story and an attic. At the end, with a wall between, was the cow and horse stable.

On Christmas eve all the people crowded into this small house for worship. They spoke of the blessed Babe of Bethlehem. "At the tenth hour" the singers went into the cow stable, crept in the cold and darkness close up to the manger, and sang with feeling, so that it melted all hearts to tears:—

“Nicht aus Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem,
Aus dem kommt was mir fromet.”

“Not from Jerusalem, but Bethlehem,
Comes that which helpeth me.”

So in tears and prayers these pious men of God called the place Bethlehem.

On December 3, 1776, while the British were marching across New Jersey towards Philadelphia, General Washington decided to make Bethlehem the chief hospital of the Continental army. Two hundred and fifty sick soldiers arrived the next day, and hundreds more followed in a short time. Soon the place was crowded with the sufferers, and Bethlehem remained the general hospital of the army until June, 1778.

The Moravians gave up their large buildings to the sick and wounded soldiers. They did more. They furnished food and clothing, nursed the sick, conducted religious services twice each week, and in every way known to them aided the cause of freedom.

At the head of this great and charitable organization was Bishop Ettwein. Preaching one day to his people upon their duty to their country, he urged all of them to pray for the success of the United States. Then, exclaiming, “We had better do so at once,” he fell upon his knees and offered up a fervent prayer for the cause he loved.

After Lafayette was wounded at Brandywine he was carefully nursed into health at the house of Charles Beckel in Bethlehem. Here, too, the single sisters presented a crimson silk banner, beautifully lettered and embroidered, to Count Pulaski. Longfellow's *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem* keeps this noble act fresh in memory.

On the streets of this quiet Pennsylvania village walked General Washington, Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb; Generals Schuyler, Armstrong, Gates, and Mifflin; and such other heroes as John Hancock, Henry Laurens, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, and Samuel Adams.

Every President from Washington to Buchanan found welcome and entertainment in the old "Sun Hotel," one of the best-known public houses in America.

When Washington visited here, he was much pleased with the industry and skill of the women, who presented him with a "blue stripe" dress pattern for his wife. He purchased for his own use two pairs of stockings and many other much-needed articles. For Bishop Ettwein

he had a great fondness. To him Washington said, "I wish I were a simple Moravian."

The bishop replied, "Stay where you are; you can do more good where you are."

To the credit of these good Moravians it must be said that they were the great missionaries to the Indians among the Pennsylvania settlers. Zinzendorf, Spang-



Spangenberg.

enberg, Heckewelder, Zeisberger, Loskiel, Cammerhoff, Nitschmann, Neisser, Ettwein, Martin Mack, Frederick Martin, Frederick Christian Post,—what glorious names these are in Pennsylvania history! They stand for faith

in God, and heroic and high religious purpose. These are the men that carried the message of the Bible to the Indians, that put into savage hearts the refined spirit of Christ, that carried high culture and holy zeal into the wilderness, and that taught the Indians to bury the hatchet and build temples to God.



COUNT ZINZENDORF IN THE WYOMING.

THE Count of Zinzendorf came to Pennsylvania about 1741. In the presence of several prominent men in Philadelphia he gave up his title of Count and took the name of Louis von Thürnstein. The Germans called him "Brother Louis," and the Quakers called him "Friend Louis."

Zinzendorf, like all other Moravians, became greatly interested in the Indians.

With his daughter Benigna, he went to see Conrad Weiser at Tulpehocken. Weiser told him of the great Onondaga council fire, and



Zinzendorf.

spoke of the Iroquois, or the Indians of the Long House. He told him of Shikellimy at Shamokin, who governed the Delawares and the Shawnees in the interest of the Iroquois. He told him of the deep religious nature of these people, their habits of meditation, their desire to save their

young men from the white man's rum. Weiser went further and told what he would do if he were a missionary. He would have a smith shop at Shamokin to mend their guns and hatchets. He would have men learn their language and enter into their ways of living. He would take Christ to the Indians rather than try to bring the Indians among Christians.

Zinzendorf was delighted with his visit; and he and Benigna agreed to go with Weiser on his next journey to Shamokin. The road was wild and dangerous. It was merely a rough trail in the mountains, where the limbs of the trees threatened to brush Benigna from her horse. In going down the mountains the path at times was so steep that Zinzendorf held his daughter's dress to keep her from sliding over the horse's head. At Shamokin, Shikellimy listened with marked attention to the great Moravian. Zinzendorf accompanied Weiser up the west branch of the Susquehanna as far as Madame Montour's (near where Montoursville now stands). He then decided to return to Shamokin and go up the north branch to the Wyoming valley and locate himself among the Shawnees.

"That will never do," said Weiser. "You don't know the ferocious nature of the Shawnee Indians. They will surely scalp you if you go there. No white man has ever been in the Wyoming. The Iroquois gave them that land for hunting grounds. They will not listen to your preaching."

"That is just why I am going to the Wyoming," replied Zinzendorf. "They need to learn of Christ."

"Then you take your life and that of fair young Benigna here in your own hands," said Weiser, and he started for Tulpehocken.

Zinzendorf pushed up the Susquehanna, and pitched his tents in the Wyoming country (1742). After he had opened his mission, he received one day from the Moravians at Bethlehem a bundle of letters and papers which had come all the way from Europe. The count wished to be alone when he read them; so he caused his tent to be moved some distance from the others. Here he sat alone, day after day, examining his papers. The Indians had from the first received him coldly, but now since he had moved his tent away from the others they grew suspicious.

"Why should he come here?" they asked. "It's another trick to get our land from us. We've not forgotten the Walking Purchase. He moves his tent from his people. They have quarreled. He's a bad man. He's too much alone. He loves the dark spirit. Snakes are in his wigwam. We had best kill him."

After this decision had been fixed upon at the council of the Shawnees, the sharp eye of the Indian was upon Zinzendorf every hour of the day and night. The day for his death was fixed, and a young brave was chosen to do the bloody deed.

Meanwhile Conrad Weiser was at Tulpehocken. Care lay upon his heart, and his nights were restless. He was troubled about Zinzendorf. He was sure that the Indians would kill him. After a few days he could stand it no longer. Alone, he started across the wild, untrodden mountains toward Wyoming. He arrived just in time to save the count's life. The day for the murder was at hand, but Zinzendorf knew nothing of the dark plan. Weiser went straight to the sachems of the Shawnees, and charged them with plotting to take Zinzendorf's life.

The Indians were frightened. How did Weiser know? Who told him? Had they not all kept this secret? Then Weiser talked plainly and boldly.

"Take this man's life," he said, "and for what? You imagine that he came to take your lands. This land is not yours. The Iroquois gave it to you for a hunting ground. You kill Zinzendorf, and they will take this land from you. You want to kill Zinzendorf to save your land, when you know that his innocent blood will drive you from the land. This man came to make men of you. You are nothing but cowardly dogs. Go, bury the scalping knife, and let Zinzendorf depart in peace."

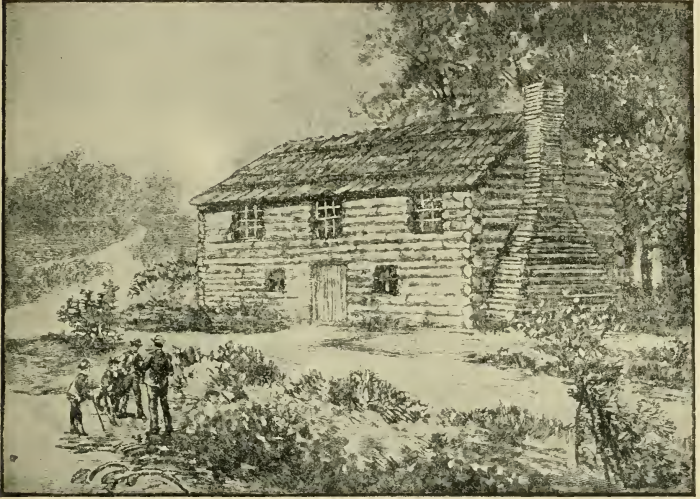
The Indians promised not to touch a hair on Zinzendorf's head. They were afraid of Weiser and his influence with the Six Nations. Conrad then took the pious Zinzendorf away from Wyoming. For a long time the Moravians thanked Conrad Weiser for saving the life of their leader.



THE LOG COLLEGE.

AMONG the most active settlers of our colony were the Scotch-Irish. Like the Germans and Quakers, they had suffered for their religion. They were driven out of Scotland and found refuge in the northern part of Ireland, and from that place many came to America. In Philadelphia, as early as 1703, a church of these Presbyterians was organized. In 1717, they formed a colony on the Octoraro Creek, in Lancaster County. About 1720, a large number settled in Bucks County.

In this settlement was a famous preacher, Rev. William Tennent, who had been educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and had become a priest of the church in 1706. He came to America in 1718, and was made a Presbyterian preacher September 17 of that year. He was elected pastor at Neshaminy, Bucks County, in 1726.



The Log College.

At this time there was no college in the middle colonies that could prepare young men for the ministry. To found such a school was William Tennent's mission, and for this great work he was well suited. He was a profound scholar, speaking and writing the Latin and other languages as fluently as his mother tongue.

In 1726 he founded the famous Log College on the Neshaminy, built of logs, "chunked and daubed" between,

and one story high. It was twenty feet long and nearly as broad. Out from this simple college, fired with a love for the truth by its noble founder, went many of the famous preachers of the eighteenth century.

From this Log College grew, in 1746, the great College of New Jersey, now called Princeton University; and, in 1783, Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

William Tennent had four sons, all of whom, under their father's instruction, became famous leaders of the church. His son Gilbert was his assistant; and after the father died, in 1746, Gilbert became president of the Log College. He was one of the most eloquent preachers in America. The great Whitfield said, "I went to the meeting house to hear Mr. Gilbert Tennent preach; and never before heard I such a searching sermon. He is a son of thunder and does not regard the face of man." "Higher testimony," said an eminent divine, "and from higher authority, could not be given upon earth. It is doubtful whether Mr. Whitfield ever expressed so high an opinion of any other preacher."

Whitfield preached at the Log College in 1739 to three thousand souls, and the vast meeting was melted to tears. The next year, at Whitfield's invitation, Gilbert Tennent stood in Boston preaching to multitudes. Thousands were concerned for their souls. He preached at Harvard University, and, as he wrote, "In Cambridge also in the town and in the College, the shaking among the dry bones was general, and several of the students have received consolation." Of Yale he writes, "In New Haven the concern was general. About thirty students came on foot ten miles to hear the word of God."

This great missionary journey, by a Pennsylvania preacher to the great New England cities, taught the Puritans that men of power were filling the middle wilderness of America with the light and life of Christ.

Among the Log College pupils was Rev. Samuel Blair, who founded as early as 1741, in Chester County, "The School of the Prophets," the second Presbyterian classical college of Pennsylvania. This school gave Princeton College its able president, Rev. Samuel Davies; and the church the eloquent Rev. John Rodgers and such famous divines as Alexander Cumming, James Finley, and Hugh Henry.

Rev. John Blair, brother of Samuel, a great preacher of the Cumberland valley before the French and Indian War, and vice president of Princeton College, was also an alumnus of the Log College. From here came also the eminent Dr. Samuel Finley, president of Princeton College. In 1744, Dr. Finley opened a school for ministers at Nottingham, Chester County, which gained the widest reputation for good work, and sent out such men as Governor Martin of North Carolina; Dr. Benjamin Rush; his brother, Judge Rush; Ebenezer Hazard, Esq.; Rev. James Waddel, D.D., the eloquent blind preacher of Virginia; Colonel John Bayard; and Governor Henry of Maryland. Upon Samuel Finley was bestowed the degree, Doctor of Divinity, by Glasgow University. He was the first Presbyterian minister of America so honored.

The Log College had no more worthy pupil than the Rev. Robert Smith, D.D. He was made pastor of the church at Pequea, Lancaster County, in 1750, and, like other graduates of the Log College, soon founded at

this place a classical and theological school of great merit. Here he educated his three sons: Rev. Samuel S. Smith, D.D., president of Hampden Sidney College in Virginia, and afterwards president of Princeton College, a great scholar, author, and preacher; Rev. John Blair Smith, president of Hampden Sidney College and first president of Union College, Schenectady, New York, an eloquent and successful preacher; and Rev. William Smith, of whom his pious parent said, "to comfort and edify the plain Christian, he was equal to either of them."

The Log College proved that pioneers could be scholars, and that America did not need to submit to the proud words of the English: "Let the colonists attend to the production of the earth and look to England for learning and learned men."

In answer to the ugly slur of one of England's lords of trade, "Let the colonists make tobacco," these noble Pennsylvanians made men; men of culture, of power, and of great personal worth; men that loved the Lord and did good in His name.

THE NATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA.



JUSTICE TO THE INDIANS.

IN the spring of 1728 a roving band of southern Indians came into Chester (now Lancaster) County and alarmed the people very much. They went from house to house, demanding food, and often treated the people rudely.

Their captain, a Spanish Indian, carried a cutlass, and some of the people thought he flourished it too much.

A large number of men, armed with guns, swords, and pitchforks, started in pursuit of the Indians. After going some distance into the forest, they suddenly came upon them, squatting around their camp fire.

“Let’s fire on them,” whispered one of the white men. “We can surprise them.”

“No,” said the captain; “put down your gun and wait until two of us go up and treat with them.”

Just as the two white men came up, the Spanish Indian leaped to his feet, and, pulling out his cutlass, flourished it twice over his head, and shouted to his men to fire. Instantly the white men commenced firing. Indeed, there was much firing on both sides. The Indians soon ran away. Their leader was wounded, but jumped up and ran after his men. One white man was slightly wounded.

This Indian battle caused great excitement. The people were highly excited, and the following petition was sent to the governor :—

“To His Excellency, Patrick Gordon, Esqr., Governor Generall in chief over the Province of pencilvania, and the Territories thereunto belonging. Benbrenors Township and adjacenciies belonging May ye 10th, 1728.

“We think it fit to address your Excellency for Relief for your Excellence must Know That we have Suffered and is like to sufer By the Ingians, they have fell upon ye Back Inhabitants about falkner's swamp & near Cosha-hopin. Therefore, we the humble Petitioners, with our poor Wives and Children Do humbly Beg of your Excellency To Take It into Consideration and Relieve us the Petitioners thereof, whose Lives Lies At Stake With us and our poor Wives and Children that is more to us than life. Therefore, We the humble Petitioners hereof, Do Desire An Answer from your Excellency by ye Bearer With Speed, so no more at present from your poor afflicted People Whose Names are here subscribed :—

John Roberts.	Jn. Pawling.	Henry Pannebecker.
W. Lane	John Jacobs	Israell Morris
Jacob opdengraef	Martin Kolb.	Anthony halmon
Peter Bun.	Jacob Cugnred	Jacob Kolb.
Mathias Tyson,	Hanss Detweiler.	John Meir
Conrad Cresson	Peter Johnson.”	

Soon after this petition was sent, John Roberts ran one day to the house of Walter Winter, begging for help. He said that the Indians were at his father's house with

a bow and a great many arrows, and his father was in danger of being killed.

Walter Winter and his father-in-law, Morgan Herbert, seized their guns and ran into the woods. Soon they met John Winter, who joined them.

When they came to the foot log which crossed the stream in front of John Robert's door they stopped breathless. There stood Mr. Roberts in his doorway, gun in hand. There was Toka Collie, the Indian, standing near. Some squaws and Indian girls were also there.

Walter Winter declared that he saw Toka Collie take up his bow and, stepping backward, take an arrow from the quiver on his back. He was sure that the arrow was to kill John Roberts, and as quick as a flash he shot Toka Collie. John Winter was excited. "Kill the wolves," he shouted, and immediately shot an Indian woman and then ran up and killed another. Two of the Indian girls were badly wounded.

Samuel Nutt came and declared that these were friendly Indians who meant no harm, that Toka Collie was related to many great chiefs, and that he feared an Indian war would come of this hasty deed. Word was at once sent to Governor Gordon. The poor Indians were buried in the leaves. The governor was very much troubled.

John and Nicholas Scull, two great Indian interpreters, were sent at once to the great chiefs to turn aside the danger and call a great Indian council at Conestoga, May 22, 1728. The governor came to the council, bringing with him as presents for the Indians "Twenty-five Match coats, twenty Blanketts, Twenty Duffels, twenty-five shirts, one hundred wt. Gunpowder, two hundred wt

of lead, five hundred flints, and fifty knives, with Rum, Bread, Pipes, and Tobbacco."

Meanwhile officers had been sent to arrest Walter and John Winter and Morgan Herbert.

"You've no right to take me to jail," said Walter Winter. "If I shoot wolves, bears, and panthers, you say I do the country a good turn. An Indian is no better than a dog. He's as treacherous as a wolf. Why must I then be taken to jail for killing an Indian?"

"Come along," said the officers. "You are in Pennsylvania now. Years ago William Penn told the Indians that he would treat them as brothers as long as the winds blew and the rivers ran. That was no idle talk. You will find that it is just as much of a crime to kill an Indian as to kill a white man. Come along."

And the three men were hurried down to Chester and locked in jail. Morgan Herbert was pardoned, but the Winter brothers were tried, convicted, and hanged for murder. For many years after, that act had great influence among the Indians. When Jack Armstrong, the trader, was killed on the Juniata, Shikellimy's sons brought the Indian murderers to Lancaster jail to await the white man's justice.



ELIZA CARTLIDGE.

ON a bench under a shady beech tree, near a spring, sat Eliza Cartlidge, swaying to and fro, crying and moaning.

"Oh, my poor John! Oh, John! what'll I do if they

hang my husband? Oh, why did he do it? They were both in liquor, both in liquor. John was not himself. He knew not what he did."

Before her, on the ground among the beech drops, sat two grave-faced Indian hunters. In silence they looked at Eliza, while their bodies swayed to and fro with hers. At last, during a silence between her sobs, the old Indian spoke.

"We came to sit with thee in grief. We mourn for Sa-an-tee'-nee, who is dead. Thou mournst for John Cartlidge, who, in irons, is being carried to the jail of the pale face. John Cartlidge is not dead. We all know that he killed Saanteenee. We know that rum did it. John Cartlidge was our friend. He was a good trader. He drank too much rum. Saanteenee drank too much rum. They quarreled. They lived away from the Great Spirit. Saanteenee, our brother, was killed. We mourn for him, but John Cartlidge must not die. We will ask Brother Onas for his life. Sister, wipe away thy tears. Let the sun shine in thy heart. We will plead with Brother Onas for the life of John Cartlidge."

Six months later, at the big council held in Philadelphia, Tan'-ae-ha'-ha, the orator of the Five Nations (Iroquois), arose, and, in the presence of Governor Keith, his council, and the commissioners of Indian affairs, spoke as follows:—

"Brother Onas, we have well considered all you have spoken, and like it well, because it is only the renewing of former leagues and treaties made between the government of Pennsylvania and us of the Five Nations, which we always believed we were obliged to keep. And as to the accident of one of our friends being killed by some of your

people, which has happened by misfortune and against your will, we say that we are all in peace. We think it hard that John Cartlidge, who killed our friend and brother, should suffer. We do, in the name of all the Five Nations, forgive the offense, and desire that you will likewise forgive it, and that John Cartlidge may be released from prison, and set at liberty to go where he please. We shall esteem that as a mark of regard and friendship for the Five Nations. We esteem and love you as if you were William Penn himself. We are glad that you have wiped away and covered the blood of our dead friend and brother. We desire that the same may be forgot, and that it may never more be mentioned and remembered."

The governor and council listened with great attention. They let John Cartlidge go, making him promise not to trade any more with the Indians beyond the Susquehanna. They took from him his commission as justice of the peace in Chester County. Eliza Cartlidge was happy once more, and ever afterwards thanked the Indians for saving the life of her husband.



STANDING STONE.

STANDING STONE (Huntingdon) was one of the oldest and best-known Indian posts in Pennsylvania. The entire flat at the mouth of Stone Creek was, as early as 1750, one immense corn field. Here the Indians, long before white men came into the beautiful valley of the blue Juniata, kept the council fires burning and celebrated with dance and song their worship of the great Manitou.

Here, on the right bank of the Stone Creek, and near the Juniata River, stood the famous standing stone. John Harris, founder of Harrisburg, visited this place in 1754 and saw this stone. It was fourteen feet high and six inches square, was taken from the mountain and erected just as it was found, and had carved on its smooth sides the sacred records of the Oneida Indians.

The Tuscaroras, living about forty miles away, once stole this sacred stone and carried it to the Tuscarora valley. The Oneidas followed and fought for their stolen treasure, and finally carried it back amid great rejoicing. When these Indians joined the French in 1754, they carried their sacred stone with them. It has never been found.

Soon after the war was over, a second stone, much like the first, was set up on the same spot. A fragment of this stone, now in the library of Juniata College, Huntingdon, was found in an old bake oven many years ago. It contains the names of John and Charles Lukens, surveyors, Thomas Smith, and others, and has dates from 1768 to 1770.

Before the Revolutionary War a large fort was built at Standing Stone. It covered ten acres and served as a



Fragment of the Standing Stone.

refuge for the white people as far west as the Alleghany Mountains.

In this fort in 1768 were born Hugh Brady and his twin sister. Brady served under Wayne at an early age. Step by step he rose from the ranks to the exalted posi-

tion of general. He won great renown at Chippewa in the War of 1812. Once he was very sick at Erie. His doctor told him he must die.

"Let the drums beat," said this brave son of Standing Stone; "my knapsack is swung, and Hugh Brady is ready to march." He died full of years and honors at Sunbury in 1851.



Dr. William Smith.

The first survey of this land at Standing Stone was made by Mr. Lukens for a man named Crawford. It was called "George Crogan's Improvement" in honor of the hero of Aughwick. It was known as Stone Town for many years. In 1787 it was renamed Huntingdon by Dr. William Smith, provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Smith owned all the land around Stone Town. He had been given a large sum of money for his university by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, in England, and it was in her honor that he gave to the new county and town the name of Huntingdon.

A DOG FEAST AT STANDING STONE.

I N his history of the Juniata valley, U. J. Jones tells a story of a dog feast at Standing Stone.

Early in 1750, word came down the old Tuscarora trail that six or eight tribes of Indians would meet at Standing Stone the first full moon in September to hold a grand feast.

An old trader at Lancaster set out with pack horses loaded with what the Indians called "lum" (rum) and stores of trinkets that Indians love. He slowly moved westward to John Harris' Ferry (Harrisburg), and then to Carlisle. Here he took the famous Tuscarora trail over the mountains to Aughwick (Shirleysburg), through the famous Jacks Narrows, to Standing Stone. He pitched his tent on a hill, now used as a graveyard, and was ready to trade with the Indians.

The morning of the great day dawned clear. The sun flooded the lovely valley, lighted the sacred standing stone, and lay in level lines upon a hundred wigwams. Soon the woods around began to swarm with braves, who filled the air with wild whoops to make known their coming.

At noon a thousand warriors sat cross-legged around the council fire, smoking the great pipe of peace. The squaws crowded around the circle of warriors, but kept quiet. Two lads followed the great pipe as it passed from mouth to mouth. They carried a bag of *kin'-ni-kin'-i-que* (tobacco) and kept the bowl well filled. Then an old Indian arose and said, "We have met as our custom is every hundred

moons to thank the great Manitou for keeping us a great people." After smoking in silence for a long time the old chief arose and said, "The day will now be given to rejoicing."

Then the dusky sons and daughters of the forest arose, and to the sound of the drum and the wild chant of their happy hearts they danced the hours away. This dance



The Standing Stone.

lasted till the stars came out and the midnight moon brought silence to the valley. The next day and the next the same thing was done. The industrious trader sold nearly all his goods, and of course all his "lum," sent his pack horses loaded with furs to Aughwick, and then waited to see the end of the affair. He had been asked by a famous chief to attend the great feast which closed the celebration.

As the evening shadows crept up the slopes of the Shelving Rocks, and the last ray of light faded in the western sky, a large fire of dry wood was built. Around this the savages danced, howling and twisting their bodies into all sorts of shapes. When the fire burned fiercest and lit the quiet face of the peaceful river and the bending tree tops with a strange gleam, a mighty chorus was sung by all the Indians. It rolled down the river, and echoed across the valley, and died away on the distant mountains.

Then the Indians brought ten live dogs from a near wigwam and cast them into the fire. A dreadful howl went up from the dying dogs. The Indians shouted louder and louder. The odor of roasting dog sickened the trader. He arose to start for Aughwick, but his Indian friends would not allow him to go. Soon an old medicine man took a hooked stick and drew the roasted dogs from the fire, cut them into pieces, and gave a piece to each chief, who ate it greedily. Let the old trader tell in his own words what followed:—

“At last they came to where I was sitting among the only sober chiefs in the party. The stench of the half-roasted dogs was awful. One of them came to me and offered me a piece—a choice piece, too, as I was an invited guest. ‘Thank ’e,’ said I; ‘never dine on dog.’ But this did not satisfy them. One of the prophets, laboring under the effects of about a quart of my rum, insisted on my eating what was offered to me. I again refused, when one of the chiefs told me this was a very solemn feast, and unless I ate the piece handed me I would highly insult the Indians and some of them might take my scalp. The

thing was no longer a joke, and I seized the piece and put it in my mouth in hopes of spitting it out ; but they watched me so close that by one mighty effort I swallowed it. I did not wait to see the end of the feast. I had my portion and decided to leave.

“ I started for Aughwick alone in the night, and every half hour I had to throw up. I was a much sicker man the next day than if I had swallowed a gallon of my own rum.

“ In all my dealings with the red man I took particular care never again to be present at any dog feast ! ”

TROUBLES ON THE BORDER.



CRESSAP'S CAPTURE.

IN early colonial days it was very common for some people to take up land out in the wilderness without paying for it. These people were called "squatters."

Thomas Cressap was a squatter from Maryland. He took up land west of the Susquehanna River as early as 1723, when that country was a part of Chester County. Cressap thought he was settling in Maryland, for there was then no Mason and Dixon's line to divide the states.

The Governor of Pennsylvania had promised the Conestoga Indians that the white man should not cross the Susquehanna River to take land. When Cressap and several others commenced building cabins there, the Indians sent word to Philadelphia that the treaty had been broken. They told Governor Gordon, whom they called Brother Onas, that he must keep the faith with them. William Penn had promised to protect them in their rights. This land was theirs, and the squatters must be driven away.

Governor Gordon listened to the Indians. He sent a party of men over the Susquehanna River, and they drove Thomas Cressap and the Maryland men away. This

made the Maryland people very angry. After Lancaster County was formed, in 1729, this region was thrown open to settlers by the proprietors of Pennsylvania. A reservation in Lancaster County was set apart for the Conestoga Indians, and the state promised to protect and feed them if they would give up all the land. The arrangement had no sooner been made than the Maryland squatters came back. They said, "This country is a part of Maryland. It is ours." Cressap came back and built a house on the river bank, and went into the business of running a ferry and selling land in the name of Maryland. His agents traveled through Chester, Berks, and Lancaster counties, hunting up land buyers. Many innocent Germans, not knowing where they were going, crossed the river and thought they were building homes in Maryland. The runaway slaves from Lancaster County found Cressap ever ready to ferry them over the river and hide them until they could escape. Robbers who stole from the Scotch-Irish in Paxton hurried over to Cressap's with their ill-gotten gains. Indian traders, who had always let their branded horses run loose in the woods on the west side of the river, until they wanted them to carry goods to the Ohio region, complained that Cressap either shot or stole them.

The people of Lancaster County found it was impossible to collect tax in "Cressap's county." Cressap, they said, must be captured and sent to Philadelphia to answer for his many crimes. Finally, when Cressap had seized two Lancaster County constables and hurried them off to Annapolis to jail, the people arose in arms. Wright and Blunston, two Lancaster County magistrates, with over

twenty armed men hurried off in the night to Cressap's house, intending to get there by daylight, and to arrest Cressap for the murder of Knowles Daunt.

"Yes, they are crossing the river," whispered Cressap's scout. "There must be a hundred of them, and they're coming to take you to jail dead or alive."

"They'll never take me alive!" said Cressap. "Come, we'll shut the house and bar the doors. I'll shoot the first man who comes within twenty feet of the house. If there's any coward in this room, let him step into the middle of the floor. I want to see him. I stood by you, and now I want you to stand by me. I have a bullet for the first traitor coward who talks surrender. Do you hear?"

By this time the Lancaster County men had surrounded the cabin. There had been some firing when Wright called on Cressap to surrender, and read to him the Lancaster County warrant for his arrest.

"You might as well stop that reading," shouted Cressap. "I've a great mind to put a bullet through your old paper. What business have you coming down into Maryland to insult a man before his own door, and to frighten his wife and children? If you don't draw off pretty soon, there will be trouble. Do you hear?"

"We came," said Wright, "to arrest you for murder and many other crimes. There is a place waiting for you in the Philadelphia jail, and we'll have you if it takes all day."

And it did take all day. Toward night Blunston shouted to Wright, "Let's set the old shanty afire. That will bring the fox out of his den."

A huge fire was built in the road, and big pine knots

were set on fire and then hurled at the house. Cressap's wife and children screamed for their lives, while one of his men climbed up the chimney, and sliding down the roof, leaped into the bushes and ran away.

Soon the cabin was all ablaze. The flames lit the dark shadow with a lurid glare. When the rafters commenced falling upon the garret floor, the door of the cabin was burst open, and Cressap, with his smoke-blackened men, rushed out.

The women and children and most of the men were allowed to escape. Cressap was caught and tied and sent to Philadelphia. The jailer declared that he was afraid Cressap would set the prison on fire, he was such a

desperate and reckless character. The Governor of Pennsylvania then ordered Cressap to be put in irons, and refused all requests from the Governor of Maryland to let him out on bail.

More than twenty years after this, the establishment of Mason and Dixon's line put a stop to all such border troubles. After



On Mason and Dixon's Line.

that people were not forced to pay taxes to two states, nor could outlaws escape justice by living along the border.

CAPTAIN JACK, THE WILD HUNTER OF THE JUNIATA.

ONE of the first and bravest men that dwelt along the Juniata was Captain Jack. As early as 1750, he had a cabin home at a large spring in Jacks Narrows, in Huntingdon County. His home was in a lovely spot. The great mountains, covered with waving forests, rose on every side. The peaceful river rolled its current over rugged rocks and under bending trees, its own magical music mingling with the songs of birds and the weird worship of the Oneida Indians; for here

“Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.”

Here Captain Jack's wife was happy in her wilderness home. His two children breathed the pure air, climbed the massive mountains, and played in the forest depths without fear. Their father was their protector. He was taller by a foot than most men. His skin was so dark that some called him a half-breed, but he was a pure-blooded white man. He was intelligent, kind, and honest, as fleet as an antelope, as quick as an Indian, and as strong as a giant. Dressed in buckskin, and carrying his trusty rifle on his broad shoulder, he was easily king of the forest.

One day in the summer of 1752, Captain Jack sprang into his birch-bark canoe, called a cheery good-by to his

dear wife and children, and with sturdy strokes sent his boat flying over the quiet surface of the sun-kissed waters. Late at night he returned. Alas! the cruel Indians! His cabin was a charred ruin. His wife and children, scalped and murdered, were lying cold in the moonlight near his favorite spring. He bent low and kissed the lips he loved, and, after many hours of silent agony, agony that almost drove him mad, he raised his giant body over the ghastly forms of his family, clenched his teeth and fists, and made an awful vow!

“Curse the murderers of my loved ones! Curse them! I shall be avenged.” Then he tenderly laid all he had loved and lived for in one grave; shouldered again his long rifle, his only friend now; and with a last good-by to what was only a day before his happy home, “Black Rifle” took the trail to the west. His revenge was swift and cruel. With an eye like an eagle’s, an aim as true as William Tell’s, a strength that knew no weakness, a thirst for vengeance that never was satisfied, he roamed the valley of the Juniata like a savage tiger. Wherever Indians skulked, Jack’s rifle rang upon the air, and the death whoop of a redskin told that the “Black Hunter” had not forgotten his vow.

The settlers about Aughwick, in the Big Cove, at Standing Stone, and in Path Valley frequently found Indian scalps tied to the bushes along the trails, and white bones bleaching in the sun. A single hole in the skull the size of Captain Jack’s bullets told the story — “Black Rifle” was on the trail.

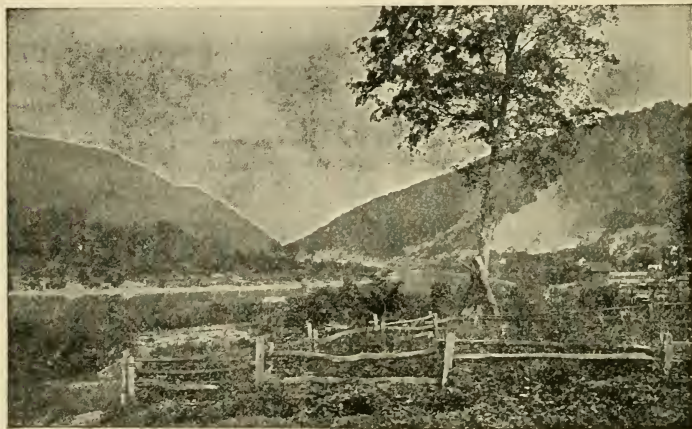
One night Mr. Moore, living at Aughwick, was awakened by the quick crack of a rifle. He sprang to the

door, opened it, looked out. At his feet, writhing in death, lay an Indian. In the feeble light the family could see moving in the distance a giant form that called to them from the darkness, "I have saved your lives." Then all was silent. But the Moores knew that the "Black Hunter" had again found his game.

Watching one day by the Tuscarora trail, Captain Jack saw a painted warrior, with a tall red feather waving from his head, his body covered with gewgaws stolen from some trader, come down the trail. A crack of his rifle, and the savage leaped into the air and fell dead. Three other savages, unknown to Captain Jack, had stopped at a spring quite near. Hearing the report of a gun, and thinking their companion had shot a deer or bear, they gave a loud whoop and rushed forward. The "Black Hunter" again shot, and a second Indian was dead. Then began a terrible fight. A third had his skull crushed by a blow from Jack's clubbed rifle. Then Jack and the remaining Indian drew their long hunting knives and grappled. A long and bloody fight followed and lasted until each was exhausted from loss of blood. They lay side by side glaring and bleeding. Finally the Indian crept away. Captain Jack succeeded at last in scalping the three savages, hung their scalps on the bushes along the trail, and made his way to the settlement. He had received ten ugly stabs, but with careful treatment he at length recovered.

When General Braddock marched to Fort Duquesne, Captain George Croghan of Aughwick joined him in command of thirty friendly Indians. Captain Croghan knew how to fight Indians. General Braddock did not. Captain

Croghan also knew the famous "Wild Hunter of the Juniata," then in command of a company of brave settlers. They were dressed like Indians, with hunting shirts, leather leggings, and moccasins. They called themselves "Captain Jack's Hunters." All they hunted was scalps of savages. Captain Croghan urged General Braddock to invite "Captain Jack's Hunters" to join the fated



Captain Jack's House.

expedition, saying, "They are well armed, and are equally regardless of heat or cold. They require no shelter for the night *and ask no pay.*" But Braddock wanted soldiers in showy uniforms to march over the hills with drums beating and colors flying in pomp and pride.

"It was a great misfortune for Braddock that he neglected to secure the services of Jack as an auxiliary," so declares Hazzard in his *Pennsylvania Register*. Had the "Wild Hunter of the Juniata" been with that great

expedition, many soldiers, now sleeping with their unwise leader, might have lived to tell the world of a great victory over the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne.

Captain Jack's bones rest in an unknown grave, near those of his family, at the base of the mountain which bears his name. He has no man-made tombstone; but the towering mountains, a hundred miles in length, stand as an enduring monument to his memory. The mighty pines are plumes over his couch, and the silent stars are sentinels over his lonely grave.



REGINA.

ON a sunny morning in the autumn of 1754, John Hartman rose early and gathered his wife and four children around him in his cabin home. He had come from Germany to the peaceful province of Pennsylvania, that he might earn enough to feed and clothe and shelter his loved ones. The cabin door was ajar, the sun lay like a level rule of light upon the rough but clean cabin floor. The faithful dog, Wasser, was asleep in the yard. The harnessed horses were eating their morning meal. A flood of song poured from a hundred birds astir in the overarching trees. The blue smoke curled lazily upward from the rude chimney, and was lost in the melting mists of the valley near where Orwigsburg now stands.

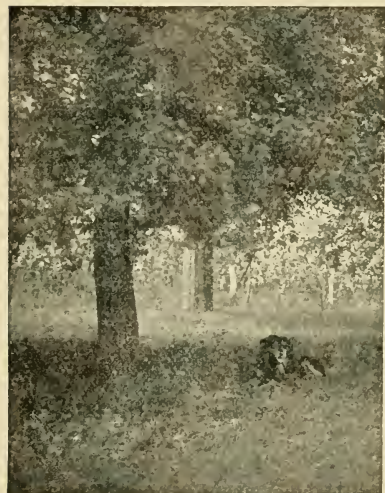
The pious Lutheran father took his great German Bible, which he had carefully brought from the Fatherland, and read the morning lesson. Then they all knelt,

and the good man prayed, — “We thank thee, O Lord, for thy great care and love to us. We are glad for the light of a new day. Help us to live it aright. We love thy book; we worship thy son, our Savior, and we pray

thee to keep us this day from harm and danger. But not our will, but thine be done.”

Then the breakfast was eaten thankfully and the plans for the day made.

Mrs. Hartman and the youngest child, fat, chubby Christian, were to go to the mill, miles away, to get flour and to visit sick Mrs. Swartz. Mr. Hartman and George were to finish



Faithful Wasser.

seeding the last field before the rains of autumn began to fall. Barbara and Regina were to stay alone in the cabin and “keep house.”

As Mrs. Hartman and her baby boy passed by the clearing, they called a cheery “good-by” to papa and George. Little Christian, sitting astride the old horse and held by his mother, waved a fond farewell as they passed into the forest.

At noon Barbara took the great tin horn and gave a mighty blast to call the workers to dinner. While the family were eating, old Wasser came rushing into the

house. Mr. Hartman knew his brave dog would not run from a common foe. He spoke to the dog; but Wasser stood in the door, his bristles up, growling fiercely. Then the dog made a fearful leap and landed upon a big Indian and brought him to the ground.

Mr. Hartman ran to the door. Two sharp rifle cracks rang upon the air. Two bullets from heartless foes struck the innocent man. He fell dead. George sprang to his father's side, and he, too, was struck dead. Then the Indians tomahawked faithful "Wasser. Fifteen yelling, hideous demons rushed into the cabin. Barbara ran into the loft, but poor, sweet Regina threw up her hands to heaven, and cried, "Herr Jesus! Herr Jesus!" For a moment that name struck them dumb. Then they seized Regina, and drew a scalping knife over her lips to tell her to keep still. They dragged Barbara from her hiding place and made the poor girls serve to them the dinner they had so gladly and carefully set for father and George.

As the girls gave food to the murderers of their loved ones, they could see their dead father and brother lying across the cabin door.



On the Warpath.

As soon as the Indians had eaten everything to be had, they began to plunder the cabin. They tied in bundles everything they cared for, and taking Barbara and Regina by the hand, led them out into the field. Here the girls saw a dear, sweet little girl, only three years old, tied to the fence. When the little captive saw the Hartman girls, she began to cry bitterly, and say in German, "Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Where is my mother?"

While the children wept, the Indians set fire to the house, and as they led the sobbing children into the wilderness, the result of John Hartman's hard toil, together with his body and that of his son, disappeared in smoke.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Hartman returned, leading the horse. On its back was the grist from the mill and tired little Christian. When they came out of the forest Mrs. Hartman looked puzzled. No house was in sight. "Surely this is our place," she said to herself. "Yes, there is the beautiful pine tree that stood close to our cabin. There are the fields, and there is the orchard, and there"—but her words were cut short by little Christian, who cried out, "Why, mother, where is our house?"

They hurried on. Then they saw the charred ruins of their happy home, and in the yard was blood. It was the blood of faithful Wasser. Then the awful truth—an Indian massacre—her loved ones dead or captives—came to her. She fell upon her knees and lifted her heavy heart to God in sobs and prayers. That night she went to a neighbor's house and told her story. News had also reached the place that a farmer named Smith had been murdered and his little child, Susan, carried off.

Poor Mrs. Hartman was almost wild with grief. In the

ashes of her home the neighbors found the charred bones of Mr. Hartman and George, and a month later the body of Barbara was found by some hunters. Mrs. Hartman went to see the remains. It was only too true. The heavy tomahawk had done its work, and poor Barbara was dead. Under a large oak by a stream, with grief beyond control, the widowed and heart-broken woman laid Barbara to rest till the morning of the new day of God.

But what of Regina? "If I could only see Regina I would say, like good old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.'" But no news came. Susan Smith and Regina Hartman were gone.

Years went by. Christian had become a strong lad of fourteen. He was his mother's only comfort, and did all that a noble boy could to make her days peaceful and happy. But how could she be contented while Regina's fate was unknown? When she read her Bible in the morning and knelt in prayer, she always asked God about Regina. In the evening hour, when the twilight settled about her lonely home and saddened her lonely heart, she would gaze far away into the fading western light and think of Regina. Then her lips would move tremulously and tears would flow down her wrinkled cheeks as she sang the favorite song, the song she had so often sung to Regina: —

"Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein, bin ich
In meiner Einsamkeit."

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I
In this lone wilderness."

Would the black wilderness ever give her tidings of her dear child? We shall see.

SAWQUEHANNA, OR "THE WHITE LILY."

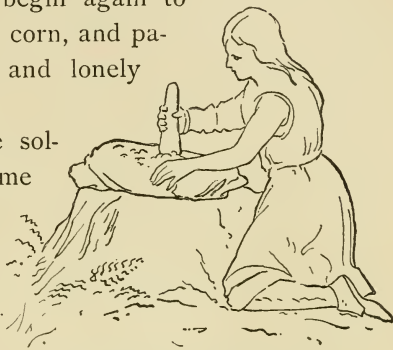
IN the dark woods of western New York, by the side of a mountain stream that leaped from the rocks and played with the sunbeams, stood an Indian wigwam. It was old and cheerless within, but grand and beautiful was the sylvan scene that faded into green and gloom around it.

Here dwelt an ugly old Indian woman, her son (a great warrior), and two girls who had been captives so long that they scarcely remembered their white parents. The older of these girls was Saw'-que-han'-na, "the White Lily"; the other was Kno-los'-ka, "the Short-legged Bear." The old squaw was called She-lack'-la, "the Dark and Rainy Cloud." And she was well named. The black forest, bending beneath the savage sweep of a mighty storm, was not so dreadful as Shelackla when she was crazed with rum. She beat these poor girls unmercifully, and they had lived for many years in great fear and greater suffering. They would often steal away into the forest depths, and, clasping each other around the neck, weep bitterly.

The great French and Indian War was fast drawing to a close, and the English were driving the French from America. Of all this Sawquehanna knew little and cared less. She had forgotten the language of her early home and had learned from the old squaw and her son to speak the Indian language. But when she sat alone for hours in tearful silence, her weary spirit longing for something, she knew not what, there would come to her dim memories of a happy home, a kind praying mother, the songs of the

evening hour, and then the awful sense of fire, smoke, demons, death, and a long journey toward the setting sun. But of all this she could make nothing; and at last she would brush the tears from her eyes, dismiss the painful picture from her mind, begin again to grind the scanty store of corn, and patiently endure her hard and lonely lot.

One day, in 1765, the soldiers of Colonel Boquet came to the wigwam of She-lackla and took the girls away. The war was over, and Colonel Boquet demanded "that all white children who had been taken captives by the Indians must be given up to the English government."



Sawquehanna grinding Corn.

On September 13, all these children were gathered at Fort Duquesne, and anxious parents walked along the line, looked into each face, rushed forward with screams of delight, and clasped long-lost loved ones to their hearts. Old soldiers turned away and wiped the tears from their cheeks, and Colonel Boquet was so overcome that he wept like a child. But no one came for Sawquehanna. She and Knoloska and nearly fifty more were left weeping and wondering what all this meant.

Eight days later Colonel Boquet began a weary march with these children to Carlisle, hoping that there they might find father or mother and a home. For two weeks they toiled eastward, over the rugged mountains, through the

fern-fringed valleys, by Fort Ligonier, Raystown, and Fort Louden to Carlisle. News of their coming had been sent ahead, and every family that had lost children hurried to Carlisle.

It was not long before people from the Blue Mountains picked out Knoloska as little Susan, the daughter of murdered Mr. Smith. It almost broke Sawquehanna's heart to give up her Indian sister. Susan clung to her and kissed her and wept. But they were no longer in the ugly old squaw's wigwam, and the officers promised Sawquehanna that she, too, might find friends, and perhaps they could again live together. But her heart was heavy. She made no answer, hung her head, and sobbed and moaned.

Poor old Mrs. Hartman, the mother of Regina, with little hope and increasing sorrow, left her mountain home, went by John Harris' Ferry, and came to Carlisle in time to see the tired children arrive. Mrs. Hartman looked into each face, hoping to find Regina; but no golden hair, no blue eyes, no ruddy cheeks like Regina's were there. As she turned to go away she saw Sawquehanna turn her bright blue eyes full upon her. But Mrs. Hartman walked on. Colonel Boquet came to the sad woman and said, "Can't you find your daughter?"

"No," was the answer given in sobs; "my daughter is not here."

"Are you sure? Are there no marks on your child by which you might know her?"

"None, Colonel; she was a perfect and spotless child."

"Did you never sing to your little girl? And is there no hymn that she was fond of?"

"Oh yes!" was the answer; "I often sang her to sleep in my arms with an old German hymn we all loved so well."

"Well," said Colonel Boquet, "just sing that hymn as you and I walk along the line of girls. It may touch the right spot and give her to you again."

"It's no use, good man; she is not here, and, besides, the soldiers will all laugh at an old German woman like me."

But the colonel pleaded on, and at last Mrs. Hartman began in a clear, loud, but tremulous voice to sing:—

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I
In this lone wilderness."

Everybody turned to look and listen. It was a touching scene. The pious old widow's hands were clasped in prayer. Her eyes were closed. Her snow-white hair made her upturned face fairly radiant, as the sun bathed her in light. When she sang the second line, a shrill, sharp cry was heard. It came from the heart of Sawquehanna.

In an instant she rushed to the singer's side, threw her bare arms around her neck, and sobbed "Mother;" and then Regina joined her mother in singing again the dear old song of their cabin home.

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I
In this lone wilderness.
I feel my Savior always nigh;
He comes the weary hours to bless.
I am with Him, and He with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be."

WASHINGTON AND THE HALF KING.

PART I.

WHEN George Washington was twenty-one years old, a letter came to him from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, telling him to start as soon as possible and go over the mountains to the Ohio River. He was told to find



Major George Washington.

out where the French forts were, and ask the French why they made prisoners of our traders and took possession of land which belonged to the English.

Washington had been a surveyor and was familiar with forest and camp life. He started the same day that his commission came. At Fredericksburg he engaged Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman, for his interpreter. These two men then went to Alexandria and bought many things necessary for their journey.

At Winchester they collected horses and baggage, and pushed on to Wills Creek, where, on November 14, 1753, Washington engaged Christopher Gist, the great hunter, to act as guide. Four other men, two of whom were Indian traders, were also hired to go along.

This party of seven spent eight days riding through rain and snow before they reached the house of Frazer, the trader, who lived at the mouth of Turtle Creek, on the Monongahela River. Here they wished to cross, in order to reach Logstown, on the south side of the Ohio; but the Monongahela was too high, and they were afraid to swim the horses. They accordingly rode to the forks of the Ohio, and waited for a canoe.

“The land in the fork,” says Washington, “is extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. . . . [It] is twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and a considerable bottom of flat, well-timbered land all around it very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile or more across, and run very nearly at right angles; Allegheny bearing northeast, and the Monongahela southeast. The former of these two is a very rapid and swift-running water, the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall . . . a fort might be built [here] at much less expense than at any other place.”

As soon as the party reached Logstown, a runner was sent out for the Half King, who was some fifteen miles away at his hunting cabin, on Little Beaver Creek. A council was then held with the Indians, and Washington asked them, in the name of the Governor of Virginia, to furnish him with some of their young men for guides and guards. After asking them for advice and assistance, such as friends and allies were expected to furnish, he then gave them a string of wampum. Several Indians spoke in council before the Half King arose. Said he:—

“Brother, you say we are one people. We shall put our

heart in hand and speak to our fathers, the French, concerning the speech they made to me, and you may depend that we will endeavor to be your guard.

“Brother, as you have asked my advice, I hope you will be ruled by it, and stay until I can provide a company to go with you. The French speech belt is not here — I have to go for it to my hunting cabin. . . . The people whom I have ordered in are not yet come, and cannot until the third night from this, until which time, brother, I must beg you to stay. I intend to send the guard of Mingoes, Shannocks, and Delawares, that our brothers may see the love and loyalty we bear them.”

Washington listened to the Half King, but decided in his own mind that he would not wait. His orders from Virginia were to permit no delay. Why should he wait three days for a French speech belt? To Washington this was mere nonsense. To Conrad Weiser it would have been very important.

Washington thanked the great chief in the most suitable manner he could, and told him that delay was impossible. “The Half King,” says Washington, “was not pleased that I should offer to go before the time he had appointed.”

The Half King would not permit Washington to go without a guard; he said that it was not safe. If anything should happen to them, the Governor of Virginia would blame the Half King. This was a very important matter. “I intend,” he said, “to give up the French speech belt, and make the Shawnees and Delawares do the same.”

To give back this speech belt meant that all friendship and communication between the Indians and the French should cease. Here was Washington’s chance. Had he

gone into this plan with the spirit and skill of a Conrad Weiser, four great nations of Indians would have been turned against the French — the Senecas, Oneidas, Shawnees, and Delawares.

Washington failed to understand the Indians. He could not trust them or take their advice. When he found that the Half King would not furnish a guard until the speech belt came, he waited very unwillingly. He had no faith in the Indians, and they soon lost faith in him.

After three days' delay only three chiefs and an Indian hunter agreed to accompany Washington. On the 4th of December they reached Venango, an old Indian town on the Allegheny River, at the mouth of French Creek. Here they found the French colors flying and met Captain Joncaire, a French officer. That evening and the next day, which was very wet, Washington spent with Joncaire.

The Half King was not invited to join them, because Washington feared that Joncaire might use means to persuade him over to the French. But as soon as Joncaire heard that the Half King was in the village, he sent for him at once. He treated him as if he were a great man, and gave him many presents and much strong liquor.

The next day, December 6th, the Half King was sober again, and although he felt that Washington had treated him very coldly, yet he desired to tell Joncaire the decision of the Seneca, the Delaware, and the Shawnee Indians. Washington tried to persuade him to put it off until they reached Fort Le Bœuf. The Half King replied that their council fire had been kindled at this place, and all their business with the French was to be done here, and that Monsieur Joncaire had sole charge of Indian affairs.

Washington therefore yielded, and Half King made a speech to Joncaire. He told him that the Indians joined with Washington in asking the French to remove from this country. He then offered Joncaire the speech belt, but the wily Frenchman was too shrewd to take it. He desired the Half King to carry it to Fort Le Bœuf, and present it there. The next morning Monsieur Joncaire and La Force used every possible persuasion to prevent the Indian from going with Washington to Fort Le Bœuf. Washington told Davidson, the interpreter, not to be out of the Indians' presence one minute. He tried to persuade them to come over to his tent, but they would not do it. One of the chiefs was opposed to giving up the speech belt. At last, with great effort, Mr. Gist succeeded in persuading the Indians to go with Washington, and they all set out at noon, December 7th. French Creek was too high to cross, and four days were spent in traveling through snow and rain, mires and swamps. On the 12th of December they reached Fort Le Bœuf.

PART II.

Washington found Fort Le Bœuf "situated on the south or west fork of French Creek, near the water, and almost surrounded by the creek and a small branch of it which forms a kind of island." He was led into the presence of Legardeur de St. Pierre, the officer in command. Washington offered his commission and his letters, but St. Pierre begged him to keep them both until Monsieur Reparti, the captain from the next fort, on Presque Isle, should arrive.

St. Pierre had been in command at Le Bœuf only about seven days before Washington came there.

Reparti arrived on the afternoon of the 12th, when Washington's letters were turned into French by the interpreter. The next day the French commanders held a council over Governor Dinwiddie's letter. Washington had already learned from Joncaire that the French intended to take possession of the Ohio on the basis of La Salle's discoveries. The French said that the nation which held the mouth of a river owned all the country drained by that river.

The most important thing now in the eyes of the French was to turn the Indians against Washington and the English. When the Half King offered St. Pierre the speech belt, the Frenchman put off the time when he was to take it. He told the Half King that the French wanted to live in love and friendship with the Indians, that they were going to send some valuable goods down to Logstown, and if the Indians would wait a day or two, the French would give them each a present of a new gun.

Washington was very anxious to start on the home trip. The French did everything they could to keep the Indians from going with him. In his journal Washington writes, "I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair; I saw that every stratagem, which the most fruitful brain could invent, was practiced to win the Half King to their interest; and that leaving him there was giving them the opportunity they aimed at. I went to the Half King and pressed him in the strongest terms to go; he told me that the commandant would not discharge him until morning."

Washington did not know that the Indians placed great value upon hospitality and deliberation, and did not think it proper to hurry, unless their host gave his consent. Washington told the Half King that he would hold him to his promise. The Indian, therefore, rather than break his word, refused the French offer of much strong drink, and started back with Washington. At Venango Joncaire succeeded in persuading the Half King to remain behind. Washington writes that he knew that Monsieur Joncaire would employ every scheme to set the Indians against the English, as he had before done. "I told him [Half King] I hoped he would guard against his [Joncaire's] flattery, and let no fine speeches influence him in their favor. He desired that I might not be concerned, for he knew the French too well for anything to engage him in their favor, and though he could not go down with us, he yet would endeavor to meet me at the Forks, since he had a speech which he wished to send to the Governor of Virginia. He said he would send the young hunter to attend us, and get provisions if wanted."

Washington was so eager to get home that he did not wait to receive any further favors from the Indians. The horses, which had been forced to live on leaves and such grass as could be found, were too weak to go faster than in a slow walk. Washington therefore put himself in an Indian hunting dress, and traveled three days with the horses. He found this was too slow. The horses were then left with Van Braam, who was to bring them on as best he could.

"I took my necessary papers," says Washington, "pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch

coat. Then with gun in hand and a pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist," who was dressed in the same manner. The next day, December 27, near a place called Murdering Town, on the southeast fork of Beaver Creek, where they intended to leave the path and go directly across the country to Shannapin Town, near the forks of the Ohio, they were met by a party of French Indians. One of these called Gist by his Indian name, and seemed glad to see him. Gist mistrusted the man, and Washington quickly realized that the Indian meant no good. He acted as their guide most of the day. The two white men grew uneasy. The Indian said that he could hear a gun from his cabin. Washington told him to stop at the next stream. They went on until they came to water by a clear meadow.

"It was very light and snow was on the ground," says Gist. "The Indian made a stop, and turned about. The major [Washington] saw him point his gun toward us, and he fired. Said the major, 'Are you shot?'

"'No,' said I; upon which the Indian ran forward to a big standing oak, and began loading his gun, but we were soon with him. I could have killed him, but the major would not suffer me. We let him charge his gun. We found he put in a ball. Then we took charge of him. Either the major or I always stood by the guns. We made him make a fire for us by a little run, as if we intended to sleep there. I said to the major, 'As you will not have him killed, we must get him away, and then we must travel all night.' Upon which I said to the Indian, 'I suppose you were lost and fired your gun.'

He said he knew the way to his cabin, and it was but a little way. 'Well,' said I, 'do you go home, and as we are tired, we will follow your track in the morning. Here is a cake of bread for you, and you must give us meat for it in the morning.'

"He was glad to get away. I followed him and listened until he was fairly out of the way; and then we went about a half a mile, when we made a fire, set our compass, fixed our course, and traveled all night. In the morning we were at the head of Piny Creek."

They traveled the next day also, reaching the Allegheny River a short distance above the forks, after it was quite dark. The river was full of floating ice. They decided to cross here. A whole day was spent in making a raft with "one poor hatchet."

"When we were halfway over," says Washington, "we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by; when the rapidity of the stream threw it with such violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet of water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen, and the water was shut so hard, that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning."

They went at once to the house of Frazer, the trader.

While Gist was hunting the horses, Washington went up the river about three miles, to visit Queen Aliquippa. This celebrated Indian lived at the mouth of the Youghiogheny. She appeared very much concerned that Washington had not visited her on his journey up the river. "I made her," he says, "a present of a watch coat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought the better present of the two."

On the 1st of January, 1754, they reached Mr. Gist's farm, where Washington bought a horse and a saddle. On his way to Virginia, he met seventeen horses loaded with material and stores for a fort at the forks of the Ohio. Several families were going with them to settle in that country, which they said was a part of Virginia.



Washington visits Queen Aliquippa.

CAPTAIN STOBO.

WHEN George Washington surrendered Fort Necessity to the French, he also gave up two of his soldiers as a pledge that he would keep the promises he had made. Captain Stobo, a Scotchman, was one of these men. He was taken to Fort Duquesne, and there held as a prisoner.

The French were very friendly with the Delaware and Shawnee Indians, allowing them to come to and go from the fort whenever they pleased. It was not necessary for an Indian to have a pass in order to enter or leave Fort Duquesne.

One day Delaware George, who was a warm friend of the English, was sitting with Captain Stobo on the shady side of the barracks in the fort.

"The French," said the old chief in a low whisper, "want us Delawares to take up the hatchet against the English. They gave us much wampum, sixteen very fine guns, two barrels of powder, and all the bullets we wanted. They gave us sixteen good suits of clothes, several old suits, also blankets and strouds. They asked us if we could stand by and see our father [the Governor of Canada] abused. The Shawnees made no answer, but our young men are inclined to join the French."

"If you knew the treachery of the French as I do," said Stobo, "you would never let your people join them."

"Delaware George," said the Indian, "thinks he knows the French. They can't be trusted. But of late years the English are no better. It was the English who persuaded

the Iroquois at Albany [by treaty of July 6, 1754] to sell the Delaware hunting ground on the west branch of the Susquehanna. They deceived the Indian."

"Oh no, my dear friend," said Stobo, "you are mistaken. It was a fair bargain. The Iroquois were well paid when they agreed to sell all the land in Pennsylvania west of the Susquehanna and south of a line drawn from a point one mile above Penns Creek [now Selinsgrove] northwest to Lake Erie." (See map, page 43.)

"Yes," said Delaware George, with some warmth, "but the Indian did not know the workings of the compass; they did not know that they were selling the west branch of the Susquehanna. The Delawares will never give up that land. The Albany treaty is driving them over to the French. Delaware George cannot stop it. To make matters worse, you English have spread the report that the Delaware Indians helped the French at Fort Necessity. They know that is not true. There were not more than six or seven of our Indians with the French that day. Then the French say that Washington caused their messenger to be shot while he was trying to read Contrecoeur's letter to the English. If that is so, I can never trust Washington again, and I fear that the Half King has already turned from him."

"Be careful, my friend," said Stobo. "Let me tell you the truth. I was at Fort Necessity. I know. My Indian brother must not believe all that the smooth-tongued Frenchmen tell him. Listen and mark the truth. After Washington returned from his journey to Fort Le Bœuf, Ensign Ward came here to build a fort for the English. It was April, 1754, before he could commence work.

On the 17th, a large party of French and Indians came down the river, and told Ward that he must surrender. The Half King wanted Ward to gain time by sending the demand to his superior officer. Contrecoeur, the French captain, would not listen to delay. He said that the fort must be given up at once. Ward had only forty men. He knew not what to do. So he surrendered the works and went up the Monongahela with his men. This was the beginning of the war. There was no blood shed, but this was the beginning of the war."

"I always thought," said Delaware George, shaking his head, "that when the French captured the English traders on the Ohio, that was the beginning of the war. Trotter and his man had been here several months trading, and were starting to go east with two horseloads of furs, when the French captured them, took the goods, and sent the men to Canada and on across the great water as prisoners. That's enough to start a war. No people of spirit would put up with that."

"You may be right," said Stobo, "but I was with Washington when the first shot was fired. We met Ward retreating when we reached Wills Creek, April 20th. We took his men, and pushed forward then for three weeks, until we came to the Little Meadows. We found the Youghiogheny too full of rapids and rocks to allow us to float our cannon down the stream.

"The Half King and his men acted as scouts. They came one day in a great hurry to tell us that the French were only eighteen miles away. We all hurried back to the Great Meadows, and cleared away the bushes, turning a gully into a trench until it became a charming field for

a battle. Christopher Gist soon came in from his plantation to tell us that the French had been at his place the day before.

"At nine o'clock, on the night of May 27th, the Half King's runner came to tell us that they knew where the French were hid. We started at once with fifty men. It was dark as pitch, and the rain came down in torrents. The path was crooked and narrow. Seven of our men were lost in the woods. We fell over each other in the dark, groping along as best we could. We came to the camp of the Half King by daylight. A council was held. Did the French mean to attack us, or were they merely bringing a message from Contrecoeur? 'It's no message,' said the Half King. 'Why do they lie hid in the woods so many days?'

"It was agreed that the Indians should attack on one side, and the English on the other. The French were found concealed among the rocks some distance from the road. Washington ordered his soldiers to fire. Jumonville and nine of his men were killed, twenty-two were taken prisoners, and one fellow escaped by running away before the battle commenced."

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted Delaware George; "now I see. The French say that Jumonville had a message, and tried to read it, but Washington ordered his men to shoot while Jumonville was reading.

"Ugh! ugh! a good many Delawares and Shawnees said they would never trust the English after that. I told them to wait and hear the truth."

"Yes," said Stobo, "the French used that story to turn the Indians against the English, but we gained in the end.

The Half King and Queen Aliquippa came with their warriors. The Half King's men sent their French scalps into the Ohio country to arouse the Indians there. Washington returned to the Great Meadows, and went to work there on the fort."

"Yes," said Delaware George, "that's just where Colonel Washington made his mistake. He took no advice from Half King. Any Indian could see that the meadow was low and wet, and not a fit place for a fort. Indian want him to come out on the river hills. Half King sent out his scouts. Indians came from the Ohio country to help, but your people called them spies. They went home. Washington left the Meadows, and went to Gist's house: he saw this was no place for a fort. Time was lost. Horses were few, and they were weak. His men had to carry their baggage on their backs and drag their swivel guns. Your independent companies would not do a stroke of work. For eight days there was nothing to eat; and when you retreated to the fort, there were only a few bags of flour there. You let the French get all your horses and cattle; and when you reached the Meadows [July 1st], your fort there was not half finished. You had been in this country for more than three months, yet when your enemies were upon you, Washington was not ready for them.

"The English should have listened to the Indian. It was the Half King's tomahawk that killed Jumonville. Why did the Half King leave you then at the Great Meadows? Yes, what turned the Half King against the English?"

"That I don't know," said Stobo. "I've often won-

dered. He left us just when we needed him. If he had staid as he should, the French would have been driven back from Fort Necessity, and I shouldn't be a hostage here in Fort Duquesne."

"You have no right to blame the Indian," said Delaware George, with some warmth; "your people drove the Indian away. You said we helped the French at Fort Necessity. You know that is not true. There were not more than seven of our Delaware and Shawnee Indians with the French at that battle. I know that the Half King left Washington before the battle, but he had his reasons. Go ask him. He went to George Croghan's, at Aughwick. He could not starve. His words were tramped in the dust. He is a man." And Delaware George shrugged his shoulders.

"It was not Washington's fault," said Stobo. "He is a brave man. He listened too much to Indian talk. He could not get provisions or reinforcements. He fought all day July 4th, and it was the French who asked for a parley. They gave us the terms of surrender we asked. Washington is no coward. I am here as a pledge that the terms of the treaty shall be kept. But what is my life? I would give it to put this fort in the hands of the English.

"I know you can be trusted. Take this letter to Washington. Tell him to send presents to the Indians here, to send two good men, and then with our friendly Indians here we can take the fort and hold it until the English come. Go, man; you may never see Stobo any more, but stand by the English and persuade the Half King back if you can."

THE HALF KING AT AUGHWICK.

WASHINGTON had been defeated at Fort Necessity, and the French were using every possible means to induce the Indians to turn against the English.

What will the Indians do now? everybody asked. The settler, working in the clearing, often glanced into the shadows along the edge of the woods. His children played closer to the cabin, and the little ones were afraid when they went to bed. The governor, too, wondered what the Indians would do now, and he sent Conrad Weiser to Aughwick, in September, 1754, to find out.

There was danger in such a journey. If the Indians should turn against the English, Weiser might never return alive. If Andrew Montour would go along, there would be less danger, because Andrew was a great man among the Delawares. His mother was a Frenchwoman, and his father was an Indian chief. The governor had given Montour a large plantation not far from Carlisle. Conrad Weiser knew that if he could persuade Andrew Montour to go with him, the business that he was undertaking could be more easily accomplished.

Fortune favored Weiser, for the Half King, who was until his death a firm friend of the English, met Weiser at John Harris' Ferry (now Harrisburg). The following day, September 1, Weiser and the Half King followed a bypath through the dark forest until they came to Andrew Montour's farm. With the help of the Half King, it was not hard to persuade Andrew to go with them to Aughwick.

There was great unrest among the Indians. Those

from the Ohio country were coming east in large numbers. Whole villages on the Ohio were breaking up, and the women and children were begging as they traveled towards the land of Onas. They had been told that Onas would feed them. Andrew Montour's wife complained that these Indians would steal the roasting ears from her corn field, and that she had been compelled to kill a sheep to keep the Indians from starving. Conrad, with great wisdom, gave her £10 of the government money. This put the Montours in a good humor. Weiser knew that as long as the state would feed these roving bands of Indians there would be little danger of the Indians joining with the French.

The next morning Weiser and his party started for Aughwick. Andrew said that they could reach George Croghan's that night, and it was not necessary to carry any provisions. After riding nine hours Aughwick was not found, and they were forced to sleep in the woods, after having had only a few blackberries for supper. At six o'clock the next morning they started without any breakfast. They soon passed "Trough Spring." At nine they came to "Shadow of Death," at eleven to "Black Logg," and at noon they heard the Indians at Aughwick firing guns to welcome them.

The Indians appeared to be very glad to see Conrad Weiser, and, according to an ancient custom, crowded into the house where he was to be entertained.

"Brother," they said, "we are glad to see you, and, as you came a great way through the woods, we come to wash off the sweat from your face, and the dust from your eyes, in order to make you look the clearer about

you, and see us your brethren without anything between us. We also clear your throat in order to make you speak freely to us in what you have to say to us in behalf of the Governor of Pennsylvania, and clear your heart and mind from all prejudice whatsoever."

Then they gave Weiser a string of wampum. After a short pause a Shawnee chief spoke:—

"Last fall [1753] you advised us to be still and quiet and mind nothing of anything we should hear, and only mind and assist in council affairs. We have followed your advice. Do not think we lean towards the French because we did not help Colonel Washington at the Great Meadows. By this belt of wampum we are still your friends and brethren as we always have been. Let the Half King speak; he knows why he did not fight at the Great Meadows."

Then the Half King spoke:—

"Brethren, the Delaware is for the English. We no like the French. They all much talk. But, brother, the English are not all the sons of Onas. There are bad men in the woods. Our young men get too much liquor. It is hard then to make them mind. Your white brothers in Carolina made some of our young men prisoners. That was bad. The sons of Onas got them out of prison; that was good. One of them was a great warrior among the Shawnees. He died in prison. Only the Great Spirit knows how he came to his end. Blame not the Shawnees because they were not with Washington at the Great Meadows. Remember that the Half King started there. Your Colonel Washington is a good-natured man, but he does not know. He commands the Indians as slaves, and

would have them on the out scout, and make them attack the enemy alone. His ear will not listen to an Indian. He lay at one place from one full moon to the other, and made no fortification at all but that little thing upon the meadow where he thought the French would come up to him in open field. Had he taken Half King's advice, had he built what the Half King told him, he could have beaten the French. We Indians all carried off our wives and children before the battle commenced, because Colonel Washington would never listen to us, but was always driving us to fight by his directions. The French listen to the red man, but the Half King knows that the French are cowards, and he thinks that the English are fools."

Then Conrad Weiser arose. His heart was heavy with trouble. He knew that the white man's promises to the Indian could not be kept, because the governor and the Assembly were quarreling every day. He knew that his advice about the Indians had not been taken. He knew that all the Delaware tribes were just on the point of going over to the French. He told the Indians, however, to put themselves under the protection of the province, and Brother Onas would keep them from all harm.

Soon after this meeting at Aughwick, the Indians discovered that Conrad Weiser's words were not true. The Half King died at John Harris' Ferry and was buried on the banks of his beloved Susquehanna. The Delawares listened to the French and turned their hatchets toward the English. In less than a year the whole Delaware nation were burning and scalping among the settlers on the frontier.

PAXINOSA.

IT was a beautiful day in autumn. The trees by the river were clothed in glory. The Indian boys were gathering chestnuts on the hills, while their fathers built a council fire on the river's bank.

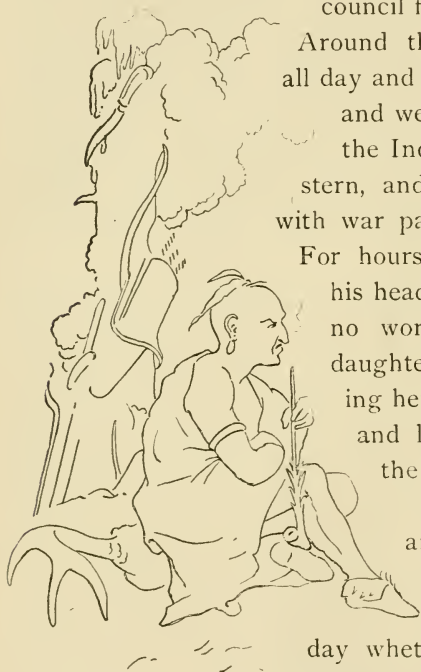
Around that fire, which burned all day and far into the night, came and went the wise men among the Indians. Their faces were stern, and many were smeared with war paint.

For hours Pax'-i-nos'-a sat with his head in his hands and spoke no word. His tall, beautiful daughter sat by his feet, leaning her head against his knee, and looking dreamily across the peaceful river.

Paxinosa was a sachem among the Shawnees.

He was deeply troubled.

He must decide to-day whether to turn his hatchet against the English or not.



Paxinosa.

The shadows of the tall pines crept into the river before Paxinosa raised his head. When he looked around he saw the wise men of the Delawares seated in a large semicircle, with Tee'-dy-us'-cung, the king, in their midst. He noticed that the chiefs of the

Shawnees had gathered near him. The young men and the warriors in their paint were waiting in silence behind the circle of their fathers. Not a sound was heard, save a whisper in the pines and a sigh from the resting river.

All eyes fell upon Paxinosa. He turned toward Teedyuscung, the Delaware, and said, "Speak, brother; my heart is still far from my mouth."

After some moments' silence, Teedyuscung, the king, arose. A stream of sunshine which had stolen through the thick pine boughs fell upon the great muscles of his unclad arms and shook with the heaving of his bosom.

"Why does our brother the Shawnee hold back? There is more blood on the hatchet of the Shawnee than on the hatchet of the Delaware. My people have turned the edge of their hatchet toward the English. That fire will light the war dance of our young men to-night. Paxinosa, the Shawnee, must listen. A great cloud rose from the west [French threatening war]; soon another black cloud arose in the east [English threatening war]. A big storm came. The Delaware was still true to the children of Brother Onas. After Colonel Washington's defeat our pale-faced brothers told many stories. They said that the Delawares were against the English. If they would charge us when we were innocent, they could do no more if we were guilty. This turned us against our brothers the English.

"When we lived among them, they behaved very ill to us. They used us like dogs. They often saw us pinched with want and starving, and they had no pity on us. Sometimes we were in liquor, a fault which you know we cannot always avoid, as we cannot govern ourselves when we come

where strong drink is. When we were in this condition, they turned us out of their houses and beat us, so that when we came to be sober we were not able to get up. At this very time they have put into prison the few stragglers of our people that are among them. Do you call this brotherly treatment? Don't you imagine such treatment must raise ill nature in our hearts?

"And have we not good reason for what we are doing? If we would let things go on as they are going, the English would subdue us and make slaves of us. Did not the long-knives of Carolina make prisoners of the Delawares? Did not our uncles, the Mingoes, tell us not to strike the English? Did they not call us women? They took the hatchet out of our hands.

"Ta'-na-cha-ris'-on was a half king, but Teedyuscung is a whole king; he will make men out of his squaws."

Whereupon all the wise men and warriors among the Delawares shouted, "jo-haw'" (a sign of approval).

Then Teedyuscung gave a mighty war whoop, which all the hills gave back in echo. Silence fell upon the council. The shadows of the western hills were creeping far across the river. The wise men turned toward Paxinosa, who now arose, tall and straight in his old age.

"There are still evil spirits in the land," he said; "they throw dust in your eyes and blind you. The traders and bad men who live in the edge of the woods are not the children of Onas. They live east of Susquehanna. The long-knives of Carolina took our children to jail. The sons of Onas caused the prison doors to be opened. Has our brother Teedyuscung forgotten that? The great peace made by Brother Onas still lives in my heart. The path

between us and the white man is stained with blood. I would go and cover it with sand. I would pull up a big tree and bury the hatchet below it, and plant the tree, and when it grew, no man would mention war again. Paxinosa will not turn his hatchet against the sons of Onas.

"The Delawares have dug up the hatchet; so have the Shawnees. They listened too much to the Frenchman. Paxinosa will go to Diago [Tioga] and live in peace. No blood from the sons of Onas shall stain his hands. I have no more words."

That night there was a great war dance among the Indians. Then the Delawares and the Shawnees were against the English. Paxinosa went off and lived alone, since every Indian could decide for himself whether to go to war or to stay at home. He never gave up the hope of making peace between his people and the white man.

When, in 1758, Frederick Christian Post went on his great journey to Ohio, to make peace between the Delawares and the people of Pennsylvania, Paxinosa's voice and influence went with him.



COLONEL JAMES SMITH AT FORT DUQUESNE.

WHEN Colonel James Smith was eighteen years old, he was held by the French a prisoner in Fort Duquesne.

During the spring of 1755 he was one of a party of three hundred men helping Colonel James Burd to open a

road from Shippensburg to Bedford. When the work was nearly finished, Smith was sent, one day, to the rear to hurry along the wagons containing the provisions for the wood choppers.

Having delivered his message, Smith and his companion were riding slowly along the road, when some Indians in a cedar thicket fired at them. Smith's horse reared and plunged, flinging his rider heavily upon the ground.

Before Smith could get to his feet two Indians caught him, one by each arm. They ran with him over the mountain, until it was dark. They gave him that night an equal share of their scanty supper.

The next night they were on the western slope of Laurel Mountain and saw in the distance the curling smoke of an Indian camp fire slowly rising from among the dark pines and hemlocks. Smith's captors fired their guns and raised the scalp halloo : a long yell for every scalp, followed by quick piercing shrieks.

Young Smith trembled with fear when the hideously painted Indians ran out from the camp, shouting and yelling, and flourishing their tomahawks over their heads. No one, however, offered to hurt the prisoner, and he soon breathed more freely.

The next evening Smith and his captors came in sight of Fort Duquesne. The scalp halloo was raised again, the guns and the cannon at the fort were fired, and the drums were beaten.

A crowd of painted Indians gathered around Smith with shouts of delight. They quickly formed in two long straight lines, flourishing hatchets, ramrods, and switches, and calling loudly to Smith to run the gantlet.

The poor prisoner, never having seen anything of the kind before, was at a loss to know what to do. His Indian captors told him to run between the lines, and run fast. They were all going to strike him if they could. Smith was a swift runner and determined to end the matter as soon as possible. At every jump he was cut with switches or struck with ramrods. He had nearly reached the end, when a tall chief hit him on the back of the head with a large club. Smith fell to the ground, but, gaining his breath, he came quickly to his feet for another leap, when some one threw a handful of sand into his eyes.

Blinded and smarting with pain, he tried to grope his way to the end of the line, but was again knocked down, and beaten until he was unconscious. When he came to his senses he was in Fort Duquesne, under the care of a French surgeon. He was too stiff and sore to move. He asked what he had done to merit such treatment. An Indian told him that was their way when prisoners were received. It was like an English "how d' ye do," and now he would be treated well. Smith said that he did not care to say "how d' ye do" to the Indians any more.

In a few days the prisoner was able to walk about the fort with the aid of a cane. He wondered how soon General Braddock would come. He was sure that he would be free then. The Indians told him that their scouts were on the mountains every day, watching Braddock's army.

"He no man in the woods," said the Indian; "two moons have come and gone since he left Wills Creek. He very slow. All day he make road, and go no further than Indian shoot two times."

A Frenchman told Smith that Braddock left the Little

Crossing on Casselmans Creek, May 19th, with a picked force of about twelve hundred men, and twelve cannons, crossed the Youghiogheny May 23d, and passed Fort Necessity at the Great Meadows. He then left the old trail and came north. On June 30th, he crossed the Youghiogheny once more at Stuarts. Here the Indian laughed, and said, —

“Braddock never take this fort. He march too close in the woods. His scouts are no good.”

Then placing a number of red sticks close together in a row, he struck them, saying, —

“We shoot down Englishmen like pigeons.”

On the morning of July 8th, Smith heard that Braddock was coming down Crooked Run to the banks of the Monongahela. There was great commotion and excitement in the fort. The French were determined to destroy everything and run. Then Beaujeu, a young French officer, offered to go and lay an ambush for the English, if he could get the Indians to help him. But the Indians shook their heads, and said to Beaujeu, —

“Do you want to die, my father, and destroy all your Indian children?”

That night the Indians held a council, and in the morning decided not to go.

Then Beaujeu, who was dressed like an Indian, leaped to his feet, and flourishing his hatchet, shouted, —

“I’m going. I will meet the English. What! Will you let your father go alone?”

At this the Indians all gave a great shout, and jumping to their feet danced and flourished their tomahawks.

Then James Smith with his cane slowly climbed the

ramparts ; sitting down, he saw barrels of powder and bullets rolled out by the great gate of the fort. There the excited Indians were hastily filling their powderhorns and bullet pouches. Then he saw them march away in single file ; silently under the shadows of the great trees they disappeared in the dark forest. He counted 637 Indians, 146 Canadians, 72 regular soldiers, and 36 French officers and cadets going toward the fords of the Monongahela. He was sure that they would never come back. "They are going into the jaws of death," he murmured, "while I am going into the arms of freedom. Before the shadows turn on the river, Braddock will be here, and I will be free !"

Smith ate very little dinner, but sat on the ramparts all day, listening, listening, for the sound of an army or the glimpse of a redcoat.

That was a long day for James Smith. During the afternoon a runner came in, saying that Braddock would surely be beaten. The French and Indians had surrounded the English in an ambush and were shooting them down like pigeons, and if the English did not run, there would not be a man left by sundown. It was not long before Smith heard the terrible scalp halloo, and his heart sank within him. News came that Braddock and most of his officers had been shot, and that the English ran like sheep. But one old chief said that the bluecoats from Virginia were brave.

"They know how to fight. I shot two horses from under their leader, young Colonel Washington, and then I called together my best shots and told them to bring him down, but no one hit him. We had no silver bullets. He

is a great medicine man. They told me that he had been sick, and could hardly sit in the saddle. If he had been in Braddock's place, we should have lost the day." And the old chief walked off.

That night James Smith saw the fires down by the river and heard the yells of the savages as they danced in fiendish glee around their prisoners. He saw the victims tied



Burial of Braddock.

to the stake and heard their screams when the cruel flames wrapped them from sight; and he concluded that it was better to have run the gantlet than to have been captured at Braddock's defeat.

A few days later Smith was taken into Ohio by the Indian tribe which claimed him. After a few years he escaped to Kentucky, where his adventurous life was much like that of Daniel Boone the hunter.

HOW A COW'S TAIL SAVED JANE MAGUIRE.

IN the sunny days of June, 1777, the settlers on Shavers Creek, six miles above Standing Stone, heard rumors of the approach of Indians. Felix Donnelly and his son Francis and Bartholomew Maguire hastily packed a few household goods upon their horses, sent young Jane Maguire ahead to drive her father's cow, mounted horses, and started for Standing Stone Fort. They had gone nearly half the journey in safety and were nearly opposite Cryders Mill, at the "Big Spring," when an Indian, hid in the rocks, shot young Donnelly. His father and Mr. Maguire caught the dead body before it fell from the horse, and urged their horses into a gallop. Three Indians sprang into the trail with terrific yells, and fired. The bodies of the Donnellys fell to the ground. A bullet grazed Maguire's ear and cut off a bunch of his hair.

Maguire's horse flew down the trail. In his excitement the man did not see his daughter. He passed her and soon reached the fort. The Indians scalped the Donnellys and rushed forward to capture Jane Maguire. The fleetest Indian soon overtook her, caught her by the dress, and with raised tomahawk demanded her surrender. She struggled to get away, and her dress was torn from her waist. Quick as a flash she leaped out of it, caught the cow's tail and gave it a twist, and the animal rushed madly down the trail.

Jane Maguire held tight to the cow's tail, and before the surprised Indian knew what to do, the girl was out of sight and soon safe in the fort.

The men in the fort set out to punish the savages ; but no trace of them was ever found. The Donnellys were buried at the fort, and Jane Maguire married a man named Dowling and moved to the Raystown Branch of the Juniata, where her grandchildren are still telling their children how their great-grandmother was saved by a cow's tail.



CONNOLLY'S PLOT.

AFTER the French and Indian War, Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) was held by the English troops. General Gage commanded all the British forces in America. In October, 1772, he sent word to Major Edmundson at Fort Pitt to vacate the place and destroy the fort. The walls and buildings were pulled to pieces, and the pickets, stones, bricks, iron, and timber were sold for £50, New York currency. The construction of this fort had cost the English government £60,000.

Two years later Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, passed through the little village of Pittsburg, on his way down the Ohio. He saw the ruined fort. For twenty-two years Virginia had been telling Pennsylvania that all this region around the forks of the Ohio did not belong to Penn's heirs. Pennsylvania replied that the charter given to William Penn by King Charles the Second, in 1681, said that the western boundary of the province should be drawn five degrees west from the Delaware River. Both states claimed Fort Pitt.

Early in 1774, Dr. John Connolly came to the forks of

the Ohio, and took possession of the ruins of Fort Pitt in the name of Virginia. He called it, in honor of her governor, Fort Dunmore.

Arthur St. Clair, a magistrate in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, said that this was trespassing. He sent men to Pittsburg to arrest Connolly and take him to jail at Hannastown. In a short time Connolly gave bail for his appearance at court, and then the jailer let him go. He went at once to Staunton, Virginia, and secured a commission from Governor Dunmore, which said that Dr. John Connolly was now a justice of the peace in Augusta County, Virginia.

By the latter part of March, Connolly returned to Pittsburg, saying that all this country was a part of Augusta County, Virginia, and that Connolly, not St. Clair, was the right man now to send people to jail, and that the laws of Virginia would be put in force at once.

When the Westmoreland County Court met, in April, at Hannastown to give out justice in the name of Pennsylvania, Connolly came over from Pittsburg with one hundred and fifty armed men, with drums beating and colors flying. He placed guards at the door of the little log courthouse and told the Westmoreland County magistrates that they could hold no court here without his permission. This was Virginia, not Pennsylvania, and, instead of allowing John Connolly to be tried before a Pennsylvania court, he, John Connolly, forbade any Pennsylvania court being held in Virginia.

The Pennsylvania magistrates told Dr. Connolly that they were the proper persons to hold court at Hannastown, that they would go on as they had been doing, and

look after the law in that section. They further said that rather than break the peace they would wait until the governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia could agree upon a line, which they would observe until the true line could be surveyed. With these statements the Pennsylvania magistrates concluded that it would be best to go home. Three of them lived at Pittsburg. The next day Connolly sent a man, whom he called the Augusta County sheriff, and had these men arrested. They refused to give bail for their appearance in a Virginia court.

"What have we done contrary to law?" asked Æneas Mackay. "Do you mean to send us prisoners to a Virginia jail? I'll go see the Governor of Virginia; I know that he will listen to reason."

Connolly ordered the prisoners to be sent under guard to Staunton, but Mackay got permission to go by Williamsburg, where he persuaded Lord Dunmore to release them.

Then Governor John Penn and the Governor of Virginia had a long and troublesome dispute about the boundary line. Penn wanted Mason and Dixon's line extended five degrees from the Delaware, and then a line parallel with that river to run north. Dunmore thought that a straight line would be much better, but insisted that Pittsburg should be in Virginia. While this dispute was going on, Connolly ruled the country. He rebuilt Fort Pitt, and stirred up the Indians in his favor. The Revolutionary War was breaking out at this time, and Connolly joined Lord Dunmore in the interest of the king and against the colonists. He was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Queen's Rangers, and then entered into a plan to divide the northern from the southern colonies.

Connolly's instructions from Lord Dunmore covered eighteen sheets of paper. These were concealed in hollow tin walking sticks, which had canvas glued over them in such a manner that they looked just like common canes. Connolly was instructed to pass through Fort Pitt, and with a few picked men to go down the Ohio River to the mouth of the Scioto, then up that stream until he came among the Shawnee, Delaware, and Wyandot Indians. These Indians had been driven, years before, from Pennsylvania, and Connolly knew that it would be an easy matter to stir them to fight against the colonists.

At Detroit Connolly was to collect a large force from Canada and the Indian country. The men and the supplies were to be gathered together early in the spring (1775) at Presque Isle on Lake Erie.

After enough boats, bateaux, and provisions had been collected, the plan was to go down French Creek to Venango, to seize Pittsburg and make it headquarters, and then to cross the Alleghany Mountains with the entire force and enter Virginia from the back door.

The leading towns were to be captured, and all communication between the northern and the southern colonies was to be cut off. If by any accident this plan should be discovered, Connolly and his men were to take boats and escape down the Mississippi River. Then they were to come round to Norfolk, where they could join Lord Dunmore. This was called Connolly's Plot.

The scheming doctor was captured before he reached Pittsburg, and was lodged in jail in Maryland, and afterwards in Philadelphia. The western boundary of Pennsylvania was not settled until after the Revolutionary War.

CAPTAIN OGDEN AND THE PENNYMITE
WAR.

AT one time all the Wyoming country was claimed by the Connecticut people. It was called Westmoreland. Penn's heirs sent Captain Amos Ogden there to hold the country in the name of Pennsylvania. There had been many quarrels and some loss of life. Finally, Zebulon Butler and the Connecticut men drove Ogden and his party into Fort Wyoming. Earthworks were thrown up, and the hill which overlooked Fort Wyoming was fortified. If one of Ogden's men even held his hat above the ramparts on a stick, it was quickly riddled with bullets. Butler's men guarded both sides of the river, and were determined to starve out Ogden and his crowd. "This beautiful valley," they said, "belongs to Connecticut, and not to Pennsylvania."

Butler tied a shirt to a pole and walked out into the open ground in front of Fort Wyoming. When he came within gunshot of its wooden walls, a voice within shouted, —

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Captain Ogden," said Butler.

"Stand where you are," answered the voice behind the logs; "Captain Ogden will come out."

The rear gate of Fort Wyoming opened, and Ogden marched out alone to meet Butler.

"I came," said Butler, "to know on what terms you would surrender the fort. It is only a matter of time when you will be forced to give up. If you will give me the fort, you may go with the promise that you and your men will

never return to Wyoming again. We have no desire to have any blood spilled, but if you insist upon staying, we will batter down every log in your old fort. You know very well that this country belongs to Connecticut. The Susquehanna Land Company bought it from the Iroquois Indians in 1754. This is Westmoreland County, Connecticut, and you Pennsylvania people are invaders. I'll let you off with your lives if you go now. If you don't, you can take the consequences."

Captain Ogden smiled, and replied, "I thank you for your offer, but Ogden never surrenders. I have been sent here by the proprietaries of Pennsylvania to defend their lands. Your old 'sea-to-sea' charter don't give you a shadow of a claim out here on the Susquehanna River. King Charles's grant to the Duke of York cut off your western claims forever. This, sir, is Pennsylvania."

"We are not here to discuss land claims," shouted Butler. "Will you surrender or no?"

"No," said Ogden.

"Then go back and starve," hissed Butler, as he turned and left.

In less than an hour the little four-pounder, which Butler had captured some time before from Ogden's men, commenced firing on Fort Wyoming. The gunners were poor, and the ball was light. No damage was done. A sharp Yankee standing near said, "Well now, I guess I can build a gun what'll knock old Wyoming all to giblets."

A log was cut from a big gum tree, and shaved to look like a cannon. It was bored with a pump tree auger and furnished with a touchhole. Then the whole thing was hooped with heavy iron bands.

"She can't bust now," said the Yankee. "She will knock the splinters out ; now mark 'e my words."

The barrel was blackened, and the mouth painted red. It was mounted on a big wagon and hauled into the works nearest to Fort Wyoming. Then it was carefully loaded with a small charge of powder and ball.

"This is jest to try her," said the Yankee. "You'll see a white flag on Fort Wyoming before night."

With a fuse they touched it off. Everybody in the Yankees' fort ran as if a blast was to explode.

"She works like a charm. Now we'll load her right. Ram that powder in tight. Put in two balls ; now look out. You cowards had better all run again. Here she goes." And the Yankee touched the fuse again. The mountains echoed with the report. Never in that lovely valley had such a noise been heard before. The fort was full of smoke. The wooden cannon burst into a hundred pieces. Splinters were everywhere. Part of an iron hoop flew across the river. A shout went up from Ogden's men in Fort Wyoming. They laughed when the wooden cannon blew to pieces, but they did not laugh when their rations were passed around. Two scanty meals a day and warm water from the river was all they had.

"We'll starve if we stay here," said one of the men.

"I'll never surrender," said Ogden. "We can hold out scarcely ten days more. We must send a man to Philadelphia for help."

"You can't do it," replied one of the men. "A man can't get out of the fort, night or day. They'll shoot him if he even shows his hand in a loophole."

"You are a coward," said Ogden. "I'll go myself. We will have help. Ogden never sits still. You can keep the fort for two weeks if you chew your victuals slowly. I'll be back in ten days, or even less."

"How will you get out of the fort?" they asked.

"I'll show you this very night," said Ogden; and, true to his word, he did.

It was a bright, moonlight night in July. Ogden waited until near midnight. He then tied his clothes into a bundle, with his hat on top, and, after fastening a string to them, climbed quietly down to the water. He swam out into the river and down the stream, lying on his back with only his nose and mouth above the water, and towing the bundle of clothes along some distance behind him. He was scarcely out from under the shadow of the fort before one of Butler's men caught sight of the bundle. "Bang," went his rifle. In an instant half a dozen guns were fired at the little black object.

"It's only a log," said one of the Yankees. "It floats with the current. There is no use wasting powder on it." Nobody saw Ogden's nose moving quietly several yards below.

After floating beyond the range of Butler's men, Ogden swam to the shore. Hastily dressing himself in his wet clothes, he set out for Philadelphia, which he reached in three days. He walked all the way. Help was quickly gathered by the proprietaries, although the people in Pennsylvania were mostly opposed to the war. They said that the dispute could have been settled without bloodshed. This was the proprietaries' quarrel, not theirs; let the King of England decide. Ogden, however, hurried back

with a large party of men, and ample provisions. They reached the summits of the mountains overlooking the Wyoming valley. They saw the smoke curling from Fort Wyoming; the patches of cleared land, and the cabins of the Connecticut settlers; the river Susquehanna, like a silver band, winding in and out among the green pines and hemlocks; and over and beyond all, the mountains, blue and hazy, piled high beyond the northern bounds of the valley.

"The grandest spot in all the world," said one of Ogden's men. "I'd like to have a farm along that river." The words were scarcely said, when a great shout arose all around them. Butler's men sprang out of the bushes from all sides. Ogden's men were surprised. While they were fighting Butler captured the provisions. That was what he wanted; now Ogden might go with his men. Fort Wyoming was obliged to surrender. After the men in the fort gave themselves up, the "Pennymite war" came to an end, and the Connecticut people remained there in peace. Some years later, however, the Continental Congress decided that all this region belonged to the state of Pennsylvania, and not to Connecticut.



MARY QUINN AND THE GREAT RUNAWAY.

MARY MICHAEL lived with her mother in Germany. Her father was a soldier in the army of Frederick the Great. Their house was little and the fare plain. One day the mother was taken ill, and Mary had every-

thing to do. There was the house to keep, the little sister to watch, and her mother to nurse.

Often Mary sat down in the little shed and cried. "Mother is getting weaker," she sobbed, "and there's no money in the purse to get her any good things to eat. And they won't let father have a furlough. Oh! when will he come home?" After a long, long week, her father Corinnius came home from the army. Mary cried with joy when she saw him. Now they could buy things for mother. Now she would soon get well. But it was too late. Mary's mother lingered a few days and died at sunset with her hands in those of Corinnius. Her father's tears added to Mary's grief, but she had no tears now.

A few weeks after the funeral, her father came home again from the army and told Mary that he was going to take her and little sister and go to William Penn's land in America. In that country men were not forced to live in the army, but could be with their families and work.



Selling Redemptioners.

Corinnius could not pay the passage money for himself and his daughters. They sold themselves to work it out after they reached Pennsylvania. A man in Lancaster bought Mary for three years. She was glad to give

three years for her father's liberty. Her master and mistress were kind and good, and Mary soon grew happy again. She sang in the mornings like a bird. Work was easy. Her father was free, and her sister lived not far away.

One day when Mary Michael was singing at her work, she looked up and saw Terrence Quinn stop his oxen in the street and look at her. Mary blushed, but Terrence, with the ox stick in his hand, came to the gate and asked her name.

"That song would make my cabin a palace," he said. "Come, sing for me, my bonnie bird. I need a wife in my forest home."

"Oh! I can't," said Mary; "I know you not, and, besides, my time is sold for nearly three years."

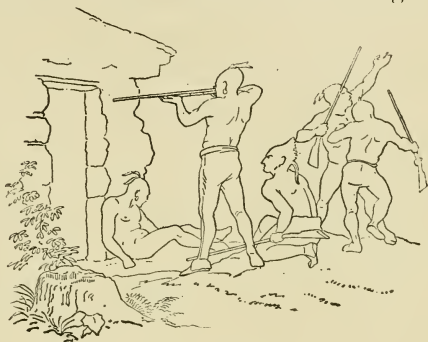
"I'll buy thy time," said Terrence, quickly. He started at once to find her master, who drove a good bargain with the ardent lover.

Six months later, Mary Michael became Mary Quinn and went with her husband to live in Buffalo valley, in what is now Union County.

Here Mary would have been happy, were it not for her constant fear of the Indians, who were on the warpath most of the time during the Revolutionary War. She once saw a neighbor's house burned while the two little girls and their grandfather were hid in the straw at the barn. Every moment they expected that the Indians would set fire to the barn, but the savages were too busy to bother with an old barn containing nothing but a little straw. They ran off to another house, but found no one in it. They commenced carrying things out of this house,

among which was a clock. This greatly pleased them, and they all sat down to look at it. Just then two white men, who were hid behind a stump fence, shouted at them. The Indians dropped the clock and all their plunder and ran off into the woods. Mary Quinn lay awake many, many nights, wondering what would become of her four little ones if the Indians should attack their house sometime. Her fears grew worse after she saw Mrs. Fought one day at a neighbor's.

Mary had gone over to borrow some fire, when Mrs. Fought, who lived more than two miles away, came running through the clearing with her baby in her arms. Logs and bushes seemed



Indian Attack.

no hindrance to the terrified mother, who rushed breathless into the house.

"I've run the whole distance with the Indians after me all the way," she said. "We were threshing flax. Baby was lying on a pile of straw near by. Little Bess, who has just learned to walk, was playing behind the barn. I never heard a sound until their dreadful war whoop pierced my very soul. Then I saw the Indians standing right in front of the barn. I caught the baby in my arms and jumped out the little barn door, and ran for life. There was little tottering Bess reaching out her arms and crying, 'Oh, mother, take me along, too.' But I couldn't

save them both. They took my poor little Bess. I'll never see her again."

Mary Quinn did not sleep a wink that night. She could not help thinking of little Bessie Fought saying, "Oh, mother, take me along, too."

The boys in the valley where Mary lived had agreed upon a system of signals, so that if the Indians surprised one family, the others would all know the danger soon. It was scarcely a week after Bessie Fought was lost before Mary Quinn heard the alarm one night. Her family were all sleeping with their clothes on, ready to run. Mary's sister lived with her then. They ran out into the dark. When they reached the strong house, Mary's sister did not come, and they rightly feared that the Indians had caught her.

After this the savages became bolder. The people were full of fear. At last all the settlers in the valley decided to run away. They came down Buffalo Creek to the Susquehanna, where they met other settlers from up the river, more than a hundred families in all. The women and the children, with the provisions, were placed in canoes and boats, on rafts and in hog troughs, and floated down the river. The men divided and marched in single file on each side of the stream, guarding their precious freight from surprise by the Indians. The women managed the boats. Whenever a shoal stopped the craft they would leap into the water, and putting their shoulders to the boat would push it into a deeper place. This was ever afterwards called the "Great Runaway."

Some of the terrified people came to Northumberland and Sunbury, and others floated down the Susquehanna

River as far as John Harris' Ferry. Still others wandered into Lancaster and Berks counties, among their relations. The fleeing settlers frequently slept in the woods at night, and had little to eat save the berries found on the bushes. After the war was over, a number of these people went back to Buffalo valley again.

It was forty-two years after this before Mary Quinn found her long-lost sister, who had been captured that dark night before the "Great Runaway." They were both very old then. They often talked over the early days, free from any danger.

"Yes," said Mary Quinn's sister, "I was found, but poor little Bessie Fought was never heard from afterwards. I suspect that she was adopted among the Indians, and, like Frances Slocum from Wyoming, lived happy and contented among them."



OPONTOPOS, OR "LITTLE WHITE HEAD."

O'-PON-TO'-POS was a little eight-year-old white boy who had been stolen away from his home by the Indians. He now had an Indian father and mother, and a little Indian brother about his own size. They told him that he was to live with them and become a big warrior. Then his new mother told him that she was going to cut off his hair.

The little boy, however, did not want his hair cut. His white sister Mary had plaited it, and if the Indians cut it off he would lose the last thing left from his home

among the white people. The poor little boy kicked and screamed and cried, but the Indians held him tightly, until it was all off. They were very much pleased with his show of spirit, and named him Opon-topos, which in English is "Little White Head."

That night when he lay on his little blanket by the fire, he cried a long time to himself. He was still thinking of the day, the bright sunny morning, when the Indians took him away from his real home in Pennsylvania, near Turtle Creek in Westmoreland County. That morning was so bright! Father had gone away early, and sister Mary made two fishhooks out of pins. How happy he and his brother Eli were as they marched down to the creek! They felt big as two men while they were carrying the fishing poles, and whistling. The sun sparkled in the dew, and the birds sang all around. Fresh tears came to little Jimmie's eyes when he remembered how the Indians came.

"What's that?" said Eli, when they heard something like the tramping of horses. "Run up the bank, Jimmie, and see what it is." Jimmie had scarcely reached the top of the steep bank which bordered the stream, when he turned and shouted to Eli, "Indians! Indians! run, Eli, run!"

Before Jimmie could get down the bank again, a big Indian caught him, and flourished his tomahawk over his head until he stopped crying. Eli fought with his fishing pole until he was overpowered. This seemed to please the Indians. They were laughing when they dragged Eli up the bank. Jimmie remembered being pulled along for a mile or two, when they met more Indians with horses.

They had a small black horse with a feather bed tied on his back. Jimmie and Eli were put up on this bed. Each day they rode further into the deep, dark forest. The first night Jimmie slept outside of the tent, and the next night it was Eli's turn to sleep outside. And so they traveled until they came to this little Indian village. Eli was taken on with another tribe, while Jimmie remained here. It was some time before he learned to understand the Indian talk, and answer to the name Opontopos, but it was not long before he learned to like his new life quite well.

One night a white man came into the village. He took Opontopos upon his knee and talked to him and kept him all the evening. He was very kind to the homesick little Jimmie. Afterwards, when he was told that the man was Simon Girty, he remembered that his father had once said that Girty was worse than ten painted Indians. Little White Head wondered how such a man could be so kind.

Some time after this, Opontopos and his little Indian brother were husking corn before the fire. They used knives to cut off all the husk except enough to plait into a loop with which to hang the ears up to dry. Opontopos laid down his knife to fix the block of wood upon which he was cutting the husks, when his little Indian brother, who was full of mischief, slipped that knife away and put a poor one in its place. Opontopos had a quick temper. He snatched the knife out of the other boy's hand in such a way as to cut his own hand very badly. The old squaw whipped the little Indian boy, and let Opontopos go.

The Indian father and mother usually sat on one side of the fire, and a crippled uncle with the boys took the other. The uncle often amused himself by having the boys wrestle. When they quarreled, as they often did, he would part them.

One day the Indian father went out to hunt. He was hungry and tired when he came back late that afternoon, bringing home the hind quarter of a deer. He cut from it a piece of meat and put it on a stick before the fire. His knife being moist from cutting the meat, he leaned it against a block which was near the fire. The point was up so the blade might dry. The two boys were playing near. The little Indian was teasing his white brother by pulling long splinters from the fire and touching the hot ends to his naked hips. Opontopos told him several times that if he did not behave himself he would whip him, but the Indian boy went on teasing him. Suddenly, when one of the splinters burned a little more than the others had, Little White Head leaped to his feet, and catching the Indian boy threw him heavily upon the ground. Unfortunately, he fell partly on the upturned point of his father's knife, which entered above the hips and near the back.

The poor Indian boy gave a loud scream. Little White Head ran to the door, and looking around saw his Indian father reaching for his tomahawk. Quick as a flash little Opontopos scampered down the path toward the creek, and then running up the stream some distance, crawled under a big rock and covered himself with leaves. There he lay trembling with fear until near night.

Finally cold and hunger brought him out. He crept

cautiously along the edge of the stream, until he could see the smoke from the camp. Then he saw his Indian mother coming down to the creek after water. She beckoned to him to come and go back with her. Little White Head was afraid that he would be killed when he came into the wigwam; but nobody said a cross word to him. When he saw his little brother lying there in much pain, he felt very sorry for what had happened. The Indian boy finally got well.

When the Revolutionary War was over, the Indian mother told Opontopos that they were going to send him back among his own people again. Little White Head did not want to go. They took him to his brother Eli, and both boys were sent to Fort McIntosh (now Beaver), where they were exchanged. Opontopos now took his own name, James Lyon, and grew to be a useful man. He lived for many years in Beaver County, Pennsylvania.



THOMPSON THE CAPTIVE.

MARY YOUNG lived near Spruce Creek in what is now Union County. One early spring morning, she and her father were out digging snakeroot to make tea for the horses. They took a gun along, lest a stray wolf or an Indian might appear.

"It's best to be always on the watch," said Matthew Young. There's no telling when a Mingo (Iroquois) might turn up."

Mary was very happy that morning. The sun was

bright and warm and it seemed much like spring. The birds were singing, and Mary was looking to see how soon the wild flowers might be out. Suddenly they heard the yell of an Indian.

Matthew grasped his gun and said, "Hurry, Mary! We'll cross the flat and climb the north hill, and they'll not be likely to find us."

Mary was slender and tall. She could run like a deer. Her long black hair lost its fastenings and floated out into the breeze. Unfortunately, she forgot her father's advice and sometimes trod on the soft earth instead of keeping on the stones as he had told her.

In a few minutes the Indians saw the tracks. Another yell, and up the hill they rushed. Mary was caught by the hair before she reached the ridge. Her father was badly hurt, but he escaped. The Indians took Mary down into the flat again. She found that there were four Min-goës and one white man, Captain Thompson, who like herself had been made a prisoner that morning. Poor Mary had lost one shoe, and her dress was badly torn, but there was no time to stop.

All day they hurried towards the northwest. It soon became cold again, and after crossing White Deer Mountain there were deep streams to ford, and Mary's clothes were frozen so she could scarcely walk. They crossed the Susquehanna in two canoes and built their camp fire that night on Lycoming Creek. While the Indians were at a little distance cutting wood for the fire, Captain Thompson turned to Mary and said, "You keep awake to-night. I am going to try to get away. They don't tie you. I think I can slip the cords. If we can reach

the canoes on the river bank, we'll take them both, and they will never catch us again."

After a very scanty supper the Indians tied Captain Thompson's hands behind his back and securely fastened the cords around two stout scrub oaks.

There he lay upon the ground with his feet before the fire, scarcely able to move an inch. It was not long before the two Indians, who were lying one on each side of Thompson, were sleeping soundly. By twisting his head the captain soon learned where Mary Young was. She was on the opposite side of the fire, with two Indians near her.

It did not take Thompson long to twist his hands free from the cords. He tried to get one of the tomahawks, but found that the Indians were lying upon them. He then took the stone which had been used in pounding corn. He kneeled near one of them and prepared to give him a deathblow on the temple. The Indian's head was wrapped in a blanket, and Thompson struck higher than the temple. The frightened savage gave a wild yell. Thompson started to run, but the cord which was stretched between the two scrub oaks tripped his feet and he fell. The other Indian caught him and raised his hatchet to strike. Then the wounded Indian spoke. Just what he said Thompson could not understand. Three times Thompson's captor raised the tomahawk to strike, and each time the blow was stayed by the bleeding Indian, who saved Thompson's life either from mercy or from a desire to keep him for future torture.

In the morning the Indians took a gourd, and after

putting some shot in it, tied it to Thompson's waist. This he thought was his death warrant. A dipper duck was shot, and after the skin was carefully taken off it was opened in the front so that it could be pulled over the head of the wounded Indian. It looked like a feathered nightcap.

The next evening Thompson was tied so tightly that he lost all feeling in his hands and feet.

The Indians followed Lycoming Creek to its source, and, crossing the divide, went down Sugar Creek to the north branch of the Susquehanna. After this they did not tie their prisoners at night. Thompson had several chances to escape, but he was determined not to go without Mary Young. They were now over two hundred miles from home, and the Indians were certain that no attempts would be made to escape. The prisoners were already weak for want of food, and could be easily tracked in the soft deep snow which covered the mountains. Slavery and death were before them, and starvation behind them.

Every evening the prisoners were sent out to gather wood for the fire.

"Don't wait for me," said Mary Young to Thompson. "We can't both escape. You should have gone long before this. Each day takes you further from home. Don't mind me. Go now. Don't put it off another day. They mean to burn you at the stake, when they get you to their village. You know the meaning of that gourd at your waist? Go. Leave me. We can't escape together."

These words convinced Thompson that he should try to save his own life. Each time he brought wood to the fire,

he slipped a few grains of corn out of the pot into his pocket. For each arm load of wood he wandered further from the camp. At last when he had twenty-two grains of corn in his pocket and saw no one looking his way, he started to run. He took good care not to follow the direction towards home. In his hurry he stepped upon a dead stick, the cracking of which frightened him. Then, mistaking the noise of two trees rubbing together for the Indians, he ran with all his might until he reached a pond, where he buried himself up to the head. After waiting some time, and finding that the Indians did not come, he got out and climbed to the top of the mountain, and followed the ridges toward home. One night he slept in a hollow tree. Twice he was nearly captured by walking almost into an Indian camp before he knew it, but by squatting down in the bushes and remaining perfectly quiet until all suspicion was over, he succeeded in getting away. In addition to the twenty-two grains of corn, he had nothing to eat except two walnuts and the bone of a deer, which he found in the woods. He cracked the bone and ate the marrow. He followed the same trail back along Lycoming Creek. When near its mouth he was nearly drowned in trying to cross it. He was very weak, and the swift current carried him a considerable distance down the stream.

When Thompson reached the Susquehanna River, he soon found one of the canoes which the Indians had used when they crossed. It was lying high upon the bank. The river had fallen. Thompson was too weak to push it into the water, but his iron will would not let him give up. He took a pole and some rollers, and finally managed

to get it down the bank. After he got in he found the other canoe sunk in the edge of the river. Fearing that the Indians were following him, and knowing that they would use this canoe to capture him, he dipped the water out of it and lashed it behind. In this manner he floated down the Susquehanna.

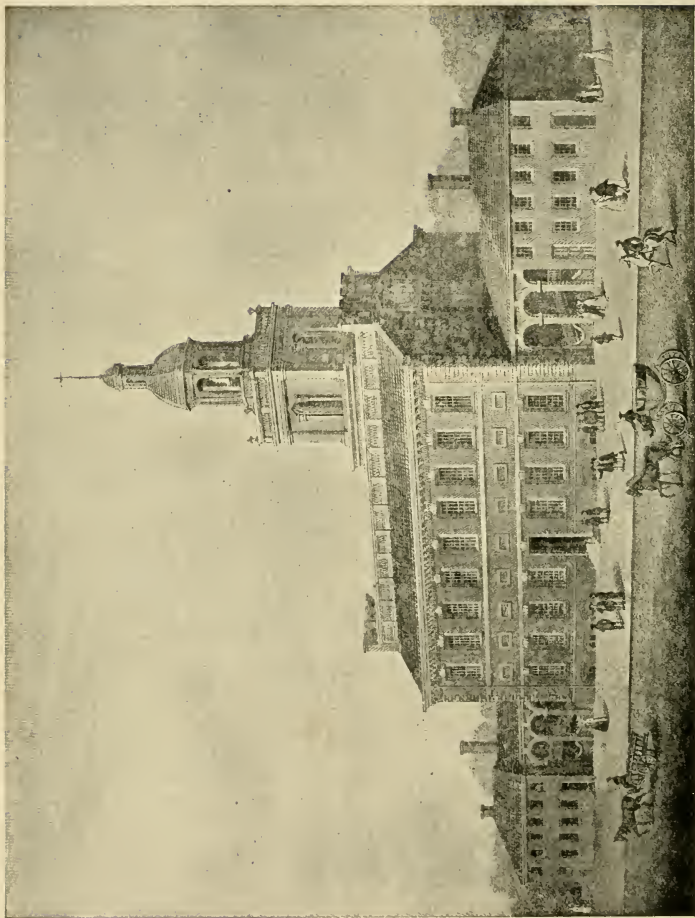
From where Williamsport now is, down to Watsontown, there were no settlers on either side of the river. Thompson grew so weak that he could only lie in the bottom of the boat and wave his hands. At Watsontown some one fortunately saw him. He was taken from the boat to a house and carefully fed on new milk until he grew stronger. It was some time before he could tell anything about himself.

Mary Young remained behind, a prisoner among the Indians. There was great excitement after Thompson ran away. Two of the swiftest Indians followed him for some days, when they lost his trail and came back to camp. "He walk with the wind," said the Indian guide, speaking of Thompson. "He make no tracks. He hides in the water and sleeps in the tree. He builds no fire. He freeze. He starve." The Indians then took Mary Young on toward Central New York. The wounded Indian grew weak and could not follow them. He seemed to be very much hurt, and Mary thought that he turned into the bushes to die. Mary's heart sank within her and tears came to her eyes, when the trail turned from the banks of the Susquehanna for the last time. That water ran by her home. Would she ever see it any more?

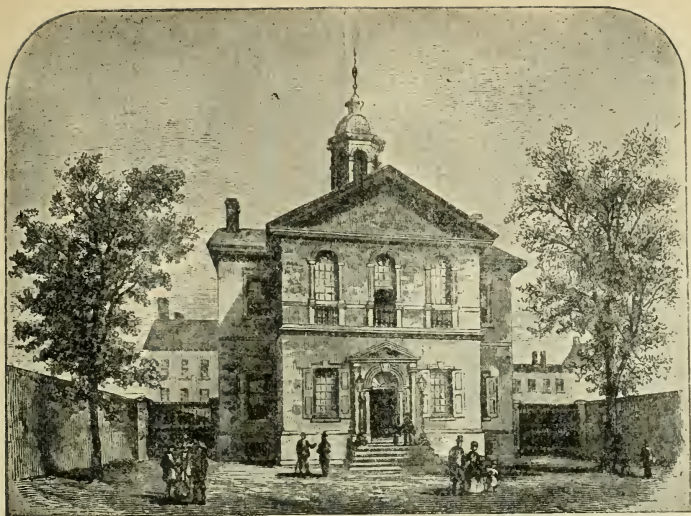
Mary was adopted into a tribe of Indians and had an old squaw for a mother. When spring came this squaw

set Mary to hoeing corn. An old negro prisoner told her to hoe out the beans, which were planted with the corn, and said that the Indians would then sell her to the English in Canada. So Mary hoed out the beans. The squaw said that she was too stupid to learn to work, and sold her. She was purchased by a man in Montreal by the name of Young.

Mary found that this man was her cousin. After the Revolutionary War was over, Mary came back to Spruce Creek. The people there told her that Captain Thompson returned the same spring that they were captured, and as soon as he grew strong enough, removed with his family to Chester County.



Independence Hall.



Carpenters' Hall.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.



CARPENTERS' HALL.

ON the 5th of September, 1774, the delegates of eleven colonies met at Philadelphia in the City Tavern, on Second Street, above Walnut, to select a place to hold the first Continental Congress.

The Statehouse (Independence Hall) was likely to be used by the Assembly of Pennsylvania. The Carpenters' Company had offered the use of their hall. So the delegates went to Carpenters' Hall to see how it would suit.

John and Samuel Adams came from Massachusetts to stand for freedom ; George Washington, tall, modest, resolute, the hero of the Braddock campaign in 1755, walked by the side of Patrick Henry, whose eloquent speech



Rev. Duché and Wife.

against the Stamp Act in May, 1765, rang round the world. Thomas Mifflin, Samuel Rhoads, Charles Humphreys, George Ross, Joseph Galloway, John Dickinson, John Morton, and Edward Biddle were Pennsylvania's chosen delegates.

John Adams said, "They took a view of the room and of the

chamber, where there is an excellent library. The general cry was, 'This is a good room.' The question was put whether we were satisfied with this room, and it passed in the affirmative."

Peyton Randolph was elected president, and Charles Thompson of Pennsylvania, who was not a member, was made secretary. Thus began the first Continental Con-

gress. Business of so much importance came before the meeting that Samuel Adams arose on the second day and moved that hereafter the sessions should open with prayer.

Rev. Jacob Duché of Christ Church the next morning read the 35th Psalm. A rumor had just reached Philadelphia that a British fleet had cannonaded and destroyed Boston. This Psalm seemed to suit the occasion so well that the whole assembly was profoundly moved.

John Adams wrote: "I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read that morning. After this Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer."



Christ Church.

You will want to read over and over again this first public prayer for the help of Heaven in the cause of American freedom:—

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of Kings and Lord of Lords! who dost from Thy throne

behold all the dwellers on earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all nations, empires, and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and have thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purpose, oh, let the voice of Thy own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle.

“Be Thou present, O God of Wisdom! and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish among Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the millions they here represent such as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come.

“All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior. Amen.”

After six weeks' careful debate, this Congress adopted

fourteen measures. British goods were not to be imported into the colonies, in order to lessen the profits of the English merchants, and to show that the colonists resented taxing the people without their consent, quartering troops in the colonies in time of peace, and trying men without a jury. Teas, wines, coffee, pepper, molasses, and sirups were not to be imported or used in the colonies. The slave trade between America and Africa was to be wholly stopped. More sheep were to be raised, and they were to be killed "as seldom as may be," and none were to be exported. In this way the colonists planned to live as free from British supplies as possible, and to produce at home, as far as might be, the things they needed.

This Congress grew out of a general meeting held in Carpenters' Hall, July 15, 1774. This meeting was attended by delegates from every part of Pennsylvania. It passed a declaration of rights, and resolved to invite all the colonies to send delegates to Philadelphia, for the purpose of acting as a unit against English oppression.

When the Continental Congress met, it passed, in addition to the above measures, the famous Declaration of Rights. The rights of the colonists were declared to be (1) the right to life, liberty, and property; (2) the right to tax themselves; (3) the right to assemble peacefully to petition against grievances; (4) the rights of Englishmen and of their charters.

The Congress adjourned after a banquet at the City Tavern, given in honor of the members by the Assembly of Pennsylvania. John Adams proves that the Quakers at this meeting were not only cold-water men, as a rule, but true patriots as well:—

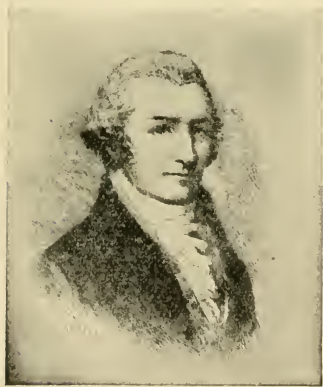
"A sentiment was given: 'May the sword of the parent never be stained by the blood of her children.' Two or three broadbrims were over against me at the table. One of them said: 'This is not a toast, but a prayer; come, let us join in it,' and they did so."



THE PHILADELPHIA TEA PARTY.

"Pennsylvanians are to a man passionately fond of freedom, the birthright of Americans, and at all events are determined to enjoy it."
—FROM THE NOTICE SENT TO CAPTAIN AYERS.

BOSTON had a great tea party; so had Philadelphia. Boston had hers November 5, 1773; and Philadelphia had hers October 16, 1773. Pennsylvania spoke first; Massachusetts followed, and in almost the same words.



Colonel William Bradford.

When news reached the colonies that a threepence tax on tea had been ordered by the mother country, the famous colonial printer, Colonel William Bradford of Philadelphia, proprietor of a well-known coffeehouse, was very angry. He saw two or three citizens passing his door, and called to them, "Let us call a mass meeting and protest."

"It can't be done," was the answer; "the people are tired of public meetings, and it will prove a failure."

“Leave that business to me,” said the aroused patriot; “I’ll collect a town meeting for you. Prepare some resolves, and — they shall be executed.” And they were. An immense crowd met and passed eight resolutions. The sixth reads, “It is the duty of every American to oppose this act.” The seventh declared that whoever handled this tea “is an enemy to his country.” The eighth provided for a committee to wait upon the firms that agreed to become agents for selling the tea, and to demand of them “at once to resign.”

The committee waited till news came that tea was on its way to Philadelphia before they acted. This delay explains why the mass meeting was held early and the tea returned so late. If Captain Ayers had come earlier, who knows what these aroused and sturdy sons of Pennsylvania might have done? They spoke quickly. They acted as soon as the *Polly* came up the Delaware.

Of the tea agents, Thomas and Isaac Wharton resigned; James and Drinker at first refused. The committee then handed them this notice and demanded an answer: —

A CARD.

THE PUBLIC present their compliments to Messieurs James and Drinker. We are informed that you have this day received your commission to enslave your native Country and as your frivolous Plea of having received no Advice relative to the scandalous part you were to act in the TEA-SCHEME can no longer serve your purpose nor divert our Attention, We expect and desire YOU will immediately inform the PUBLIC, by a Line or two to be left at the COFFEE-HOUSE, Whether you will or will not, renounce all pretensions to execute that Commission? — THAT WE MAY GOVERN OURSELVES ACCORDINGLY. Philadelphia, December 2, 1773.

Abel James of this firm was quick to resign. He pledged his word and his property and his young daughter Rebecca, who at the time was standing on one of her father's large hogsheads, to keep his promise.

The Delaware River pilots were cautioned to beware of Captain Ayers and his ship *Polly*, then due to arrive. As soon as the *Polly* reached Chester, swift horsemen carried the news to Philadelphia. The ship was stopped at Gloucester Point, and the committee, in no disguise whatever, boarded the tea ship and handed Captain Ayers a rather warm letter. In it are these words: —

“What think you, Captain, of a halter around your neck, ten gallons of liquid tar decanted on your pate, with the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven your appearance?”

“Fly to the place from whence you came. Fly without hesitation, without the formality of a protest, and above all, Captain Ayers, let us advise you to fly without the wild geese feathers.”

Monday morning, December 27, the people met in a great mass meeting. Captain Ayers was present. Eight thousand people crowded into the public square. They were all of one mind. It was resolved that the tea should not land, that Captain Ayers should carry it back immediately, and that he be given one day to obtain food and sail away.

That this was short notice is true; but the men of Philadelphia were in earnest. They would not buy the stamps under the Stamp Act. They would not now consent to be taxed against their will. England had gone too far. The colonies were ready to strike back. The air was full of revolution. The mutterings of the storm of

two years later were plainly heard. That Pennsylvania was loyal to herself and the right in this tea party was clearly seen by every thoughtful man.

Do you wonder what became of Captain Ayers and the tea? The *Pennsylvania Packet*, January 3, 1774, will tell you:—

“On Tuesday last, at three quarters of an hour after three o'clock, Capt. Ayers of the tea ship *Polly* left Arch Street Wharf to follow his ship to Reedy Island, and from thence to transport the East India Company's adventure to its OLD ROTTING PLACE in Leaden Hall Street, London.”



RODNEY'S RIDE.

THE greatest ride of Revolutionary times was the ride of Cæsar Rodney. Paul Revere rode to save army supplies at Lexington and Concord, but Cæsar Rodney rode to save the Declaration of Independence.

In 1776, the colonies were in great excitement. War, cruel war, had come to destroy homes and government in America. The best men in the colonies were in Congress in old Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. Thomas Jefferson had written the great charter of our freedom, and July 1st it was presented to Congress by Benjamin Harri-



son of Virginia. Would these brave men dare to defy King George and his armies? Yes; if the colonies stood united for freedom. No; if the colonies were divided.

In Pennsylvania four of the seven delegates were opposed; and in Delaware Thomas McKean was for independence, George Read was opposed at this time, and Cæsar Rodney was down in Sussex County, Delaware, pleading with the people to favor independence, and drilling the militia for the coming struggle.

Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin persuaded two men from Pennsylvania to stay away, and thus had the Keystone State delegates ready to vote. But Cæsar Rodney was needed to carry Delaware for the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas McKean asked Benjamin Harrison to plead for time, and sent a horseman south on July 1st to find Cæsar Rodney and tell him to hasten to Philadelphia.

As soon as General Rodney heard the news, he called out, "Saddle the black," sprang upon his faithful horse, faced the north, and galloped away.

Eighty miles from Congress, and his presence needed to make this country free and independent! This thought drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, and sent him flying northward. The sun went down. The moon and stars shone forth upon a single rider, rushing wildly through forest, over stream, by plantations. He knew his horse carried the destiny of America. The rider was born in Dover, 1730, was sheriff of Kent County in 1758, then justice and judge, and before 1762 he sat in the Delaware Assembly. In 1768, he offered in that Assembly resolutions "totally prohibiting the importation of slaves into the

province of Delaware," and pleaded so earnestly for its adoption that it lacked only two votes of passing. He had twice petitioned the king for freedom for his people. He was in 1769 speaker of the Assembly that sent himself with McKean and Read to Congress. He entered Congress September 5, 1774. He was brigadier general of militia for Delaware, and a noble patriot.

When the sun rose over Philadelphia July 4, 1776, and the anxious delegates gathered quietly in Independence Hall, Cæsar Rodney was still many miles to the south. His horse was jaded, his own face, scarred by a cancer that finally cost him his life, showed signs of physical pain and of mental anxiety. He urged his horse along, and lo! in the distance he could see the curling smoke of a hundred chimneys. He was nearing the city. If only the vote had not been taken! Through the streets rang the sound of hurrying hoof beats, and into the yard before Independence Hall rushed a foaming, dusty steed. The rider sprang to the ground, gave his horse to a groom, and hastened to the door.

The session had begun; but his friend Thomas McKean was outside, waiting. Booted and spurred, tired and dusty, Cæsar Rodney entered Congress by McKean's side.

Delaware was called. McKean voted "Aye," Read "Nay"; and the famous rider then arose and said, "As I believe the voice of my constituents, and of all fair, sensible, and honest men is in favor of independence, and as my own judgment concurs with them, I vote for independence."

When the news reached Dover on July 6th, late in the evening, the Assembly arose and gave three huzzas for



George Wythe

Wm Whipple

Josiah Bartlett

Thomas Lynch Junr

Benj Harrison

Richard Henry Lee

Saml Adams

George Clinton

Wm Paca

Samuel Chase

Richd Stockton

Lewis Morris

Samuel Johnston

Arthur Middleton

Thos Boywain Junr

Charles Carroll of Carrollton

Robt Morris

Thomas Willing

Benjamin Rush

Abbridge

Robt H

Wm Hooper

Steph

William

Geo Lyman

Joseph H

Geo H

James

Abra

Thos M. Kealy

The Signers of the Decla



Paine	30	Tras ^d Hopkinson	39	Sam ^l Huntington
Kiss	31	John Adams	40	Wm ^m Williams
allery	32	Roger Sherman	41	Oliver Wolcott
	33	Rob ^t R. Livingston	42	Chas. Thompson
	34	J ^h Jefferson	43	John Hancock
	35	Ben ^g Franklin	44	Geo ^d Read
Bon	36	Thos Nelson jr	45	John Dickinson
rk	37	Ja ⁿ Lewis	46	Edward Rutledge
	38	Jas Witherspoon		
		Phil Livingston		

on of Independence.

independence and three for Cæsar Rodney. Then they took the picture of King George and put it on a staff, and gave it to the drummer of Rodney's militia, and he carried it before the president of the Assembly. They were followed, two by two, by all the patriots in Dover. They marched around the public square, and finally cast the picture of the king into a big bonfire that had been lighted in the square.

As the flames leaped into the face of the cruel king, the president said, "Compelled by strong necessity, thus we destroy even the shadow of that king who refused to reign over a free people."



THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.



EVERY person in this broad land is proud of the old Liberty Bell. It is a sacred and silent witness now of the great deeds of long ago.

November 1st, 1751, Isaac Norris, Thomas Leech, and Edward Warren, the superintendents of the old Statehouse in Philadelphia, wrote to Robert Charles in London, and asked him "to get us a good bell of about 2000 pounds weight."

The bell came on the ship *Matilda*, in August, 1752. When it was hung and tried for the sound, it was cracked

by a stroke of the clapper, without any violence whatever. Pass and Stow, of Philadelphia, re-cast it; but it made such a poor sound that it was again broken up and re-cast. This time it was satisfactory.

At last the bell was ready to be put in its place in the tower of the old Statehouse. The notice of this reads:—
 “June 7, 1753. Last week was raised and fixed in the State House steeple, the new great bell cast here by Pass and Stow, weighing 2080 pounds, with this motto: Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. Levit. xxv, 10.” This motto was selected by Isaac Norris.



Where the Declaration was written.

On the 8th of July, 1776, this bell became famous. On that day the Statehouse yard was crowded with eager patriots. They had met to hear the reading of the great Declaration of Independence. When it was read the multitude gave a mighty shout. But above the roar of human voices rang out, sharp and bold, the great bell. Its tongue spoke defiance to tyranny and comfort to the colonists.

John Adams says, “the great bell rang all day, and almost all night.” Its stern voice sounded from sea to sea. It called the men of Georgia to join the men of Massa-

chusetts. It sounded through city and forest, calling merchant and farmer and forester to the front. Its notes rang across the rugged sea and sent a shudder through England. The Liberty Bell it was. It called the men of America to their duty. It rang for independence!

In 1777, it was hastily placed on a wagon and hurried to Allentown, that the British might not break it up and cast it into cannon. It was returned late in 1778.

For fifty years it rang the glad tidings of liberty on every anniversary!

On the morning of July 8th, 1835, while it was tolling the solemn news of the death of Chief Justice Marshall, who died in Philadelphia two days before, and whose body was being conveyed to a boat to be sent to Virginia, it cracked!

On February 22, 1843, it was rung to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the greatest American. But the old bell could not bear the strain, the crack lengthened and widened, and its tongue became silent forever.



THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

JOHN ADAMS was so happy over the adoption of the Declaration of Independence that he wrote his wife the next day that the American people ought to celebrate its anniversary with great joy.

The next year, 1777, Congress was still in session in Philadelphia and made the day a holiday, in order to celebrate the occasion. This was the first celebration of the kind,

and it was so successful that it has been repeated ever since, and for many, many years July 4th has been a holiday by law in every state in the Union.

We can in no better way honor the great day than by doing as our fathers did in Philadelphia from the first, and you may know all about the first Fourth of July celebration from the following letter from John Adams, the second President of the United States, to his daughter:—

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1777.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

Yesterday being the anniversary of American Independence, was celebrated here with a festivity and ceremony becoming the occasion. I am too old to delight in pretty descriptions, if I had a talent for them, otherwise a picture might be drawn which would please the fancy of a Whig, at least. The thought of taking any notice of this day was not conceived until the second of this month, and it was not mentioned until the third. It was too late to have a sermon, as every one wished, so this must be deferred another year.

Congress determined to adjourn over that day, and to dine together. The general officers, and others in town were invited, after the President and Council, and Board of War of this State. In the morning, the *Delaware* frigate, several large galleys, and other Continental armed vessels, the *Pennsylvania* ship, and row galleys, and guard boats, were all hauled off in the river, and several of them beautiful'y dressed in the colors of all nations, displayed about upon the masts, yards, and rigging. At one o'clock the ships were all manned; that is, the men were all

ordered aloft, and arranged upon the top-yards and shrouds, making a striking appearance — of companies of men drawn up in order in the air.

Then I went on board the *Delaware* with the President and several gentlemen of the Marine Committee; soon after which we were saluted with a charge of thirteen guns, which was followed by thirteen others from each other armed vessel in the river; then the galleys followed the fire, and after them the guard boats.

Then the President and company returned in the barge to the shore, and were saluted with three cheers from every ship, galley, and boat in the river.

The wharves and shores were lined with a vast concourse of people, shouting and huzzaing in a manner which gave great joy to every friend of this country, and the utmost terror and dismay to every lurking Tory.

At three, we went to dinner, and were very agreeably entertained with excellent company, good cheer, fine music from the band of Hessians taken at Trenton, and continual volleys between every toast, from a company of soldiers drawn up in Second Street, before the City Tavern, where we dined. The toasts were in honor of our country and the heroes who had fallen in their pious efforts to defend her. After this, two troops of light-horse, raised in Maryland, accidentally here on their way to Camp, were paraded through Second Street; after them a train of artillery, and then about a thousand infantry, now in this City, on their march to Camp, from North Carolina. All these marched into the Common, where they went through their firings and manœuvres; but I did not follow them. In the evening, I was walking

about the streets for a little fresh air and exercise, and was surprised to find the whole city lighting up their candles at the windows.

I walked most of the evening, and I think it was the most splendid illumination I ever saw; a few surly houses were dark, but the lights were very universal. Considering the lateness of the design, and the suddenness of the execution, I was amazed at the universal joy and alacrity that was discovered, and at the brilliancy and splendor of every part of this joyful exhibition. I had forgot the ringing of bells all day and evening, and the bonfires in the streets, and the fireworks played off.

Had General Howe been here in disguise, or his master, this show would have given them the heartache.

I am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.



CAPTAIN PERCY AT THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

ON a hot, sultry afternoon, September 11, 1777, Howe and Cornwallis surprised Washington at Birmingham meeting house, and the battle of the Brandywine was fought. Early that morning the English army broke camp on the hills north of Kennett Square. Part of them under Knyphausen were to move over to Chadds Ford and keep Washington's attention there. The other division, under the command of Howe and Cornwallis, followed the old road toward Marshalton. Howe's movements were directed by Montréssor, his chief engineer, who had been

in the country for several years and was thoroughly familiar with the locality. At Trimble's Ford, on the west branch of the Brandywine, the army turned toward the east, and it crossed the east branch at Jeffers Ford. Here some Wilmington merchants had stored a quantity of rare old liquors in Mr. Jeffers's cellar. They thought that the British army would, of course, attack Wilmington in their march from the "Head of Elk" to Philadelphia.

Before all of Howe's forces had crossed at the fording, the stores were found, and these wine casks nearly proved to be a greater enemy than the Americans at Birmingham meeting house.

At Sconnetown, a little group of houses on the summits of the hills east of the stream, the Friends were holding their midweek meeting. The meeting house at Birmingham was fitted up for a hospital, and the Friends had found it necessary to adjourn to the wheelwright shop at Sconnetown. While they were sitting there in silent worship, much noise was heard around the door. A few persons stepped out. The noise and excitement went on. The meeting soon closed. When the Friends came out—the men clad in their plain coats and hats, and the women with their little white caps and long bonnets—they met a crowd of frightened people. The English, it was said, were coming, and were murdering everybody they met, young and old. The Friends told the people that this was a false report. The English would not hurt them.

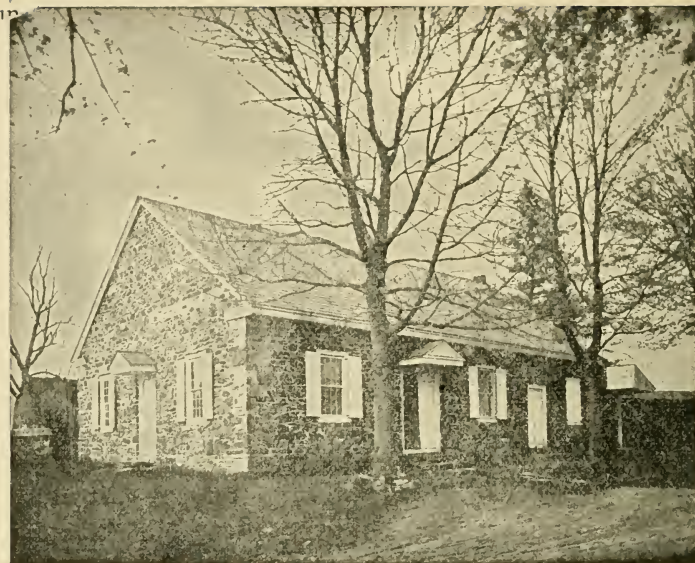
Suddenly all eyes were turned toward the hills beyond the Brandywine. The English were coming out of the woods into the fields. Their bayonets glistened in the

clear sunlight. The main body of the army while marching was a half mile in breadth.

It was not long before the advance part of the army reached the heights at Sconneltown. Cornwallis, in his rich scarlet clothing, loaded with gold lace and epaulets, was an object of great curiosity to the half-frightened women and boys. They were attracted by the soft white hands of the officers and the mustaches of the Hessian soldiers. They had never seen such things before. The English made a short halt while they fed their horses upon green corn fodder, which was gathered from the field near by. They treated the people along the way in a civil manner and destroyed but little property. "If it had not been for your George Washington and your Declaration of Independence, we would never have drawn our swords against you," said one of the officers to a Friend he met at Sconneltown.

The army hastened toward Strodes Mill, and commenced climbing Osborne Hill. Some women in a neighboring house were busy baking pies. They were so excited while the soldiers were passing and the drums were beating, that they ran from the oven to the door, and back again to the dough tray. The bottom crust of some pies was rolled and placed in the dishes, then the women ran to the door again, and coming back forgot to place the apples in the pies, but clapped on the upper crust and put the pies into the oven.

From Osborne Hill the British officers could see the American forces forming at Birmingham meeting house. "The rebels fall into line well," said one of the colonels. Captain Percy was sad and silent as he glanced over the



Birmingham Meeting House.

beautiful September landscape. He saw the hills fall away toward the Brandywine, and the high rolling fields and forest beyond fade into a dreamy blue in the distance. His face grew pale, and his bridle rein shook in his hand.

"This is the place," he said; "I've seen these hills before."

"When were you here?" asked Ashton.

"I was never here," he replied; "but this country is as familiar to me as Northumberland in England. I have seen all this in a dream. I shall be killed in this battle;" and turning to his servant Clifford, he said, "Come here, my boy; take this purse, and my watch, and these messages. Tell them that I died in obedience to the king's

commands. Then, turning to Ashton, he said, "This is not fear, but I know that this is my last battle."

Percy then put spurs to his horse and rode rapidly toward Birmingham meeting house. There in the middle of the fray, near the northern wall of the graveyard, he was shot. After the Americans were driven back, Percy was carried into the meeting house and laid on the floor. The members of the Society of Friends, who acted as nurses, were very much drawn toward the young man, who was slowly dying. He told them that he was a near relative of the Duke of Northumberland, and that death had no terrors for him. He knew it all when he reached Osborne Hill that afternoon. He knew that this was the last day's sunshine he would ever see. He died that night. The next day the British buried Colonel Gordon and Captain Percy in one grave. A few days later a company of English horsemen came into the graveyard and rode their horses over and over the grave until all signs of it were gone.



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE'S ESCAPE.

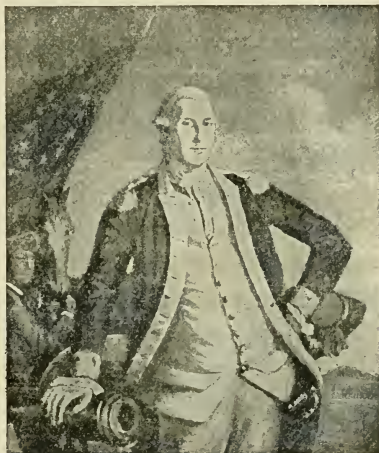
EARLY on the morning of September 11, 1777, General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian soldiers at the battle of Brandywine, broke camp near "the Anvil" and marched down the state road past Hamerton and old Kennett meeting house. After reaching the Lancaster Inn, they were met by American detachments from Maxwell's corps. From there to the Brandywine, these Americans disputed the ground. At the schoolhouse the

Hessian forces divided and drove Maxwell's men across the stream. Then Knyphausen located his men on the high ground west of the Brandywine. Their line extended from opposite Brintons Ford south to Chadds Ford. Their instructions were to remain there and make some show of crossing. This would occupy the attention of Washington's army, thus giving Cornwallis and Howe a chance to get around behind the Americans. Perhaps they knew that Washington had directed General Sullivan to guard the crossings of the Brandywine from Brintons Ford as far as the forks of the stream. At any rate, Cornwallis and Howe crossed so far above the forks of the Brandywine that Sullivan failed to learn anything about it. The heavy fog of the morning made it difficult to get information. During the entire forenoon the two armies lay at Chadds Ford, watching each other.

The day had scarcely cleared, when Major Furgesson concealed his riflemen in the edge of a wood, overlooking the slope and the meadows along the beautiful Brandywine. He could see the American lines along the east bank of the stream. Suddenly he noticed two horsemen coming slowly up the slope, towards where his men were lying. Who could they be? As they came nearer, he whispered to one of his men, "Rebel officers! Do you see that fellow in a hussar dress? Doesn't he ride well? Look! see that man who follows him, dressed in dark green and blue, with a big cocked hat. He's mounted on the best bay horse I've seen in America. They both sit easy in the saddle, don't they? Go quickly, silently, bring to this stump three of the best shots among Furgesson's celebrated riflemen. We'll put a stop to their curiosity."

Before this order could be obeyed, Furgesson felt ashamed of what he had done, and ordered his men not to fire. The two horsemen made a circuit around the field, examining the edge of the woods very closely, without going too near, the man in the hussar dress returning some distance from where Furgesson lay. But the man in green and blue came within a hundred yards of the edge of the woods.

Furgesson stepped out from his hiding place and called to him. The fine bay horse walked on, and the stately-looking man turned in his saddle a moment. Furgesson called again, and made signs for him to stop. But the unknown man slowly rode away.

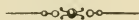


General George Washington.

Furgesson, in a letter written to a friend in America some years later, says: "As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending man who was doing his duty so coolly and carefully, so I let him alone."

The next day, when Furgesson was telling this story to some wounded officers who were with him in Birmingham meeting house, a surgeon, who had been dressing the

wounds of some American officers, said that Washington had been out all that morning with the light troops, and was accompanied only by a young French officer in a hussar dress. Washington, they said, was dressed in dark green and blue and was mounted on a fine bay horse. Furgesson replied to the surgeon that he was very glad that he did not know at the time who they were. It is thought that the young French officer was General Lafayette. He and Washington never knew the danger they had escaped.



GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

“**H**ERE comes one of the greatest men in this country,” said Betsy Reese to her daughter Peggy. “Run into the shed, quick! pull down your sleeves, bring out the best goblet; the general is a-going to stop for a drink of water.”

Just then General Wayne rode up, mounted on a fine roan horse. He wore a dingy red coat, a black rusty cravat, and a tarnished lace hat.

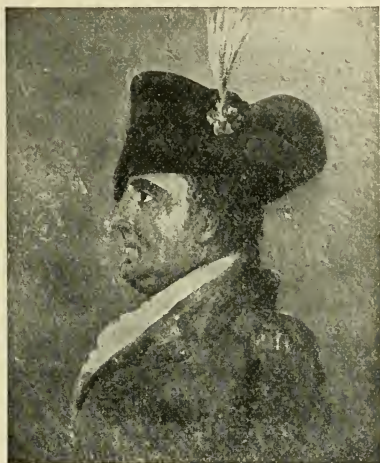
Peggy came running with the goblet, one sleeve up and one down. Mrs. Reese had drawn a bucket of water. She held one rein of Wayne's restless steed while Peggy handed him the goblet brimful of clear, cold water. The general was very polite, and after many thanks and graceful bows hastened down the road, followed by a cloud of dust.

“Sure, now, he's the same boy he used to be. Neither

big nor small, but stout and active, — the same bright eye and ruddy face. Did you see, girl, how he raised in his stirrups to bow? Oh! he's every inch a gentleman, he is. I lived with the Waynes when he was a baby. There are no boys like Anthony now."

"Where did the Waynes live?" asked Peggy, who was beginning to roll down the other sleeve.

"Live? Out at 'Waynesborough,' in Easttown; haven't I told you this many a time? He was Mr. Isaac Wayne's only son. It was New Year's Day in '45 when he was born. What a baby he was, to be sure! Ate and slept most of the time. I knew that there was a war coming just as



General Anthony Wayne.

soon as that boy was big enough to play. I never saw the like in all my life. He played soldier all the time. He drilled them and marched them, and what snow forts he did build, with towers on the corners and piles of frozen snowballs inside! He was smart, too — a good sight smarter than you are, Peggy."

"Well, I guess he didn't have the same mammy I had. It's not my fault."

"You needn't get pouty about it, now. You should have seen the general a-ciphering when he was a boy. He'd fill

a whole slate full of his big sums. Many's the time he got ahead of his daddy. When he was sixteen, they sent him to the Academy in Philadelphia. He never took much to Latin and such like, but he made his mark at figures. He came home with a compass and a chain, and said that he was a surveyor. I tell you, girl, it takes a smart man to measure land. But my lad Anthony, he could do it. Many's the time I've dusted his papers, all full of long rows of figures. Didn't the great Doctor Franklin pick him out from all the boys in this country, or Philadelphia, as the best one to go to Nova Scotia to survey a great tract of new land? I tell you, old Mr. Isaac Wayne was proud that day. Anthony was scarcely twenty-one years old. It was pretty dull and quiet around 'Waynesborough' after Anthony was gone. Once Miss Polly Penrose, whose father was a rich storekeeper in Philadelphia, came up to stay awhile with Anthony's mother. I had my suspicions just as soon as I saw Miss Polly."

"Did you think she'd steal?" asked Peggy, innocently.

"Steal! Goodness gracious, child, have you lost your wits? Steal! Why, Mistress Polly was a lady, I'd have you know. She was there a-visiting. And as I was a-saying, I had my suspicions. Her eyes grew brighter, and her cheeks a little redder every time they would show her anything which was Anthony's. Mrs. Wayne had a patch-work quilt, and all the small diamond pieces were made from Anthony's little dresses and pants. Miss Polly was terribly taken with the quilt. I knew it then, and sure enough, when Anthony came home from Nova Scotia, the very first thing he did was to go and marry Miss Polly.

"I tell you, girl, he was always particular about how

he dressed. You wouldn't have seen him looking as he did this morning before the winter at Valley Forge. That winter was hard on him. He never wore dingy clothes before that. He used to be fond of white and blue uniform. And his soldiers must be all trigged up before going into battle. Many a time I've heard him say that soldiers would fight better in trim, neat uniforms than in rags and dirt. Your father, girl, used to laugh about Wayne's barbers, one for each company. No soldier was allowed on parade unless washed and shaved, and with his hair plaited and powdered. The general was very strict about this, even after the boys had lost almost all their duds, and had little left except their hair and their beards. Their guns had to be polished and oiled, and they must stand up straight and march, just the same as if they had uniforms."

"That's what you were thinking about," said Peggy, "when you told me to roll down my sleeves. I didn't know then what you wanted."

"No, you never do till about a week afterwards. There's nothing quick about you, girl.

"As I was a-saying, I was at 'Waynesborough' the night of the Paoli massacre. Such a time as we did have!

"Mistress Polly was very uneasy that night, and said that she knew something was going to happen. She didn't go to bed until after ten o'clock. We knew that the general was encamped within a few miles from us. She was a-counting on him coming over that night. And when he didn't come, she was sure that something must have happened. I told her that it was raining too hard for him to leave camp, and she knew what a great man he was to

stand by his duty. A little after eleven Mrs. Wayne called me. She said that she was sure she heard a firing toward the camp. We raised the west window and could hear it very plain in the distance. In less than half an hour a man came running down the road all out of breath. He told us that the British were trying to capture Wayne. 'They came on us,' he said, 'in the dark. We knew that they were coming, and were lying in the rain with our guns under us, waiting for them. There were two of them to one of us. Wayne's a great fighter, I tell you. He kept us between the English and our camp fire until the baggage wagons and artillery could be drawn off. It was the hottest fire I was ever in. The general is too stubborn to retreat.'

"What are you running for?" said Mrs. Wayne. "Why don't you go back this instant?"

"I tell you it's no use for our little crowd to fight the whole British army," he said, and ran on. Mistress Polly called him a coward, but it was too late; he didn't hear it. I tell you, Mrs. Wayne was high-strung when her blood was up!"

"Well, I should have been scared all to pieces," said Peggy, who was standing with her arms akimbo.

"So would any other woman except Mrs. Wayne," said Mrs. Reese.

"But as I was a-saying," she continued, "Mrs. Wayne soon came down from her high horse. In a few minutes another deserter came along, and told us that the general was killed and all his soldiers captured. Then another man said that Wayne was taken prisoner. Then nobody came for a long time. The night was still and dark.

The firing had all stopped. Not a sound could be heard. Mistress Polly sat leaning out of the window. She would have gone out into the night herself, but Mr. Robinson wouldn't let her. It seemed that hours had passed when, all of a sudden, we heard horsemen galloping down the road. 'There he comes,' said Mrs. Wayne, with a sigh of relief.

"'It's the British,' said I; 'don't you hear their heavy horses?'

"Sure enough, in less time than a chicken winks they were all around the house. I was never so scared in all my life. I knew they would rob and burn and carry us all off prisoners. But Mistress Polly talked right up to them. She didn't seem a bit frightened. I tell you, she's all grit. They said they were after General Wayne. They knew that he must be hid in the house.

"'Then he isn't killed, and he's not a prisoner!' and Mrs. Wayne really thanked them for the good news. She told them that he had not been there that night. They might search the house, and she would expect them to behave like gentlemen. And they certainly did. They didn't disturb anything, and they treated Mrs. Wayne and me like two great ladies. They hunted through the closets, under the beds, and in the garret and cellar, and in the barn. They thanked Mrs. Wayne for her courtesy, and told her that they must take Robert and James along with them, and they hoped that no harm would come to her. It angered me that they took the men away, but they did so much better than we expected that we called them gentlemen. Abraham Robinson came and took care of us after that."

WAYNE'S CAMP AT YELLOW SPRINGS.

CHRISTIAN HENCH was a determined Whig. He lived near the Yellow Springs, now Chester Springs.

On the afternoon of September 16, 1777, Mr. Hench had been out salting his large herd of fat cattle.

"That's as fine a bunch of steers as you'll find in the county," he said to a lame soldier standing near. "There were no such herds in Germany. A poor man could never work up there as he can here. I tell you, man, you've been in the army. You carry an English bullet in your leg. I hate European oppression as much as you do. Once, when I lived over there, my brother's family needed meat. My brother was poor. He could not see his family starve. He went out into the king's forest and shot a hare. The king's gamekeeper saw him, and shot him on the spot. I asked why my brother was killed. They told me to attend to my own affairs, and they would attend to theirs. Then and there I vowed not to live longer in a country where a man's life was not so much as that of a hare.

"Yes, my man, I left Germany, and it was the best move I ever made. I thank God for what I have. And yet all I have is my country's if she needs it. I'd give yonder spotted heifer to know where General Washington is to-day. You fellows could have whipped the British at Brandywine if you had kept your eyes open in the morning. Did you know that Major Spear who lied to Washington? I believe that he lost us the battle. Come, man, cheer up, we'll whip the redcoats yet. I agree with

Anthony Wayne, that our cause deserves success, and we will get it.

"Hello, what's that coming down the road? Continental soldiers, as sure as I'm alive! And that fine roan horse is General Wayne's. I'd know that roan.

"Hunting a camping place, are you? Well, general, you have known me for years. That field will hold you, I'm a-thinking. Wait till I pull out the bars. Tell your men to help themselves. All I have is theirs. My losses cannot equal their sufferings."

No second invitation was needed. The field was soon white with tents. Wood was hauled for the camp fires. The fine herd of fat cattle, the joy of the farmer's heart, was quickly driven from the meadow up to the barnyard, and the work of slaughter commenced.

"Take all you need, boys," said Mr. Hench. "I know that you must be hungry. Had a battle this morning, eh? Too wet for you, was it? Well, you are just like us farmers, — have to turn in when it rains."

"Yes, sir," replied one of the soldiers. "We were all ready for them this morning, on the hills south of the valley. But the rain came on, and our muskets and flints are in bad trim. Not more than half of the guns in our company are worth anything. I tell you, it was a good thing that it did rain. Indeed, Mr. Hench, it was a hard march for some of us. Rations are slim, and the roads are rough. A man with no shoes, and no dinner, and with all the clothes on his back wet through, doesn't find marching an easy job."

Mr. Hench found that the soldiers were expert butchers. They took enough to make a good supper and breakfast.

As soon as the hides were taken from the steers, the soldiers spread the skins on the ground, hair side down, placed their torn and bleeding feet on the flesh side, and cut, with their knives, enough of the hide to tie roughly around the ankle. In this manner a number of them were shod when they marched away the next morning.

How they shouted in the peach orchard while they filled their knapsacks, eating all the while !

Mrs. Hench commenced baking bread that evening as soon as the soldiers arrived. From that time until daylight, as fast as one lot of loaves was taken from the oven, another was ready to take its place. All night Mrs. Hench kneaded bread at the dough-tray. The half-famished soldiers could scarcely wait until the bread was out of the oven. They pulled the loaves to pieces and devoured the bread by the handful.

Two wounded officers occupied separate beds in one of Mrs. Hench's rooms. The next morning they fell into a dispute over the battle of Brandywine. Hard names were called. They determined to settle it by fighting a duel. They could sit up in bed and they could fight it there. They sent their servants downstairs to clean and load the pistols.

Good Mrs. Hench, in some way, heard of the affair. She at once went to the servants and took the pistols from them. Then she went up to the officers' room and gave them a sound scolding for daring to disgrace her house by such doings. Before the officers left she succeeded in making peace between them.

It was a happy band of soldiers that left Mr. Hench's farm the next morning to march to French Creek, where

the powder works were. The soldiers' knapsacks were stuffed with meat, bread, and peaches. Those wearing the rawhide moccasins slapped their thighs and laughed. The sores on their feet felt much better.

After Wayne's army left, Mr. Hench thought that it would not be safe to stay there. If the British should come, they would punish him for treating Wayne's men so well. Mr. Hench collected all his silver and gold and put it into an earthen milk crock, which he buried in one corner of the cellar. He told no one except his youngest daughter.

"If we are all killed," he said to her, "your life may be spared, and then you will know where the treasure is." Mr. Hench loaded his goods on a four-horse wagon, and, driving his stock before him, went far into the woods, where he camped for several days.

When he returned he found things as he had left them, except that the fences had been destroyed by the British army.



LIGHT-HORSE HARRY.

AFTER the Paoli massacre, the British army prepared to cross the Schuylkill River. It had been encamped in the Great Valley not far from Valley Forge, and on the west side of the river.

Cornwallis moved north into Schuylkill Township, burning fence rails and taking the farmers' provisions. Some of the stolen meat was salted in the drawers of Mrs. Anderson's best bureau.

Washington was on the east side of the Schuylkill, and determined to prevent the British from crossing. When Cornwallis gathered his soldiers opposite Parker Ford, Washington was sure that he intended either to cross here or to destroy the Continental powder works at Warwick on French Creek. By forced marches, Washington massed his troops at Pottsville, now Pottstown.

Cornwallis saw that his trick was working well. He drove his baggage wagons and artillery, with a large part of the army, across the river at Gordon's Ford (Phoenixville), and at Flatland Ford, a short distance below.

Before Washington knew it, the greater portion of the English army was east of the Schuylkill, and the road to Philadelphia was open.

General Washington always made the best of a defeat. He at once remembered that he had caused a quantity of flour to be collected at a large mill on the river, about halfway between the British army and Philadelphia; and he decided to prevent this flour from falling into the hands of the English. Whom should he send on this dangerous mission? There were Colonel Hamilton (Alexander Hamilton) and Light-horse Harry (Henry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee), both young men, and full of dash.

They quickly mounted their swift southern horses, and, with a few picked men, galloped rapidly around the British army, and came to the top of a long hill leading down to the mill. Here two horsemen were left, with orders to fire their guns and rush down the hill as soon as they saw any British dragoons coming.

At the foot of the hill was a bridge crossing the mill race to a road leading away from the river.

"If the English chase us," said young Lee, "we'll ride through that bridge, and escape into the country. Luce," he added, patting his favorite mare on the neck, "can outrun any English horse in all Cornwallis's army."

"That may be," said the more cautious Hamilton, "if they don't hold the bridge, and head you off. To make sure against a surprise, I will get this boat ready for a pull across the river."

"No need to waste time on an old mud boat," said Lee. "Stick to the saddle."

Then they dismounted, hastily tied their horses, and ran into the mill. The astonished miller read their orders from Washington, and caught up his hat and ran out. The men set to work with a will, and rolled barrel after barrel of good flour into the race. The water ran thick paste to the river.

"Let the Schuylkill, instead of Cornwallis, carry the bread of life past Philadelphia," shouted one of the men, as he rolled the last barrel of flour into the water. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when "Bang! bang!" went the guns of the frightened sentinels, who were racing headlong down the hill, with a party of English dragoons close behind.

"Run for the boat, boys," shouted Hamilton. "It's too late to make the bridge."

Instantly four men tumbled into the boat with Hamilton.

"Now pull for your lives," yelled Lee. "I'll save three horses, and not overload the boat."

"It's too late to make the bridge," said Hamilton. "Come with us."

Lee sprang over an old millstone, and vaulted into the

saddle. The two remaining men followed him. Faithful Luce gathered herself for a race with death. With a great bound she sprang into the air. Spurs were not needed. Already the British dragoons, with swords drawn and carbines firing, were chasing the two sentinels toward the bridge. The distances were about equal, and the English were coming downhill.

The English dragoons shouted with delight. Sure of their victims, they turned from the sentinels to capture Lee. But the Virginia-bred horses were fleet as the wind. They dashed into the bridge only a few rods in advance of the British, whose heavy horses and poor aim saved the lives of Lee and his men.

The dragoons saw that it was useless to pursue further, and wheeled their horses in order to capture the party in the boat before they could get out of range.

Hamilton's men were straining and bending their oars as they drove the boat across the current. The English bullets splashed in the water and glanced from their oars.

"Pull, boys," said Hamilton. "Pull for your lives!"

Two of his faithful oarsmen were shot in the arms and shoulders, and had to lie down in the boat. Hamilton, who was steering, expected every minute to be shot in the back.

"Let her swing in the current," he said. "It will change the range."

The river caught the little boat like a chip, and swept it swiftly down the stream. The dragoons, who were cursing their luck in finding no boats fit for pursuit, rushed down the bank to get another shot. The boat was out of range. On the other shore Hamilton procured a

horse, and rode at full speed to Washington's headquarters. He feared that Lee had fallen into the hands of the British. Could anything be done to save him?

Washington was reading a letter when Hamilton arrived; he looked up and smiled, saying, "This is a message just received from your friend Lee. I am happy to tell you that Light-horse Harry is safe. He writes to inform me that he fears that you, sir, are captured, and asks if nothing can be done to save you."

"Indeed, your honor, this relieves my mind more than anything that has happened lately," said Hamilton; "I was sure that Lee was captured. He's a brave and noble fellow. I rejoice in his escape."

"Not any more than I do," said Washington. "I deeply regretted allowing you to go on such a hare-brained adventure. You are both too valuable to lose. Your interest in each other is very gratifying to me. It knits the South with the North — a much-needed thing in these times."

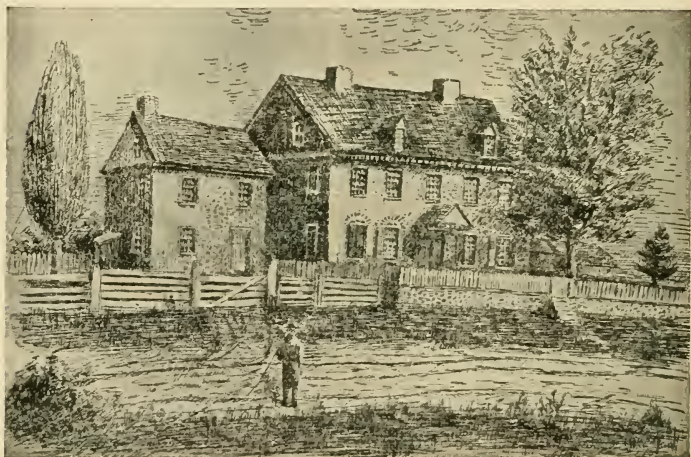


WAYNE'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE.

"YES indeed, Mrs. Wayne, of course I should, if you'll read them. You know that Anthony was my boy. Didn't I nurse him when he was a little codger? Didn't I mend his clothes when he used to play soldier in the woods? Yes indeed, you read me just what you like from his letters, and I'll be a-darning these stockings the while." And good Mrs. Reese, with an air of satisfaction on her face, settled down to her work. Mrs. Wayne had

in her hand a large pile of letters. The sheet and the envelope of each letter were all in one piece. The big red seals had the Wayne mark on many of them.

"I'll not read you everything, Mrs. Reese," said Mrs. Wayne; "I think I know what will interest you the most. Here's one from Fort Ticonderoga, August 12, 1776. You remember that Anthony had charge up there until he joined Washington.



The Wayne Homestead.

"‘DEAR POLLY, — I wrote you by the messenger and sent you a small present. He will be able to give you a particular acc’t of this place and army — but he will paint matters worse than they really are — within these two days we have been reinforced by three thousand New England militia; fresh provision is become more plenty than salt; and our people have recovered health and spirits — I have now the finest and best Regiment in the

Continental Service — we are viewed with admiration and pleasure by all the officers in the army, and we have rendered our camp almost impregnable.’

“That’s exactly like Anthony ; he always sees the bright side of things. In the latter part of the letter he asks to be remembered to his friends and neighbors, saying, —

“‘I hope yet to pass many an agreeable hour in your and their society — but if the fate of war should order it otherwise — they will remember I fell in the support of their Rights and the rights of mankind.

“‘Adieu my Dear Girl

“‘ANT’Y WAYNE.’

“The next was in January, 1777. He had just heard of Washington’s retreat across New Jersey, and I guess he was a little frightened about us here at ‘Waynesborough.’

“‘DEAR POLLY, — I don’t know where this will meet you. The rapid progress of the enemy through New Jersey only reached us last evening — perhaps they may now be in Phil’a. and ravaging the country for miles Round.

“‘The Anxiety we are under on acc’t of our families and friends is much better felt than expressed — should you be necessitated to leave Easttown — I doubt not but you’ll meet with Hospitality in the Back parts of the provinces — The British Rebels may be successful for a time ; they may take and Destroy our Towns near the water and Distress us much But they never can — they never will subjugate the freeborn sons of America.

“‘Our growing Country can meet with Considerable Losses and survive them ; but one Defeat to our more

than Savage Enemy Ruins them forever; . . . we shall soon learn to face them in the field, and the day is not far off when we shall produce a conviction to the World that we deserve to be free — I expect every hour to be Relieved with orders to march to the Assistance of Gen'l Washington; I have 1500 Hardy Veterans left who will push hard for Victory and Revenge. . . . I hope soon to lead them to Death or to Glory

“ ‘ Kiss my little boy and girl for me —

“ ‘ A. WAYNE.’ ”

“That’s my boy Anthony over again,” said Mrs. Reese. “He was never cast down by failure, and the little ones, he never forgot them; no indeed, he never did.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Wayne, “he always remembered each member of the family. Look at the closing of this letter. Just read what is folded on the outside.”

day after tomorrow in all good time,
 shall try the noble of the British Troops
 who were determined to push for Phil^a.
 Give my best and kindest compliments
 to ~~all~~ our Mothers, Sisters and keep our little
 girl and Boy for me Adieu my Dear Betty
 and believe me with true Affection
 Yours yours
 Anthony Wayne

“The next letter,” continued Mrs. Wayne, “is dated June 7, 1777.

“‘MY DEAR POLLY, — I am extremely sorry to hear of your bad state of health — you must endeavor to keep up your spirits as well as possible — the times require great sacrifice to be made — the blessings of liberty cannot be purchased at too high a price — the blood and treasure of the choicest and best spirits of this land is but a trifling consideration for the rich inheritance — whether any of the present leaders will live to see it established in this once happy soil depends on Heaven; but it must, it will one day rise in America. . . . I would advise you to use every possible endeavor to get in your harvest yourself and not put it out on shares on no acc’t as grain and hay will be at a prodigious price next winter. Have we no kind neighbors to lend a helping hand? . . . The education of my little children is a matter that gives me much concern and which I hope you will not neglect — I have already hinted that I expect my little son will not turn aside from virtue, though the path be marked with his father’s blood —

“‘Farewell, God Bless you,

“‘Yours most sincerely,

“‘ANT’Y WAYNE.’

“A few weeks later Anthony was ordered into Pennsylvania to meet the British at Brandywine. It was very hard for him not to get to ‘Waynesborough’ that time, but he wrote to me to meet him at Naamans Creek. Mr. Robinson went with me and the children. They were

overjoyed to see their papa. After that we saw him several times. His next important letter was written just before the battle of Germantown.

“ ‘TRAPPE, 30th Sept. 1777.

“ ‘DEAR POLLY, — I thought you had a mind far above being depressed at a little unfavorable circumstance — the enemys being in possession of Phila is of no more consequence than their being in the possession of the City of New York or Boston — they may hold it for a time — but must leave it with circumstances of shame and disgrace before the close of winter —

“ ‘Our army is now in full health and spirits, and far stronger than it was at the Battle of Brandywine — we are daily receiving reinforcements, and are drawing near the enemy — who will shortly pay dear for the little advantage they have lately gained. . . . it is our turn next — and altho’ appearances are a little gloomy at present, — yet they will soon be dissipated and a more pleasing prospect take place — Give my kindest love and wishes to both our mothers and sisters — tell them my sword will shortly point out the way to victory peace and happiness — kiss our little people for me — Remove my books and valuable writings some distance from my own home — if not already done — this is but an act of prudence — and not to be considered as proceeding from any other motive

“ ‘Adieu my Dear Girl and

“ ‘believe me Yours

“ ‘most Sincerely

“ ‘ANT’Y WAYNE.’

“In less than a week he wrote to me again. This was after the battle of Germantown.

“CAMP NEAR PAWLING MILLS —
6th. of Oct. 1777.

“DEAR POLLY, — On the 4th. Instant at the dawn of day, we attacked General Howe's army at the upper end of Germantown — The action soon became general — when we advanced on the enemy with charged bayonets — they broke at once without waiting to receive us — but soon formed again — when a heavy and well directed fire took place on each side — The Enemy again gave way but being supported by the Grenadiers returned to the charge — Gen'l Sullivan's Division and Conway's Brigade were at this time engaged to the right or west of Germantown — whilst my Division had the whole right wing of the enemy's army to encounter on the left or east of the Town — two thirds of our army being then too far to the east to afford us any assistance. However the unparalleled bravery of the troops surmounted every difficulty, and the enemy retreated in the utmost confusion — the fog together with the smoke occasioned by our cannon and musketry made it almost as dark as night — . . . we had now pushed the enemy near three miles and were in possession of their whole encampment when a large body of troops were discovered advancing on our left flank — which being taken for the enemy we retreated . . . the fog and this mistake prevented us from following a victory that in all human probability would have put an end to the American war. The battle continued from daylight until near twelve o'clock — I had forgotten to mention that my roan horse

was killed under me within a few yards of the enemy's front — and my left foot a little bruised by one of their cannon shot — but not so much as to prevent me from walking — my poor horse received one musket ball in the breast — and one in the flank at the same instant that I had a slight touch on my left hand — which is scarcely worth mentioning — upon the whole it was a glorious day — our men are in the highest spirits — and I am confident we shall give them a total defeat the next action; which is at no great distance —

“ ‘ My best love and wishes to all friends

“ ‘ Adieu my Dear Girl

“ ‘ ANT'Y WAYNE —

“ ‘ N. B. I have heard that you intended to send Rachel to market — I would not have it done for one thousand guineas.’ ”



A GOOD MAN SUFFERS FOR HIS RELIGION.

MANY of the Germans that came to Pennsylvania were opposed to war. They could not be true to their religion and take up arms. Pennsylvania was a Quaker colony, and in that peaceful land non-resisting Germans were glad to find a home.

In religion, they were Quakers, Mennonites, and Brethren. The Brethren were called Dunkers. They came to Germantown first in 1719. Among them was the famous Christopher Saur, the great printer of the colony. His son, also named Christopher, was born in Prussia, Septem-

ber 26, 1721, came to America in 1724, was a bishop of his chosen church, and one of the busiest men of his day. It is said that he could work at as many as twenty-four trades or occupations, and still find time to write, and preach, and travel.

In 1758 his father died, and the son took charge of his father's business in Germantown. Here he managed a printing establishment, a laboratory, a drug store, a bookbindery, a paper mill, and other important businesses, and became quite rich.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Saur was a true American patriot; but he got into difficulty because he would not fight. He was falsely charged with being a traitor and a foe to liberty. The real purpose of this seems to have been a desire to rob the pious old man of his money.

On the night of May 24, 1778, a party of soldiers of Colonel McLean's company surrounded the old man's house, took him out of bed, and in his night clothes, bare-headed and barefooted, started him on his way to Valley Forge.

It is a great pity that all Washington's soldiers were not like their leader. While he prayed in secret to God for victory and the right, some of his men were committing this great wrong to a pious and pure man.

Saur was forced through stubble fields, and the tracks of his shoeless feet could be traced by his blood. When he did not walk fast enough he was prodded in the back with bayonets. After a time it became so dark that the soldiers decided to stop, and remain in Sebastian Miller's barn till morning. Here Saur was shamefully treated.



Washington praying at Valley Forge.

Part of his beard was cut off, and his face and remaining beard were smeared with paint.

The next day was very hot, and his bare head and bleeding feet caused him great pain. A friend on the way, named Keyser, pitied him and gave him a pair of shoes, but a rough soldier soon took these from him and gave him instead a pair of "old slabs" that were worse than none.

In this wretched plight he reached Valley Forge, and was held under arrest. One day Washington passed by. He knew Saur very well. Saur had done much printing for Washington, and loved the good general sincerely.

"Why, Mr. Saur! How you do look!" said the commander in chief.

"Just as your people made me," was the prompt reply.

At once the great general, his heart touched by this inhuman injury, gave Mr. Saur an honorable release and presented him with a suit of decent clothes.

But his property was all stolen from him. He was, when arrested, a rich man, noted for benevolence and good deeds. When he returned, he was a pauper. He even had to beg his enemies to allow him to retain his spectacles. This they finally did.

He spent the remaining days of his earthly career with his devoted daughter near what is now Fairview village, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and preached almost to the day of his death.

His body rests in the Methacton burying ground, and a plain gravestone marks the spot. On this stone one may read these words, from Saur's own pen:—

“Death, thou hast conquered me ;
 'Twas by thy dart I'm slain ;
 But Christ shall conquer thee,
 And I shall rise again.

“Time hastens on the hour,
 The just shall rise again ;
 Oh ! Grave, where is thy power ?
 Oh ! Death, where is thy sting ?”



NARROW ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT TILLY.

JUST before Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, the army was encamped at White-marsh. Many of the officers were quartered at the surrounding farmhouses. The old Foulke mansion at

Penllyn resounded with the merriment of General Smallwood's staff and a bevy of Quaker maidens whose vivacity was a continual surprise to these Southern "gallants."

Sally Wistar, a bright young girl from Philadelphia, who was making the Foulke mansion her home during Howe's occupation of Philadelphia, describes General Smallwood as "tall, portly, well made; a truly martial air, the behavior and manners of a gentleman, a good understanding, and great humanity of disposition."

One evening Sally and her young friend Liddy Foulke went into the parlor. "There was Major Stodard holding the candle for General Smallwood, who was reading a newspaper." In a few minutes the major set the candle down, and came to talk with these two Quaker maidens. Their talk is written out in Sally's journal, which was kept for her friend Debby Norris in Philadelphia.

"'Pray, ladies,' said the major, 'are there any songs in that book?'"

"'Yes, many.'"

"'Can't you favor me with a sight of it?'"

"'No, major; 'tis a borrowed book.'"

"'Miss Sally, can't you sing?'"

"'No.' Thee may be sure I told the truth there. Liddy, saucy girl, told him I could. He begged, and I denied; for my voice is not much better than the voice of a raven. We talked and laughed for an hour. He is clever, amiable, and polite. He has the softest voice, never pronounces the 'r' at all."

The major, she says, had been at Philadelphia College, was nineteen years old, and had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

“He is large in person, manly, and of an engaging countenance and address. . . . He is vastly bashful, so much so he can hardly look at the ladies. . . . He is the nephew of General Smallwood, and acts as major of brigade to him.”

The major was a favorite among the ladies at the mansion. After being absent the larger part of November, he returned early in December, weak and worn with exposure. The kind attentions he received quite revived him. Note Sally’s journal: —

“First day, morn. December 7th.

“I tripped into Aunt’s. There sat the major, rather more like himself. How natural it was to see him!

“‘Good morning, Miss Sally.’

“‘Good morrow, major. How does thee do to-day?’

“‘I feel quite recovered, Sally.’

“‘Well, I fancy this indisposition has saved thy head this time, major.’

“‘No, ma’am, for if I hear a firing, I shall be soon with them.’ That was heroic. About eleven I dressed myself, silk and cotton gown. It is made without an apron. I feel quite awkwardish and prefer the girlish dress.”

Among the various officers who were boarding at the Foulke mansion was a Mr. Tilly, who was made the butt of all their fun and jokes.

The Wistar journal calls him “a wild noisy mortal, above the common size, rather genteel, an extremely pretty ruddy face, hair brown, and a sufficiency of it, a very great laugher, and talks so excessively fast that he often begins a sentence without finishing the last, which con-

fuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs. He is also a musician, — that is, he plays on the German flute, and has it here.”

Poor Tilly became more and more the object of jest and ridicule.

“I am vexed at Tilly,” says Miss Sally; “he has his flute, and does nothing but play the fool. He begins a tune, plays a note or so, then stops. Well, after a while he begins again, stops again.

“‘Will that do, Seaton? Hah! Hah! Hah!’

“He has given us but two regular tunes since he arrived. I am passionately fond of music. How boyish he behaves!”

It was not long before the young major and the lively Quaker maid plotted to scare Tilly.

“I was darning an apron,” says Sally, “upon which the major was pleased to compliment me.



British Grenadier.

“‘Well, Miss Sally, what would you do if the British were to come here?’

“‘Do!’ exclaimed I, ‘be frightened just to death.’ He laughed, and said he would escape their rage by getting behind the large picture of a British grenadier that we had upstairs.

“‘Of all things,’ he said, ‘I should like to frighten Tilly with it. Pray, ladies, let’s fix it in his chamber to-night.’

“‘If thee will take all the blame, we will assist thee.’
 ‘That I will,’ he replied. And this was the plan. We had bought, some weeks ago, a British grenadier from Uncle Miles, on purpose to divert us. It is remarkably well executed, six feet high, and makes a martial appearance. This we agreed to stand at the door that opens into the road (the house has four rooms on a floor, with a wide entry running through) with another figure, that would add to the deceit. One of our servants was to stand behind them, others were to serve as occasion offered. . . .

“In the beginning of the evening I went to Liddy and begged her to secure the swords and pistols which were in their parlor, and she went in and brought her apron full of swords and pistols.

“When this was done, Stodard joined the officers. We girls went and stood at the first landing of the stairs. The gentlemen were seated in the parlor, merrily chatting on public affairs, when Seaton’s negro opened the door, candle in hand, and said: ‘There’s somebody at the door that wishes to see you.’

“‘Who, all of us?’ said Tilly.

“‘Yes, sir,’ said the boy. They all rose (the major, as he said afterwards, almost dying with laughter), and walked into the entry, Tilly first, in full expectation of news. The first object that struck view was a British soldier. In a moment his ears were saluted. ‘Are there any rebel officers here?’ in a thundering voice. Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out of the front door, through the yard, and bolted over the fence. Swamps, fences, thorn hedges, and ploughed fields noway

impeded his retreat. He was soon out of hearing. The woods echoed with

“‘Which way did he go?’ ‘Stop him!’ ‘Surround the house!’” Lipscomb also “had his hand on the latch, intending to make his escape,” when the major told him of the joke.

“‘Go, call Tilly back,’ I said to the major. ‘He will lose himself, indeed he will.’

“Figure to thyself this Tilly, of a snowy evening, no hat, shoes down at the heel, hair untied, flying across meadows, creeks, and mudholes. Flying from what? Why, a bit of painted wood. But he was ignorant of what it was. The idea of being made a prisoner wholly engrossed his mind, and his last resource was to run.”



UNCLE JOHN'S LETTER TO HIS GRANDSON.

UNCLE JOHN had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and some years after the surrender at Yorktown he removed to Ohio in company with several other veterans. While living there on land given him by the government he wrote the following letter to his grandson in Philadelphia:—

MY DEAR GRANDSON:

For some months I have been intending to answer your questions about the Revolutionary War in Pennsylvania. Why, child, if I once got started, there would be no ending.

I was taken prisoner at the battle of Brandywine and remained in the British camp until we reached Philadelphia.

A few days after the battle I remember hearing the English officers laughing about the old man who kept the inn at Dilworthtown. It appears that some of the younger officers were loafing one day about the tavern. During their conversation some one declared that Dilworthtown ale was as raw and tasteless as the people. Everybody was so ignorant and boorish. "It's a fine country," said Aston, "but these people have no education, no culture."

Upon this the innkeeper, after having glanced out of the window, suddenly grew angry, and, bringing his heavy fist down on the bar with a bang, said, "I'll wager ten pounds that the first farmer who drives past this house can speak more languages than the whole kit and crew of you put together."

The officers thought that the old innkeeper had been drinking too much, and here was a fine chance for a little fun. "A bet! A bet!" they shouted, and three of them were forced to join purses to make up the ten pounds.

In a surprisingly short time a plain, middle-aged Quaker drove up to the horse trough. The officers went down and spoke to him in French, and received a civil answer equally well spoken. Then Furgesson rubbed up his bad Spanish and asked the Quaker if he was a Frenchman. The farmer answered in very good Spanish that he was born in Chester County and had never been in France.

The officers then held a council in order to rub up a Latin quotation. When the Quaker realized that he was

on trial, he gave the young Englishmen a perfect shower of Greek as he climbed upon his saddle horse and drove away. Not one of the officers could speak a word of Greek, so the innkeeper won his wager.

Another incident I well remember occurred during the winter we were encamped at Valley Forge. I had recently escaped from the British, and every other week I



Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge.

was on duty as guard at Washington's headquarters. I had the night watch and was posted sentinel at the front door of the stone house.

One bitter cold morning following the sharpest night I ever knew, I was standing on the doorstep, slapping my hands to keep them from freezing. It was growing late in the morning, and the guard to relieve me had not arrived. Just then the door opened and out stepped his

Excellency, General Washington. I had never been so near him before. I stepped back and raised my hat, when he asked me if the guard had changed.

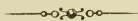
"No, your Excellency," I said; "they are late this morning."

"You must be cold, my poor man," he said. "Here, give me your musket. I will relieve you. Now go in and tell Mrs. Washington to give you a good hot breakfast."

I needed no second invitation. Such an appetite as I had that morning, sitting in his Excellency's headquarters, eating a steaming breakfast, while that great man stood outside guarding his own house! He was a great man. During all that dreary winter he never failed to visit the sick who were in the inns and churches in the vicinity. Indeed, he rode around among them so regularly that some Tories up on the ridge determined to betray him. Word was sent to the British, and a band of horsemen was there expecting to bag their fox. But Washington did not go out that day. Some said it was good luck, but I always thought the Lord had a hand in it.

Ah, my boy, we have no more men like the great and good General Washington.

Your devoted GRANDFATHER.



ONE OF THE DOAN BOYS.

DURING the Revolutionary War there were five or six brothers named Doan in Bucks County. Their deeds of daring made them famous. They were not always law-abiding and good, but they were true friends

of American liberty, and this story proves the bravery and goodness of one of them.

While the British were in Philadelphia it was impossible for the poor families of the city to get enough to eat. One poor woman in the city, with six small children, had no food in the house. Her husband was in the patriot army at Valley Forge, and her children were crying for bread.

The nearest place at which to get flour was Bristol. No one was allowed to pass the line of British guards on Vine Street without a pass from Lord Howe. This the woman tried to get, and was refused. She was desperate. She slipped by the guards and reached Bristol, bought twenty pounds of flour, put it in a pillow case, and hurried homeward to her hungry babies.

As she entered the woods near Frankford, a tall, stout man stepped from behind a tree and placed a letter in her hand. It was from her husband. How gladly she opened and read it! Then the tall man said, "Your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say that in a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article among us, but on account of your husband's devotion to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker." Then he gave her a piece of money and said, "Hark! take the road to the left — farewell."

She turned to thank him, but the place where he had stood was vacant. As she drew near to Vine Street, the awful word "Halt!" struck her to the soul. "Your pass, woman."

"I have none, sir; my children are —"

"Curse the rebel crew! why do you breed enemies to

your king? This flour is mine — off, woman, and die with your babes!”

A groan was her only answer. Then the tall, stout stranger boldly stepped forward and said, “Please give the woman her flour.”

“Fool! Idiot! Who are you? See yonder guardhouse; if you interfere here, that shall be your quarters.”

“May be so, sir; but won’t you give the poor woman the means of supporting her starving ones a week longer? Remember how far she has walked, the weight of the bag, and think —”

“Begone, you scoundrel, or I’ll seize you as a spy!”

“You won’t give this poor woman her flour?”

“No.”

“Then by my country’s faith, and hopes of freedom, you shall!” And with a powerful arm he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

“Run, madam, run; see, the guardhouse is alive; secure your flour, pass Vine Street, and you are safe.” ’Twas done. The guard tried to rise; the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead. “Shoot him down! Shoot him down!” rang from guard to guard all along the line. The stranger sprang upon his horse, concealed near by. There was only one hope of escape. He rushed for the Delaware River.

Here fifty angry soldiers surrounded him. One sprang from behind a tree and exclaimed, “’Tis useless to lie; you are now our prisoner. Surrender.”

“Son of a slave! Slave of a king! How dare you to address a free man! Surrender yourself — a Doan never surrendered to any man, far less to a blinded poltroon. Away or die!”

The guard leveled his gun, but was himself leveled to the dust. The ball of Doan's pistol was swifter than his own. Doan's case was now desperate. He put the spurs to his trusty horse and plunged into the Delaware. A shower of bullets fell about him. He looked around. Twenty armed boats were in full pursuit. It was a struggle for life. The horse won. Doan reached the Jersey shore, took his pistol, and, with steady aim, fired at the first boat. A soldier fell headlong into the water. The rider then disappeared into the woods.

One of the Doan boys had a new story to tell that night around the camp fire in the thick wilderness; and in her home a grateful mother prayed for an unknown friend and read again a loving letter, while her six happy children had a feast.



AFTER THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

“VELL, vell, now. Dot is bad. Wery bad. All de poor beoples in Wyoming is kill't, or runnin' away. Sit right down, me poy, and dell me all about it.” And kind Mr. Linderman, who was sitting under a big tree by his door, motioned to a chair. The boy, breathless and weak, dropped down on the ground.

“I've been a-running ever since last night, and not a mouthful to eat.”

“Vell, vell, now. Dot is bad. Ve cooks you up some-dings right away soon. Dell me now vere is all de brave Yankee poys? Were you in de fight? And come all de vays here mitoud nodings to eat?”

"Yes indeed, I was in the fight," exclaimed Roger Searles. "It commenced yesterday at four o'clock. We had about two hundred and seventy regular soldiers and seventy old men and boys."

"Den you vas not surprised and all massacred, as dey told me dis mornin'?" asked Linderman, with much eagerness.

"No," answered Searles, "we knew that they were a-coming, but the Tories and Indians were too much for us. We were surrounded on all sides save the river. I heard Westover ask George Cooper if it wasn't time to run. 'Hold on,' said Cooper, 'I'll have one more shot first.' Then Asahel Buck and I commenced to run. It wasn't long before a Tory, who knew Buck, shouted to him, 'Stop, we won't hurt you.' Poor Buck stopped and turned around. In a minute a tomahawk was buried in his head. I leaped into a clump of briars, and have been running ever since. The whole valley is running away. They're starving in the woods. I saw Mr. Cooper lying on his face trying to lap up a little meal which was spilt in the path. Mrs. Fish is a-coming behind me. Her baby died last night. I found her sitting on a stone, holding the baby in her arms. 'Is it hungry?' said I. 'No,' said she, 'it is a-dying. I can't leave the poor thing here for the wolves to devour or the Indians to scalp, and I have no way to bury it.' So Mrs. Fish picked up the dead baby and ran along behind me. She's carried it twenty miles. There she comes over the hill, now."

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" said Mr. Linderman, "It makes me mostd sick to hear of such dings. Ve are all very poor, but if ve have anydings to eat, you shall have

it. And de baby, I'll make a box for it, and we'll bury it in de orchard mit our own beoples."

That afternoon a solemn little funeral procession turned into Mr. Linderman's orchard. The lengthening shadows from the dark pine forest fell across their path.

The grief of poor Mrs. Fish was equaled only by her gratitude to the kind-hearted Germans.

Indeed, the Germans received with open arms the hundreds of unfortunate people who fled from Wyoming, and gave them freely from their scanty stores. Mr. Hollenback loaded his horse with bread, and, like a ministering angel, started to meet the terrified and starving people. He found a woman sitting upon a log, with six children crying around her. She had just heard of the death of her husband. Hollenback's bread, they declared, was the gift of God in the wilderness. He gave them each a small piece and hurried on to relieve others.

On one day the Tories and Indians wreaked vengeance in blood and sorrow on the men and women of Wyoming; the next day the Germans of Northampton County extended to these broken-hearted people mercy and kindness from the depths of their hospitable hearts. Exaggerated reports of the Wyoming massacre swept through Europe until England's cause in the colonies was weakened. The blood of Wyoming was a turning point in the Revolutionary War. And at the same time the open-handed hospitality of the Germans served as a tie between the Connecticut people on the Wyoming and the men of Pennsylvania.

LATER INCIDENTS.

REV. MANASSEH CUTLER IN PHILADELPHIA.

REV. MANASSEH CUTLER came from Boston in 1787. He was trying to buy from the Continental Congress a large tract of land in Ohio. While waiting in New York for the committee of Congress to decide on what terms he might have the land, Mr. Cutler decided to visit Philadelphia. He crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and was very much interested in the famous forge and the slitting and rolling mill of Robert Morris located there. He also speaks of a number of mills for grinding and bolting flour. He called Mr. Morris the great



Manasseh Cutler.

American financier. After leaving the ferry, the road, which was straight and level and free from sand and stones, led through a deep forest for five miles. The large

oak, hickory, walnut, and maple trees greatly interested this wide-awake Yankee. He saw here for the first time in his life a persimmon tree. The ripe fruit, he says, was sweet and agreeable to the taste. He found that the people of Bucks County distilled it into a drink which he thought tasted like West India rum.

The traveler was impressed with the tall tulip trees (poplar), and wondered what they must look like when in the full glory of their bloom. He looked with pleasure upon the rich fertile farms and orchards.

"In some places," says Mr. Cutler, "I saw fields of corn, the rows of which I judged to be a mile in length. The people do not hoe their corn at all, but plow [shovel plow] it both ways. The farmer's houses are very neat, but not large, generally two stories high, and sometimes three, universally painted. Some of them are built of logs, and these are also painted [doubtless he means white-washed] and very handsome. Their gardens are well formed and abound with flowers, as well as fruit trees and esculents. I saw but few laborers in their fields, for the wheat harvest was generally over. The numerous shocks of grain in the fields demonstrated the richness of the soil. The face of the country is level and the roads fine. At almost every house the farmers and their wives are sitting in their cool entries, or under the piazzas and shady trees about their doors. I observed the men generally wore fine Holland shirts, with the sleeves plaited, the women in clean, cool, white dresses, enjoying the ease and pleasures of domestic life, with few cares, less labor, and abounding in plenty."

That evening, at half past six, Mr. Cutler arrived in

Philadelphia and went to the "Indian Queen" tavern, which stood on Third Street, between Market and Chestnut streets. Its location, Mr. Cutler says, was not far from the center of the city. An active young colored man was selected by the host to look after Mr. Cutler's wants. He was neatly dressed in a blue coat "with sleeves and cape red," a buff waistcoat and breeches. The bosom of his shirt was ruffled, and his hair was powdered. He carried Mr. Cutler's baggage up to No. 9; then ran down and brought two of the latest London magazines and placed them upon the table. No. 9 was in the third story and opened toward the east, presenting to Mr. Cutler a beautiful view across the Delaware and along the Jersey shore. The room contained "a rich field bed, bureau, table, and drawers, a large looking glass, neat chairs, and other furniture."

This knowing Yankee at once ordered his servant to call a barber, and bring him a bowl of water for washing, and to have tea on the table as soon as he was dressed. Yet so much time was taken, says Mr. Cutler, in "shifting my clothes, and getting from under the hands of the barber, and taking tea" that it was too late to take a walk that night. So this tireless tourist spent the evening talking with the other noted gentlemen who were then lodging at the "Indian Queen." They were members of the convention which was at that time sitting at the State-house for the purpose of forming the great federal Constitution.

That evening he met Elbridge Gerry and Mr. Gorham from Massachusetts, Mr. Madison and Mr. Mason from Virginia, Governor Martin and Hon. Hugh Williamson from

North Carolina, John Rutledge and Mr. Pickering from South Carolina, and Alexander Hamilton from New York. These gentlemen had a parlor to themselves, where Mr. Cutler was invited. They sat and talked that night until half past one.

“Philadelphia,” says Mr. Cutler, in his journal, “is the capital city in America. It is large, elegant, and populous, situated on the Delaware river, about 150 miles from the sea, with a good harbor, in which there is a great number of large ships, besides numerous smaller vessels of every description. It contains 10,000 houses and covers twice the quantity of ground to that of Boston. The State House, Hospital, and most of the other public buildings are magnificent, but it is singular that there are only two steeples in the city, where there are upwards of twenty houses for public worship. . . . The streets of this City are at right angles, the buildings on a straight line.”

This was something quite new to Mr. Cutler.

“The streets,” he says, “are well paved, and at a distance of ten feet from the houses is a row of posts, and in this range of posts are all their pumps. . . . The pavements between the posts and houses are laid with free stone or large tile, and entirely smooth, which makes the walking on them delightful. They are kept clean, being washed every day, and here all the foot passengers pass. While I was walking with Mr. Strong, I happened to step without the posts, and walked in the street. He desired me to come within the posts, for he said they would certainly call me a New England man, if I walked there. The streets parallel with the Delaware, are Water Street, next the river, then Fore Street, First Street, Second

Street, and so on to Ninth Street, which is the furthest yet built upon." Mr. Cutler's visit to Philadelphia was very short, but he saw and visited nearly every place and person of note in the city. During this visit a committee of the Continental Congress prepared the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the "Old Northwest." When Mr. Cutler returned to New York, he was satisfied with the ordinance, and purchased a tract of land in Ohio.



FRANKLIN ENTERTAINS MR. CUTLER.

MANASSEH CUTLER first met Dr. Franklin on Friday, July 13th, 1787. In Cutler's remarkable journal he tells us that Dr. Franklin lived in Market Street, between Second and Third streets. His house stood up a courtyard at some distance from the street.

"We found him in his garden, sitting upon a grass plat under a very large mulberry tree, with several other gentlemen and two or three ladies.



There was no curiosity in Philadelphia which I felt so anxious to see as this great man, who has been the wonder of Europe as well as the glory of America.

"But a man who stood first in the literary world, and

had spent so many years in the courts of kings, particularly in the refined court of France, I conceived would not be of very easy access, and must certainly have much of the air of grandeur and majesty about him. Common folks must expect only to gaze at him at a distance, and answer such questions as he might please to ask. In short, when I entered his house, I felt as if I was going to be introduced to the presence of an European monarch. But how were my ideas changed, when I saw a short, fat, trunched old man, in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate, and short white locks, sitting without his hat under the tree; and as Mr. Gerry introduced me, [Franklin] rose from his chair, took me by the hand, expressed his joy to see me, welcomed me to the city, and begged me to seat myself close to him.

“His voice was low, but his countenance open, frank and pleasing. He instantly reminded me of old Captain Cummings, for he is nearly of his pitch, and no more the air of superiority about him. I delivered to him my letters. After he had read them, he took me again by the hand, and with the usual compliments, introduced me to the other gentlemen of the company, who were most of them members of the Convention. Here we entered into a free conversation, and spent our time most agreeably until it was dark. The tea table was spread under the tree, and Mrs. Bache, a very gross and rather homely lady, who is the only daughter of the Doctor and lives with him, served it out to the company. She had three of her children about her, over whom she seems to have no kind of command, but who appear to be excessively fond of their Grandpapa.”

The doctor then showed Mr. Cutler a curious specimen

of a double-headed snake. Traveling, he said, was a serious undertaking for the poor thing, when the heads chose different sides of a bush and neither one would consent to go back or give way to the other.

This, he said, reminded him of an incident "which occurred that day in the Convention, in consequence of his comparing the snake to America."

But the doctor's friends hastened to remind him that all Convention matters were secret, so Mr. Cutler failed to hear the story.

"After it was dark we went into the house and the Doctor invited me into his library, which is likewise his study. It is a very large chamber and high studded. The walls are covered with bookshelves filled with books; besides there are four large alcoves, extending two thirds of the length of the chamber, filled in the same manner. I presume this is the largest, and by far the best private library in America. . . . He showed . . . us his long artificial arm and hand, for taking down and putting books up on high shelves, which are out of reach; and his great armed chair with rockers, and a large fan placed over it, with which he fans himself, keeps off the flies, etc., with only a small motion of the foot, while he sits reading; and many other curiosities and inventions, all his own, but of lesser note.

"Over his manteltree he has a prodigious number of medals, busts, and casts in wax or plaster of Paris, which are the effigies of the most noted characters in Europe. . . . I was highly delighted with the extensive knowledge he appeared to have of every subject, the brightness of his memory, and the clearness and vivacity

of all his mental faculties. Notwithstanding his age (eighty-four), his manners are perfectly easy, and everything about him seems to diffuse an unrestrained freedom and happiness. He has an incessant vein of humor, accompanied with an uncommon vivacity, which seems as natural and involuntary as his breathing. He urged me to call on him again, but my short stay would not admit. We took leave at ten and I returned to my lodgings."



GRAYS FERRY INN.

"OH, mother! are we really going? To-morrow? Will Uncle John go too? Will we drive two horses? Will we stay to dinner?" And little Debby Wilson danced around her mother in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "we are going to take breakfast at Grays Ferry Inn to-morrow morning. Your Uncle John has just returned from England, and he wants to see the changes at the Ferry."

The next morning, when they drove up to the floating bridge which crossed the Schuylkill at that place, Debby cried out, "Oh, mother, this thing shakes; I'm afraid it will break in the middle, and we'll be pitched into the river."

"Be quiet, child," said the mother. "It can't sink. Four-horse wagons cross here."

"Is that the place, mamma?" shouted Debby. "Will we eat breakfast here? Oh, I'm so hungry," and little Debby sprang out of the carriage, and ran up a flight of

steps cut out of the solid rock at the east end of the house.

"Isn't that a funny house, mamma? It is three stories high on the street, and up here it is only two rooms high. Are we going to eat breakfast in this great big piazza? Oh, see the river, mamma! See it winding away off into the sunrise land. The mists can't keep the sun from getting up, can they, mamma?"



Grays Ferry Bridge.

"Look back this other way, mamma. See the beautiful green grass up here, and those winding paths. Oh! I want to run around them. Where do they go?"

"Oh, Debby, do be quiet for a minute, and eat your breakfast," said her mother. "Look down the road yonder, Debby. See that big man riding a white horse. That's the great General Washington."

"Well, well, well," said Uncle John. "I've been in Europe for twenty years and never saw the like of that in all my life."

"The like of what?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Why, in Europe," said Uncle John, "a great man like your General Washington would never be seen out riding without fifty or a hundred armed soldiers all around him. Look at him now, riding alone, with only a servant in the rear. And he is president of the convention which, no doubt, is making [1787] a government for what in a hundred years will be one of the greatest countries in the world."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Debby, "mayn't I run down this green stone path to that beautiful summerhouse?"

"When was this place improved so?" asked Uncle John.

"Just recently," said Mrs. Wilson. "Mr. Samuel Vaughan, Sr., urged the owner as soon as he bought it to fix it up. Mr. Vaughan has planned it all and sent to England for a gardener, who is now here at work every day with ten men. Come, let us follow Debby; I want to show you the orange trees, and the large greenhouses where they put them in the winter time. They also have lemons and pineapples in fruit and blossom at the same time.

"Come here, Debby. Look down in that little valley, my child; see the delightful shade hiding that little rippling brook."

"It's playing hide-and-seek with the rocks, isn't it, mamma? Then it will run away and hide in the big river. Oh, see the bridges, mamma, one beyond the other, they look so funny!"

"That's Chinese style, daughter. See how the open-work in the rails on the sides is variously painted. See how the wild flowers are growing so artlessly on each

side of this winding path. Here is an old stone building that looks like a hermitage. Uncle John and I will sit down and rest, Debby, while you may run around and play, and see what you can. Be sure to come back, and not get lost."

Debby needed no second invitation. She saw beds of flowers and groves of blooming shrubs. She found a great rock near the river all surrounded with spruce and cedar trees. On top of this rock she found a summer-house, from which she could catch glimpses of the river between the leaves. She found a grove of walnuts, oaks, and pines. Along the side of the hill were huckleberry and blueberry bushes, and further down, raspberries and blackberries. In the clear space on top of this hill were many long tables and benches. Debby wondered how many hundred people could eat here at one time. Then she climbed up on a very long table, from which she could see the Schuylkill River for miles. After a long, happy morning, little Debby wandered back to the hermitage, where she lay in her mother's lap, listening to Uncle John telling about how the little children in England lived and played.



TOM THE TINKER.

THE government under the Constitution was scarcely begun when its power was put to the test in a peculiar way. The United States excise law of March, 1791, placed a tax of seven cents on every gallon of whisky

distilled in the country. This was part of Alexander Hamilton's plan to pay the debt of the new nation. Nobody ought to have objected to the tax; but almost 70,000 people in the western counties of Pennsylvania were especially affected by it, and many of them did object. This greatly disturbed President Washington. He saw that the refusal to pay the tax meant open defiance of the laws of the land. The strength of the



Alexander Hamilton.

Constitution was to be tested, and Washington decided promptly that this tax should be collected, even at the cost of bloodshed.

Why should the sturdy Scotch-Irish of Allegheny, Fayette, Westmoreland, Washington, and Bedford counties defy the law? These same people had followed Washington in

many a hard march and had, through the whole Revolutionary struggle, proved themselves true patriots. They lived west of the Alleghany Mountains. No good roads had yet been opened to the east, and the Indians and Spanish had closed the great waterway formed by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The people of Western Pennsylvania had no market for their grain; but whisky found a ready sale. A horse could carry two kegs, containing eight gallons each, across the mountains. It was

worth one dollar a gallon in the east. Returning, the farmer's horse could carry iron, costing sixteen or twenty cents a pound; and salt, costing five dollars a bushel.

To make whisky became a common thing, and a still was a part of the property of every farmer. Whisky was the money of the people. A tax on it was a loss to these farmers. Then, too, the objection to the tax became more serious when it was known that those refusing to pay the tax were to be arrested, and tried in a federal court at Philadelphia, three hundred and fifty miles away. Had the state court been allowed to try these cases, as it was later on, perhaps the Whisky Insurrection would never have occurred.

Opposition to the payment of the tax began to show itself in riots. At Carlisle a crowd of Bedford County "whisky boys" burned in effigy the Chief Justice, and set up a liberty pole on which were the words, "LIBERTY AND NO EXCISE, O WHISKY!" President Washington called for troops to enforce the law. This angered the "whisky boys." Tom the Tinker (John Holcroft) inflamed the lawless spirit of the people by writing sharp and defiant articles against the law and the army. These were printed as handbills, and "half the trees in Western Pennsylvania," says Dr. McMaster, "were whitened with Tom the Tinker's notices." The officers that were sent to collect the tax were roughly treated, the farmers who paid the tax were visited by masked men and beaten, and a man who rented his house to a collector was visited at midnight by a crowd of blackened and disguised men, seized, carried to the woods, shorn of his hair, tarred, feathered, and tied to a tree.

Twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty soldiers were soon marching across the mountains. Daniel Morgan, who charged the rocky defenses of Quebec and won the battle of the Cowpens, led the brave Virginians. Governor Howell, of New Jersey, marched at the head of the Jersey Blues. A loyal Congressman from Baltimore, John Eager Howard,



Farewell previous to the Western Expedition.

commanded the sons of Maryland, and Governor Mifflin was the chief of the Keystone boys. Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia, was commander in chief. The President and Secretary Hamilton also went with the army to Carlisle and Bedford. Many heroes of the Revolutionary War marched side by side with young men who had been scared from their boyhood

games by the boom of British cannon and the rattle of Hessian musketry. On the trees of the mountain were posted such notices from Tom the Tinker as the following: —

“Brother, you must not think to frighten us with fine arranged bits of infantry, cavalry and artillery, composed of your watermelon armies, taken from the Jersey shores. They would cut a much better figure in warring with crabs and oysters about the banks of the Delaware. It

is a common thing for Indians to fight your best armies in the proportion of one to five; therefore, we would not hesitate to attack this army at the rate of one to ten."

Young soldiers like John Shippen riddled these notices with bullets and pushed on to the west. This John Shippen was a son of Colonel Joseph Shippen, who lived on Plumley Farm, Westtown Township, Chester County. His uncle, Edward Shippen, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and the father of Miss Peggy, the wife of Benedict Arnold. From one of young Shippen's letters to his father at Plumley we can learn something of the army:—

"October 31st, 1794.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"I am now seated in our tent, while two or three of my comrades are finishing their suppers, comprised of chocolate, bread and butter, and the remnants of a tough old chicken. I have, by way of table, placed on my lap a little board that was yesterday morning the cover of a provision box which had the ill fortune to be broken to pieces by the upsetting of a wagon. And I cannot help thanking you, sir, just in this place, for your thoughtfulness and kindness in sending me your little green waxen taper, which serves me as a light on this occasion. . . .

"Things are most amazingly dear. Some have had so little conscience as to demand 2s. 4d., and 3s. 9d. for a quart of whisky, 6s. and 9d. for a dozen of washing, counting a pair of stockings as two pieces. I saw bread, a small, heavy rye loaf, worth 3d., sold for 1s. 10½d. Our marches are excessively slow and tiresome. We have sat on our horses six, eight, and ten hours at a time, and in

the rain. One night we slept on straw at the fire, without tents, and I believe not a single soldier was injured by it.

"It is surprising and laughable that in this country everybody tells you they were forced by threats to go to such and such a place, and they talk violently against Tom Tinker's men (for that is the name of the whisky boys now), and when you ask them, where are the persons that threatened them, they say, 'Oh! they are run off.'

"I am told that a man by the name of Hamilton, in Washington County, was informed on. A number of troops were set to guard the house, and if he came out and attempted to escape, the orders were to shoot him. In the mean time, the cunning rogue was busy changing his dress for that of a servant in his family. Then he walked out carelessly and spoke to the soldiers and officers, answered their questions about Hamilton, passed on and fled.

"I think I never saw two more beautiful rivers than the Monongahela and the Allegheny."

When the army had reached Pittsburg and the strong power of the government was fully realized, these sturdy Scotch-Irish submitted to the law, paid the tax, and the first effort to defy the power of the United States government was at an end. The army returned. The Whisky Insurrection was suppressed. The Constitution was thereafter more fully honored than before. It was not until the days of Jackson that the Constitution again met opposition. This Jackson quelled, and later on Lincoln and the brave boys in blue defeated a final attempt to overthrow the great Constitution.

CHARLES BAPTISTE ARIEL, OR "OLD FRENCH CHARLEY."

IT was to the county of Lackawanna that French Charley came. There game was abundant, and the stir and bustle of sawmills, bark mills, and tanneries were not yet heard. Charley had been told of Scott, the great hunter, who had killed and dressed eleven deer in one day, and was said to have shot one hundred and seventy-five deer, five bears, three wolves, and numerous wild turkeys in one year. "That's the country for me," said Charley. "The ax and the buzz mills are spoiling our hunting grounds. I'll go to Lackawanna, where old Scott lived. There's no game in the Wyoming any more."

For these reasons old Charley came to the Drinker settlement, known as "Drinkers Beech," now called Covington, in Lackawanna County. This was the region purchased from the state by Henry Drinker in 1791. It contained 25,000 acres of wild, unsettled land on the head waters of the Lehigh and De Longs Creek. It was located in what are now Wayne, Pike, Monroe, and Lackawanna counties. The next year John De Long was hired to cut a road into the unknown country. This road passed the romantic Lake Henry, and ended in a branch of the Lehigh known as Bell Meadow Brook.

For nearly thirty years nothing more was done, and the "Drinker Road" grew wild and narrow, until it served only as a path for the panther. When, in the fall of 1821, this road was reopened, the name of "Henry Drinker, 1792," was found, cut in the bark of an old beech tree.

Here it was, a few years later, that old French Charley came. He caught the largest trout which leaped the wild cascades that fed the Lehigh. He loved the solitude of the great beech forest. Here he could revive the scenes of his youth. He could call the owls from their shadowy retreats deep in the woods. He could imitate the mate call of every game bird in the country. The wild turkey came, a willing victim, within the range of his unerring rifle. He loved to go far back into the forest and build his camp fire and sleep on a pile of fragrant hemlock boughs.

Charley never wearied of telling about his exploits when he served as a runner for General Wayne in the Indian war in the Northwest, or when he was a boatman on Canadian waters, which business he followed for many years.

Charley had not been working for Mr. Drinker very long before the men said that there was something strange about him. They complained that he disturbed their rest in the camp or cabin at night. He would groan and talk in his sleep. Sometimes he would leap suddenly out of bed, and walk hurriedly to and fro, muttering something in an unknown tongue, while his voice was weird and low. If any one asked him what was the matter, he always replied, "Oh, nothing; I must have been dreaming."

They never could get him to say more than this. If questioned about it in the morning, he would merely reply that he was sorry if he had disturbed any one. The men complained so much about being aroused from their sleep, that Richard Drinker (son and heir of Henry) determined to learn the cause of such strange conduct.

Once, in a private interview, old French Charley made the following confession.

When he was quite a young man his great love for hunting and trapping led him to enjoy the Indian wigwam more than the homes of the French Canadians.

He was soon adopted into the tribe of the Mes'-sa-saw-gu'-es Indians. And according to the custom of this tribe, the chief gave Charley an Indian brother, with the understanding that whichever one died first, his property should go to the surviving brother.

Charles Baptiste Ariel was a better trapper than his Indian brother. He soon had so many rich furs to sell that he became the happy owner of a fine new rifle, and of a handsome young horse with saddle and bridle.

The Indian brother grew jealous. He looked with longing eyes upon the wealth of the Frenchman. Nobody knew his secret thoughts while he sat by the camp fire. He treated Charley well. One day he proposed that they take a long journey into the Wabash country to hunt for wild turkeys. Innocent Ariel knew nothing of the dark purpose in the Indian's heart, and readily agreed to go. The old chief gave his consent with great reluctance.

Ariel wished to try his new rifle and was eager for the journey. The fifth day after starting was spent in hunting turkeys. The two men shot a few, and were very tired when they built their camp fire. Its blaze lit up the dark shadows of the deep untrodden wilderness which then bordered the Wabash.

Here they cooked a turkey and ate a hearty supper. Then like two Indians they sat in silence watching the flames leaping higher into the darkness as if they were

trying to catch the sparks which disappeared into the overhanging hemlock boughs.

Ariel soon fell asleep. The Indian glared upon him in silence. He thought of the new rifle, the horse, the bridle, and the saddle. He drew his long knife, but could not make up his mind to strike the white man, whose head was leaning against a small stump. He put the knife back into its leather case, and sat a long time in silence.

The fire burned down to a few coals. The Indian arose and went toward the river. His tread was as noiseless as that of the wild turkey. After going a few rods he squatted near the end of an old log. His white brother's face was in full view, as the light of the dying embers shone upon it.

The Indian primed his flint, and, filled with the thought of the horse and the new rifle, took deliberate aim. The flint snapped. A second time the flint snapped. The Indian turned to prime it for a third trial.

Meanwhile Ariel was dreaming. He thought that he was hunting wild turkeys. It took him a long time to call a fine old gobbler within range. At last he succeeded, and the noble bird was within rifle shot. He raised his new gun, and for the first time it missed fire. The flint snapped. At this the turkey gave his well-known cry of alarm, and stretching out his long neck, ran a short distance, then stood still, listening, in order to locate the danger.

Charley examined his lock, and found to his surprise that there was no flint in it. There was still a chance to capture the bird. He cautiously took another flint from his bullet pouch and fixed it for a second shot. The

turkey was standing less than a hundred yards distant. He drew a fine and steady sight. A second time his rifle snapped, and so loudly this time that he awoke.

He saw the flickering embers of the dying fire. But where was his Indian brother? From toward the river bank he distinctly heard the well-known click of a rifle. His dream was not all a dream. Quick as a flash he realized his danger. He instantly threw his blanket on the stump and silently disappeared behind a log. A moment later he peered from his hiding place, and there was his Indian brother priming his flint for a third attempt.

The savage turned and raised his gun, when lo! there was no Charley under the cloak. His keen eye glanced in surprise along the shadow-hung logs, when to his horror he saw the barrel of Charley's rifle within ten rods of him, and Charley's finger on the fatal trigger.

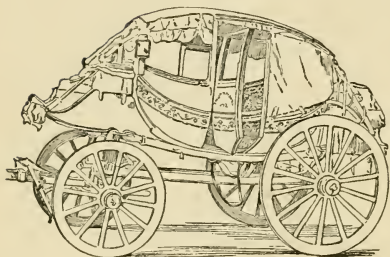
The Indian fell on his knees and begged for mercy. But Charley said, "I believe you snapped three times at me, and if I snap as many times at you, you shall go clear." In a moment the Indian was dead. Charley now felt what an awful thing it is to destroy life.

He carefully buried the Indian, his gun, and all his belongings. With a heavy heart he hurried home. The chief asked him where he left his brother. Charley said, "On the Wabash, hunting turkeys." The old chief grunted and said, "Indian was a bad man."

No questions were ever asked after that. Charley grew old and came to Lackawanna, but his heart still carried the burden of guilt. To Mr. Drinker he said, "In my dreams I always see that poor Indian begging for his life."

THE OLD PIKE.

"We hear no more of the clanging hoof,
And the stagecoach, rattling by;
For the steam king rules the traveled world,
And the Old Pike's left to die."



An Old Stagecoach.

"It is a monument of a past age; but like all other monuments it is interesting as well as venerable. It carried thousands of population and millions of wealth into the West; and more than any other material structure in the land, served to harmonize and strengthen, if not to save, the Union "

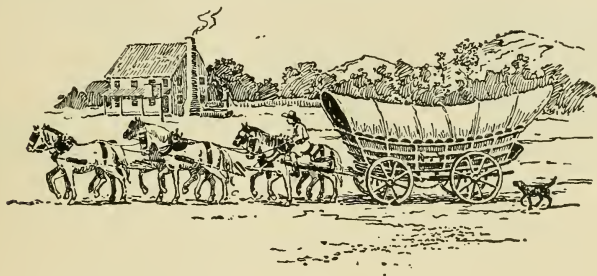
— HON. JAMES VEECH.

MY friend, let me take you by the hand and lead you back through time. As we walk we shall see the telegraph wires fade, the roar of the trolley will cease, and the mighty rush of the engine will melt into silence. We are back in the good old days of the "Pike boys," and the only sound that rolls through the valleys and echoes on the hillsides of southwestern Pennsylvania is the chorus of confused calls rising into music above the ceaseless sweep of life on the great National Road — called the Old Pike.

This great road, the first highway over the Alleghany Mountains, was built by the government, and extended from Cumberland, Maryland, to Wheeling on the Ohio. Let us call to our side Hon. T. B. Searight, whose charming book on *The Old Pike* proves that he is best fitted to be our guide. We will stand in the shadows of the great

trees along this great lane of life, and learn some of its history.

It was first used in 1818, and until the iron horse crossed the mountains, in 1854, it was the greatest route of travel in America. Look, here they come! A long line of Conestoga wagons. See their broad wheels, their canvas-covered tops, and their great loads of merchandise. Each one is drawn by six heavy horses. Hear the crack of the driver's long whip. What a line! Over twenty of them sweep

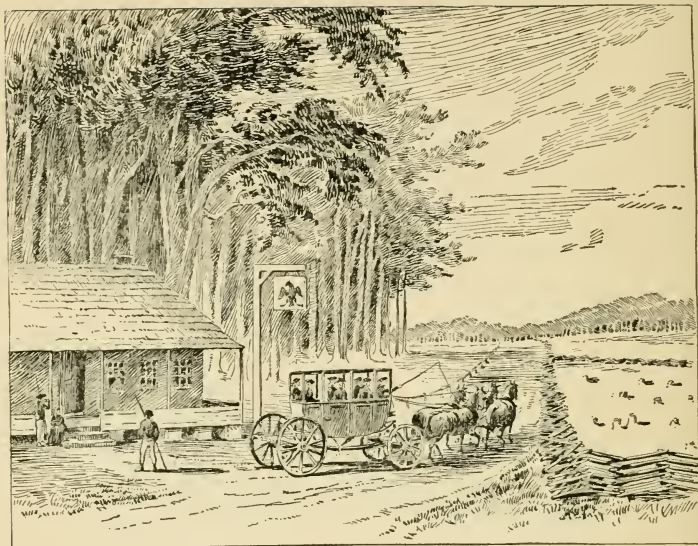


Conestoga Wagon.

around a curve in the road, down by the stone tavern, on toward the sunset. As many more are moving east.

There comes the swaying, rushing passenger coach; yonder comes the mail coach, and here like a flash goes the fleet-footed pony express. Now a jockey from Kentucky passes with a hundred handsome horses and as many mischievous mules.

There floats a cloud of dust in which is a great herd of cattle and a flock of sheep. Near by, in a muddy stream, rests an army of hogs, and above all this medley of motion rolls the music of the moving multitude.



The Black Eagle Inn.

Strangest of all, here comes a long line of men and women, tied two by two to a thick rope. What are they pulling? Nothing, my friend; they are human beings, negro slaves, tied like dogs and driven by a merciless master from the South to the market block in Kentucky to be sold. And this was only sixty years ago, in the free state of Pennsylvania. Let us thank God that Abraham Lincoln and the brave boys in blue swept such scenes forever from American soil.

Over this great road, as passengers, went Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, John Q. Adams, General Lafayette, Henry Clay, Tom Corwin, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, General Scott, General Butler, Davy

Crockett, James G. Blaine, P. T. Barnum, Jenny Lind, J. W. Crittenden, and many others whose names call up pages of our history.

Stand back! There comes Sam Sibley, a famous driver. In his coach rides the great Henry Clay. The coach stops in Uniontown, and Henry Clay dines at the McClelland House; then whirls away with a rush for Washington.

Hark! There's a crash, a cloud of dust, a rush of citizens; the proud driver, for once, was careless. His team dashed over a pile of limestone in the street, and the coach was upset. The driver creeps from the wreck, with a broken nose, and Mr. Clay is lying under the upturned coach. A hundred hands hurry to free him. He is unhurt, and as he brushes the dust from his clothes, he says, "This is mixing the Clay of Kentucky with the limestone of Pennsylvania."

Yonder is a narrow place in the road. Old Breakiron's team is moving one way, Puffenberger's the other. Each demands of the other to turn out. Each refuses. "What's your name?" said Puffenberger, angrily.

"My name is Breakiron," was the answer.

"That," said Old Puff, "is a hard name, but you look harder than your name."

"I am as hard as my name," said Breakiron, "and what is your name?"

"Puffenberger," was the reply.

"That," said Breakiron, "is a windy name."

"Yes," said Old Puff, "but there's thunder in it." And so the useless war of words went on.

Here comes Jesse J. Peirsol. He can tell of a night on Nigger Mountain at the Sheet's Tavern. Thirty six-

horse teams were in the wagon yard, one hundred mules in a near-by lot, one thousand hogs in another, as many fat cattle from Illinois in a field, and the tavern was crowded with teamsters and drovers. To hear the grunts of the hogs, the braying of the mules, the bellowing of the cattle, and the crunching of the corn by the horses, was music beyond a dream.

Notice that fine mail coach. On its gilded sides, as it rolls swiftly by, you see the picture of a postboy, with flying horse and horn, and in gilt letters these words:—

“He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.”

In its soft silk plush seats, among others, sits Tom Corwin. He was once a wagoner on this pike, and the campaign cry that made him Governor of Ohio was, “Hurrah for Tom Corwin, the wagoner boy.”

In 1846, the message came from Washington that President Polk had officially declared war against Mexico. Redding Bunting took this message in Cumberland at two o'clock in the morning and drove with it over the mountains, across the stone bridges, through the valleys, by a hundred taverns and a score of villages, and delivered it in Wheeling at two o'clock P.M. He drove one hundred and thirty-one miles in twelve hours.

Yonder goes Daniel Leggett, a famous old coacher. He drove the coach from Wheeling to Washington in which rode the famous chief, Black Hawk. In Washington, the harness broke, Leggett was thrown from the driver's box, and the team dashed madly through the town. At a turn in the street the coach upset. The first one to

creep out of the wreck was Black Hawk. He stood upright in the street, a single drop of blood on his brow, and showed his anger and surprise by uttering, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

And there goes the sprightly team of William Shaffer. His long whip cracks like a pistol, and his team makes the fire fly at every leap. He carries in his coach the great showman, P. T. Barnum, and Jenny Lind, the sweetest singer that ever paid the fare, \$17.25, to ride in a Stockton Line coach from Wheeling to Baltimore. They stop over night at Boss Rush's tavern. A crowd gathers to see the noted travelers. As the coach rolled in, a curious native asked: "Which is Barnum?" Shaffer said gruffly, "I don't know Barnum from the devil." Barnum heard this as he stepped out, and said in reply, "The driver is right; it is hard to distinguish me from the devil."

Jenny Lind had fine fresh trout for breakfast, and hurried on to Cumberland.

There goes John Buck, a noted driver. He drove Lafayette over this old pike to Washington in 1825, and always thought some of the mighty cheers that rolled along the road with his coach were meant for him as much as for the great Frenchman.

Here rolls along in steady sweep the handsome coach of the "Good Intent" line. It belongs to General N. P. Talmadge, and he and all his drivers will not touch a drop of whisky. Hear his drivers sing:—

"Our horses are true and coaches fine,
No upsets or runaways;
Nor drunken drivers to swear and curse,
For it's cold water all the days.

CHORUS.

“For our agents and drivers
Are all fully bent,
To go for cold water
On line Good Intent;
Sing, go it, my hearties,
Cold water for me.”



*The "Good Intent" Coach (from *The Old Pike*).

It was a great day for Uniontown, when, in May, 1837, John Quincy Adams, on his way from Cincinnati, was welcomed by all the people. Hon. Hugh Campbell gave a fine address, and as we listen to his noble words let us return to the lessons of to-day with a strong desire to know more, in the years to come, of this great highway of America.

"We stand here, sir, upon the Cumberland Road, which has broken down the great wall of the Appalachian Mountains. This road, we trust, constitutes an indissoluble chain of Union, connecting forever, as one, the East and the West."



FOUNDERS OF THE FREE SCHOOLS.

AT the heart of all great movements one finds a few earnest and enthusiastic spirits.

Before 1834, Pennsylvania had no organized system of elementary education. The state had many school buildings, and the old-time master wandered from district to district. He had no legal license to teach, and usually "boarded round." Thousands of children were not near these schools, and thousands more were too poor to pay the fee. The great demand of the time was for schools, public schools, for all the children.



John Andrew Shulze.

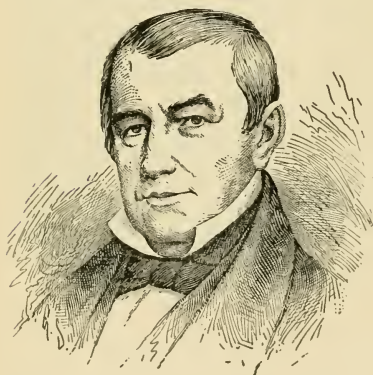
To the unselfish and noble efforts of three German governors of Pennsylvania, and the patriotic zeal of an adopted son of our soil, is due the gratitude of all for our grand system of free schools.

John Andrew Shulze (1775-1852), of Berks County, was the first governor to take a bold stand for elementary

education. He was a finely educated man, a Lutheran clergyman, and, after serving in both branches of the state Legislature, was twice elected governor. He occupied this important office from 1823 to 1829.

In his message of 1827 he said, "Among the injunctions of the Constitution, there is none more interesting than that which enjoins it as a duty in the Legislature to provide for the education of the poor throughout the Commonwealth. If the culture of the understanding and heart be entirely neglected in early life, there is great reason to fear that evil propensities will take root, while with proper discipline there might be a rich harvest of usefulness and worth."

George Wolf (1777-1840), a native of Northumberland County, became governor in 1829, and served two terms.

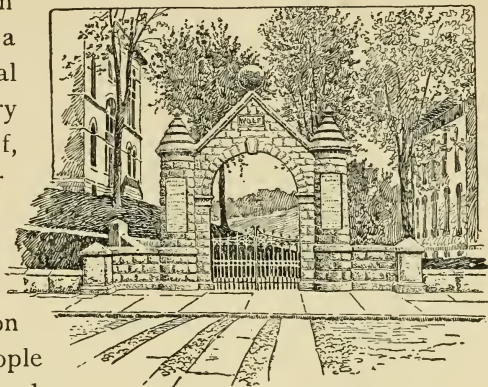


George Wolf.

He, too, was a Pennsylvania German, and a resolute friend of free schools. George Wolf was a teacher, a scholar, and a statesman. He sat in state and national halls of legislation, and was a man of sterling integrity, sound judgment, and strong common sense. He was firm enough to be his own master, and gentle

enough to love children devotedly, and to give the best years of his life to creating a system of education for the youth of this great commonwealth.

He was the champion of the Act of 1834, and gladly gave his executive approval to the new law. The school children of Easton recently erected a beautiful memorial gate to the memory of Governor Wolf, the father of our public school system.



The Wolf Memorial Gate.

The new school law was opposed on all sides. The people were in favor of education, but did not like

what they called the machine-like system the law of 1834 provided. The Legislature of the next year resolved to repeal the school law. In the height of this excitement, Joseph Ritner (1780-1869), another Pennsylvania German, a native of Berks County, was elected governor. Joseph Ritner was a self-made man. On a farm in Washington County he worked and read books until 1820. He was then elected to the state Legislature, and



Joseph Ritner.

served twice as Speaker of the House of Representatives. During his campaign a story was published that Ritner

was in favor of the repeal of the school law. He walked many miles and faced the lying editor, made him retract in his paper, and declared that he would not under any circumstances purchase office by betraying his principles.

But the greatest defender of our school system in this crisis was Thaddeus Stevens. He was the political opponent of Governor Wolf, but did not allow his politics to keep him silent when the children of the commonwealth were likely to suffer. Mr. Stevens was born in Danville, Vermont, in 1792. His mother's savings sent him to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1814. The next year he came to Pennsylvania, and early became a member of the Legislature. When the act to repeal the law of 1834 had passed the Senate and was about to pass the House, Mr. Stevens delivered one of the greatest speeches that ever rang through the halls of legislation. Only a few of the many eloquent sayings of this great advocate of universal education can be given here.

"The barbarous and disgraceful cry, which we hear abroad in some parts of our land, 'that learning makes us worse, that education makes men rogues,' should find no echo within these halls. . . . Who would not rather do one living deed than to have his ashes enshrined in ever-burnished gold? . . . Why shall Pennsylvania now repudiate a system which is calculated to elevate her to that rank in the intellectual, which, by the blessings of Providence, she holds in the natural world? . . .

"Old habits and old prejudices are hard to be removed from the mind. Every new improvement which has been gradually leading man from the savage, through the civilized, up to the highly cultivated state, has required

the strenuous, and often perilous exertions of the wise and good. . . .

“I have seen the present chief magistrate of this commonwealth [Wolf] violently assailed as the projector and father of this law. I am not the eulogist of that gentleman; but he deserves the undying gratitude of the people for the stern, untiring zeal which he has manifested in favor of common schools. I trust that the people of this state will never be called upon to choose between a supporter and an opposer of free schools. But, if it should come to that; if that should be made the turning point on which we are to cast our suffrages; if the opponent of education were my most intimate personal and political friend, and the free-school candidate my most obnoxious enemy, I should deem it my duty as a patriot, in this moment of our intellectual crisis, to forget all other considerations, and place myself unhesitatingly and cordially in the ranks of him whose banner streams in light.

“Cast your vote that the blessing of education shall be conferred on every son of Pennsylvania—shall be carried home to the poorest child of the poorest inhabitant of the meanest hut of your mountains, so that even he may be prepared to act well his part in this land of freemen and lay on earth a broad and solid foundation for that enduring knowledge which goes on increasing through increasing eternity.”

This burst of eloquence and truth saved the school system of Pennsylvania. Again in the same hall, in 1838, Mr. Stevens pleaded for aid to education in a masterly manner and closed with these memorable words:—

“I have often thought and wished that I was the owner

or trustee of the whole mountain of Ophir. I would scatter its yellow dirt upon the human intellect until, if there be any fertilizing property in it, every young idea should shoot forth with overshadowing luxuriance."

Thaddeus Stevens revered the memory of his father, who fell in the War of 1812, and of his devoted mother.



In his will he gave \$1000 to a Baptist church in Lancaster, "out of respect to the memory of my mother, to whom I owe whatever little prosperity I have had on earth." He also set aside a sum "that the sexton keep her grave in order, and plant roses and other cheerful flowers at the four corners of said grave every spring."

In 1864, a lady of Gettysburg gathered some relics of the greatest battlefield of the Civil War and had them made into a cane. This she sent to Mr. Stevens. In his letter of thanks to her he wrote, "When I review all the measures in which I have taken part, some of them very important, I see none in which I feel so much pleasure as the free-school system of Pennsylvania. As the mother of eight children you thank me for it. Such thanks while I am living, and if I could hope for the blessings of the poor when I am no more, are a much more grateful reward than silver or gold."

He always defended the poor and oppressed. He was a stanch friend of the negro race, and refused to be buried in a cemetery from which negroes were excluded. On his grave in Lancaster are these words : —

“I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited by charter rules as to race, I have chosen it that I might be enabled to illustrate in death the principle which I have advocated through a long life — equality of man before his Creator.”



A SCHOOL IN THE EARLY DAYS.

IN one of the counties on the northern border, shortly after the present school law was adopted, a young lady was engaged to teach school. In those days there were no normal schools, no institutes, and no county superintendents. The young lady went before the school board for an examination. The best-educated member had gone down the river with a raft. The five remaining men asked the lady a few simple questions, and then gave her a slip of greasy paper containing the following : —

“This is to Sertify that the Bair er Miss ——— having Ben duly examined as the law directs we find her well qualified to teach the folowing Branches reading arithmetick and geography & penmanship & a good morrel carrecter witness our hands and seals this 1st. day of joun. . . .”

The new teacher was to be paid the sum of twelve dollars for a term of eleven weeks, with five and a half

days' teaching each week. School might be kept open every other Saturday, or on Saturday mornings, as the teacher preferred. The teacher's income was further increased by the privilege of boarding around among the parents of her pupils.

The schoolhouse was small and low. It was built of rough, unpeeled logs, and roofed with pine slabs laid with the round side up, and fastened to the rafters with poles tied on with withes. The floor was made of unplaned planks laid loosely upon the joists. Opposite the door was an opening in the wall; this was the only window in the schoolhouse. It had neither glass nor sash.

The chimney occupied nearly the entire end of the building. It was built of stones laid with mortar made of clay and straw. During every heavy rain some of this plaster would fall and leave its stain upon the floor.

The only furniture in the room consisted of three benches. One had legs; the other two were merely slabs laid on low blocks of wood.

A smooth board was fastened lengthwise to the log under the window and served as a writing desk. A row of wooden pegs were driven into the wall, and on these the children hung their caps and cloaks. There was nothing more in the room: no blackboard, no chair, no maps. The door swung on wooden hinges and was fastened with a long wooden latch.

The new teacher was happy the moment she saw that the door was planed smooth. Here was something that could be used for a blackboard. With bits of charcoal she wrote the lesson on the door. This greatly amused and interested the children.

A hickory broom was borrowed from one of the neighbors and used to clear the room of the dead leaves which had blown in during the winter, and the numerous cobwebs which had collected. The teacher and the large scholars furnished the wood. During the noon recess they gathered chips, bark, and dead limbs from the woods. These were used for the summer fires, which were kept burning nearly all day when it rained, and were started almost every morning.

Only three out of twenty-four pupils had any books when school started. The teacher took the newspaper which had been wrapped around her Bible, and, after smoothing it out carefully, cut it into sixteen equal parts. Each piece served a child for a reader and a speller. The pupils were remarkably careful of these scraps, and knew their lessons well.

The little ones who did not know their letters were given a pin and told to punch a hole over every letter "o" they could find. Then another letter was taken, until they finally knew the alphabet. When the newspaper wore out, a thoughtful friend sent the teacher a bundle of old handbills and posters. These became a mine of wealth far more valuable than the newspaper.

Great was the rejoicing when the discovery was made one day that the flagstones found in the bottom of the brook near by could be used for slates. Each pupil got out his own "flag," or slate, and proudly carried it to the schoolroom. These slates being of different sizes, and difficult to hold, the teacher allowed the pupils to lean them against the bottom log of the wall, and to sit or lie on the floor while they wrote and ciphered. The children

used soft stones found in the same brook for pencils. An amused smile often lit up the teacher's face when she looked at her little flock all lying or sitting on the floor busy at work.

Thus, in spite of all difficulties, these eager minds were learning. The pupils loved to walk with the teacher through the shady woods carpeted with moss and flowers. They had no books with pictures, but they had God's great glorious picture book all around them. They had no charts or maps, desks or chairs, but they had a teacher who loved them, and their little hearts were happy.

Even when it rained, and their one little window had to be boarded up to keep out the driving storm, the children considered it a rare treat, and wished that it would rain again, so they might sing songs, recite the multiplication table, and listen to stories of the hunters and the Indians.



THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

THE Underground Railroad appeared in Pennsylvania about 1804, at Columbia. The kidnaping and shooting of some colored persons at this place led the people to protect and shelter those who were seeking liberty.

As early as 1726, John Wright and Robert Barber left Chester and settled along the Susquehanna River. Several members of the Society of Friends soon came here, bringing their slaves with them. Many Friends believed that it was wrong to keep slaves. About this time a number of families on the Susquehanna set their negroes

free. In 1787, when Samuel Wright laid out the town of Columbia, provision was made for the free colored people, who gradually collected in the northern part of the borough, on lots given to them by the Wright family.

A number of Quakers in Virginia gave their slaves freedom, and many of these colored people were brought to Columbia. The reputation of the town soon spread into Maryland and Virginia, and it became a refuge for runaway slaves.

These people seldom ran away from good masters. But when they had a cruel master, or when they found themselves separated from their families, and about to be sold to the drovers and taken to the far south, they would risk their lives to escape. Some followed the North Star; others, the ranges of mountains. A large number came into Pennsylvania by way of Gettysburg, York, and the Susquehanna River. The slave hunters could track them as far as Columbia, where all trace and sign of them disappeared. Every possible clue was lost in this town, until the kidnapers declared that "there must be an underground railroad somewhere."

After the fugitive-slave law of 1850 was passed, slave hunting became a regular business.

The antislavery people organized, and had a secret understanding about hiding the runaways. A few were sent up the Susquehanna River, but the larger number were sent from station to station across Lancaster, Chester, Montgomery and Bucks counties. Many were sent to Philadelphia, where another line came in from Wilmington and Havre-de-Grace through Chester County. The different lines of the Underground Railroad often crossed.

Another route entered the state in Bedford County, and following the mountain valleys crossed the western Susquehanna route. Then the runaways were forwarded through Potter County on their way to Canada.

At one time an old gentleman on the Lancaster and Chester County route received half a dozen frightened fugitives. His wife was giving them "a good square meal" in the cellar kitchen, when a party of kidnapers unexpectedly rode up to the house. The old gentleman, who was somewhat crippled and used a big cane, came out on his front porch, and invited the slave hunters to come in. He was very hospitable, and soon had them all seated in his sitting room, which was directly over the kitchen. They told him that they were "huntin' niggers," and had good reason to believe that some were hid in his house at that very time. They asked him if he thought it was right to steal away a man's property. They grew angry and declared that they were going to search his buildings; and as they arose for that purpose one of them asked him if he knew what the law was for a man who harbored slaves, and another asked him what he would do if there were "niggers" in his house now.

"Do," said the old man in a loud voice, "Do! Why, I'd say, 'Run, boys, run!'" and with that he brought his big cane down on the floor with three or four resounding whacks, as if to emphasize what he said. The hungry slaves in the kitchen needed no second warning. They leaped out of a window, and ran across the field into the woods before the kidnapers began to search the house.

After wasting an hour or more hunting through the buildings, with the old man hobbling along with his cane,

they left very much dissatisfied, saying that they were sure that their slaves were there, because they had tracked them into his lane.

At another time, when Enoch Lewis, the great mathematician, lived in New Garden, Chester County, a slave came to him who had run away from the far south. He was a preacher, and had great faith in God's protecting care. He had made many narrow escapes before. Enoch Lewis sent him to a colored man in the neighborhood for safe keeping. The colored man hid the preacher in a small cave near a stream of water. That night the slave became uneasy. He felt that he was in danger. Not a sound was heard, yet the devout old preacher said afterwards, "Some-thin' spoke right inter my heart and said, 'Git up outer here and run.'"

He obeyed this inward feeling, and, crawling out of the cave, ran to the stream of water, and after walking in that for a short distance he caught the overhanging branch of a tree and managed to climb up and hide within its thick foliage. He was still within sight of his little cave.

"Jist as I got fixed," he said afterwards, "lyin' straight out 'long a big limb, I saw dem come, Massa, and a dozen more on hoss-back, hollowin' and screechin', de hosses at full jump, and de dogs yelpin', right up to de little cave whar dey 'spect to find de poor nigger. But no poor nigger dar. Den de dogs run about from cave to de creek, and from creek back to de cave, smellin' de groun'. De men stamp and thrash about, ride up and down de creek pas' my tree. De moon perty bright, but de same good Spirit what tell me to git away from de cave, wouldn't let 'em see me dar lyin' on dat limb like a coon."

RACHEL HARRIS AND THE UNDERGROUND
RAILROAD.

"MORT" CUNNINGHAM, a slave owner in Maryland, had in his possession a tall, muscular, yet slender and sensitive slave girl called "Rache." Cunningham hired "Rache" for a time to a man who was going to New Orleans for his health. "Rache" was taken along. Her new master grew worse, and decided to return home. They were on a ship. A storm came up; the winds howled, and the ship lurched, until a cow on board bellowed with fear. "Rache" was deeply moved by the scene. Her master died before the ship landed. When the cow was driven on shore she raised her head, as soon as her feet touched the earth, and, snorting, dashed through the crowd. The captain of the ship looked at "Rache" and then at the cow. The young slave needed no further invitation; glancing around, she saw that her mistress was occupied. "Rache" immediately followed the cow and was out of sight in a flash. She made her way north, and lived for many years with Emmor Kimber, who kept a boarding school in northern Chester County. Here she went by the name of Henrietta Waters. After she married Isaac Harris, who was also a runaway Maryland slave, she came with her husband and lived in a little house on Miner Street in West Chester. "Rache" was now called Rachel Harris, and was well known and esteemed in the town, where for many years she made herself useful in washing and ironing and housecleaning. She was always cheerful and lively, and her clear, strong,

musical voice was heard in the evenings all over that part of the town.

A large reward had been offered by Rachel's master for her capture. A West Chester man, who loved money more than a woman's liberty, answered the advertisement and told where Rachel was. The owner soon came from Maryland, and engaged a constable to go with him and arrest Rachel. The frightened woman was taken before Judge Thomas S. Bell, where the man proved her to be his property.

Rachel quickly realized that she was to be taken back into slavery, and that she would be separated from her husband. The examination was held in the judge's office, which, at that time, was located on the southeast corner of Church and Miner streets. Before the hearing was entirely over, Rachel asked if she might step out in the back yard. The constable, who was a large, heavy man, consented, and followed her. Like a cat, the nimble Rachel dashed across the yard, and, to the amazement of the constable, sprang upon and climbed over a solid board fence which was seven feet high. The constable could not follow her. Rachel ran down alleys, and across streets. She dashed into a hat shop, leaping over a vat of boiling liquid, and frightening the men as if she were a ghost. She then ran into an alley back of Dr. Worthington's stable, and rushed into the kitchen and threw her arms around Mrs. Worthington, crying, "For God's sake save me. Take me in. My master's after me."

Mrs. Worthington tried to soothe her, but to no purpose. Rachel demanded to be hid, and was taken to the garret and locked in a "cubby hole." Soon after, Mr.

Worthington came home to dinner. When the family sat down, in their usual quiet way, nothing was said about Rachel. Mrs. Worthington made no mention or sign of anything having happened.

Meanwhile, the constable, the slaveholder, and a party of men were out hunting the runaway. When they first rushed into the street, there was not a person to be seen except an old man, John Hutchinson. They asked if he had seen a colored woman running past. John had seen the woman, and wondered what she was running after. He quickly realized that these men were kidnapers, and answered, "Yes, I saw her."

"Which way did she go?" they asked, eagerly.

"Sure, and she shot along there like a rabbit," he answered, pointing in the opposite direction. The kidnapers, being thus misled, wasted the remainder of the forenoon hunting in the wrong side of the town. Sometime during the afternoon they heard that something like a ghost had leaped over the vat in Sammy Auge's hat shop. They went there and examined, and, meeting Mr. Worthington in the street, they asked him if he had seen or heard anything of her. He said he had not. Everybody believed what Mr. Worthington said, so the men did not search his house.

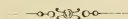
The abolitionists knew that they were all closely watched, and if any of them attempted to take Rachel out of West Chester that night, they would be arrested. Her husband worked in the brickyard of Philip P. Sharpless. This gentleman planned the escape. He knew that if Benjamin Price's carriage was to be seen that evening standing in front of the Friends' School on High

Street, no suspicion would be aroused, because Benjamin's sons were there at school, and he was accustomed to drive in on that evening of the week to take them to a lecture.

About dusk Benjamin drove his carriage into the shed as usual, hitched his horses, and entered the schoolroom where the students were preparing their lessons. When the hour for the lecture arrived, Benjamin and one of his sons went out and got into the carriage, while the other students went to the lecture.

In a few minutes Rachel Harris and her husband appeared, both dressed like men. A voice in the carriage asked, "Is that you, boys?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then hop right in; we'll be late at the lecture. We've an errand to do first." The drizzling rain and the darkness of the night were in their favor. They started north, going out High Street to attend to their errand. Then they turned into a byway which led to the State Road.

They drove rapidly to Norristown and across Montgomery County, to William Johnson's, in Bucks County, where they arrived near ten o'clock the following morning. From this station on the Underground Railroad Rachel Harris and her husband were sent on to Canada.



WILLIAM PARKER AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

WILLIAM PARKER was a little orphan slave boy. After his mother's death, he was sent to the "quarters," a great, long, low building with a fireplace in each end, and a row of small rooms on each side. In this

house were huddled together all the orphan children on the plantation. They often quarreled over the best places near the fire. Parker soon learned to secure his rights by the power of his fists.

One day a crowd of men came to the plantation, and there was a big slave sale. Parker, who was now a good-sized boy, ran with a companion and climbed into a high pine tree. There they remained all day, listening to the cries and wailing of women and children who were being sold away from each other; brothers from sisters, a mother from her children, a husband from his wife.

That day Parker felt that he would like to be free. In a low tone he suggested to his companion, Levi, that they run off that night and go to the free states. When darkness came, Levi wanted to go and see whether his mother had been sold, but Parker said, "I have no mother and no home: I want to go to the free states." But Levi prevailed, and they went back to the quarters.

The next year Levi was sold, and Parker remained on the plantation until he was seventeen. One day he was being whipped with an oxgoad for not going out into the rain to work, when he seized the stick and soundly flogged his master. Then, bidding him good-by, he ran across the fields. Seeing his brother, he beckoned to him, and they ran on together.

After several days, just as they were entering York in Pennsylvania, they met three men, one of them a very large man, who stopped them, saying, "You are the niggers I've been looking for." And he read from a newspaper advertisement a description of Parker and his brother. "Now," he said, "we are going to take you back."

"No, you're not," said Parker.

"I've taken many a runaway," replied the man, "and I can take you," and with that he put one hand in his pocket as if to get a pistol, and with the other reached out to take hold of his prisoner. Parker struck the arm with a heavy club. It fell as if broken. A fight ensued, and the white men ran. The boys gave chase, determined to beat them more, but the men escaped.

That night, as Parker and his brother were approaching Columbia, they heard voices behind them, and, dropping into a fence corner, they lay quiet until the men passed. The voice of one man they recognized as their master's.

Nothing further happened to the runaways, and they came into Lancaster County and hired with some farmers in the vicinity of Christiana.

The notorious "Gap gang" made a business of helping the slave hunters capture runaways. Very often free negroes were taken. Parker organized the colored people to resist these invasions. One evening he was at a friend's house discussing the dangers surrounding a colored man's life, when four kidnapers knocked at the door, demanding to know who was inside.

No one answered. The door was burst open, and the leader drew his pistol upon Parker, who, reaching for a heavy pair of tongs, struck the man senseless to the floor. The kidnapers took up their victim and ran away. They had been accustomed to frightening the colored people, who submitted as soon as caught.

Parker was a new kind of man among them. Whenever he heard of a colored man being kidnaped, he would start in pursuit, and if he could overtake the party,

he generally rescued the negro and brought him back. Once, with six men, he followed a band of kidnapers toward the Maryland line. When he overtook them, pistols and guns were used freely on both sides. Parker was shot in the leg and fell, but, rising, quickly renewed the fight.

The kidnapers called for quarter. Parker told them they could have it as soon as they gave up their prisoner. The man was released, and brought back to Christiana in triumph. When Parker reached home, he took a penknife and cut the bullet out of his leg, and said nothing further about the affair.

Another time Parker gathered his men, and rescued a slave from the courthouse in Lancaster. In doing this, Parker was contending with a superior force. Stones and brickbats were hurled at him, and pistols fired.

Parker, nothing daunted, knocked men down on either side of him, until he cut the prisoner's cords.

During this affair, Parker was caught and tied three times, and as many times he broke his bands, and fell to using his heavy fists.

Lindley Coates, a member of the Society of Friends, said that Parker "was as bold as a lion, the kindest of men, and the warmest and most steadfast of friends."

The night before the Christiana riot, a Quaker lady who knew Parker well urged him, if the slaveholders should come, not to lead the colored people to resist, not to oppose the fugitive-slave law by force of arms, but to escape to Canada. Parker replied that if the laws of the nation protected colored men as they did white men, he would be non-resistant, and would not fight, but would appeal to the laws.

“But,” he said, “the laws for personal protection are not made for us, and we are not bound to obey them. If a fight occurs, I want the whites to keep away. *They have a country and may obey the laws, but we have no country.*”

LINCOLN'S MIDNIGHT RIDE THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA.

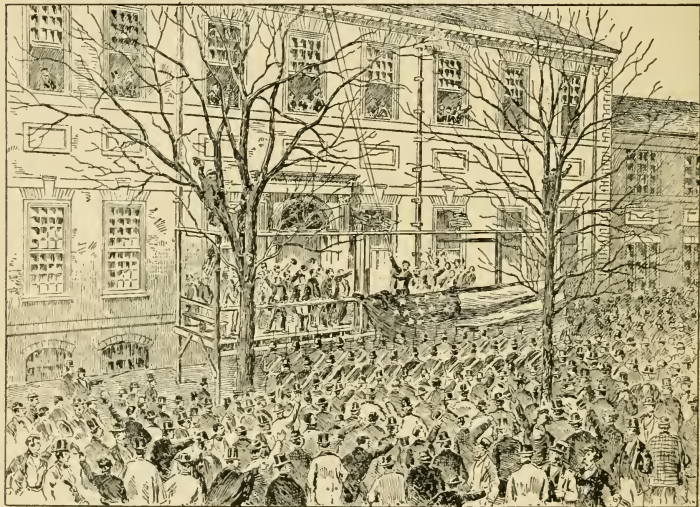
WHEN Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency in 1860, Andrew Gregg Curtin was his warm friend and supporter. Curtin was also a candidate. The people of Pennsylvania in that year nominated and elected him governor, after a most exciting contest. No one then could foresee that Curtin was destined to become the great War Governor.

After Lincoln's election the hatred of the radical men of the South against him was wrought to the highest pitch. It was declared in more than one quarter that this enemy of slavery should never take office. When Lincoln announced that he would come to Washington by way of Harrisburg and



Governor Curtin.

Baltimore, his friends learned that in the latter city his enemies meant to take his life. He reached Philadelphia, February 21, 1861, and was there informed by General Scott and Senator Seward that he could not pass through Baltimore at the time announced without grave peril to his life. The detectives also declared his life to be in danger.



Lincoln hoisting the Stars and Stripes.

He had arranged to leave Philadelphia the next morning and proceed to Harrisburg, address the state Legislature, remain over night as the guest of Governor Curtin, and the next day pass through Baltimore on his way to Washington. Lincoln could not believe that any one would assassinate him. On the 22d he arose early and went to old Independence Hall. Here, in the presence of a large crowd of cheering people, he hoisted the Stars and Stripes

to the pinnacle of the historic old hall and delivered a noble address. Then he took the train for Harrisburg. Here again his friends urged him to abandon his plans and avoid Baltimore ; but Lincoln was still resolute.

He then entered the House of Representatives and was welcomed to the capital of the Keystone State by his devoted friend, Governor Curtin, in an eloquent and patriotic address : —

“ Sir : By act of our Legislature, we unfurl from the dome of the Capitol the flag of our country, carried there in the arms of men who defended the country when defense was needed. I assure you, sir, there is no star or stripe erased, and on its azure field there blazon forth thirty-four stars, the number of the bright constellation of states over which you are called by a free people, in a fair election, to preside. We trust, sir, that in the discharge of your high office, you may reconcile the unhappy differences now existing, as they have heretofore been reconciled.

“ But, sir, when conciliation has failed, read our history, study our traditions. Here are the people who will defend you, the Constitution, the laws, and the integrity of this Union. Our great lawgiver, the founder, established this government of a free people in deeds of peace. We are a peaceful, laborious people. We believe that civilization, progress, and Christianity are advanced by the protection of free and paid labor.”

To this address the President-elect made a calm, deliberate, and dignified reply. He spent the evening with Governor Curtin, Colonel A. K. McClure, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, and a number of other prominent people. Again

his friends urged him to avoid the threatened danger on the morrow. They reminded him that the railway coaches were drawn through the streets of Baltimore by horses; that for this reason the chances to do him harm were greatly increased. After hearing them patiently, he answered, "What would the nation think of its President stealing into the capital like a thief in the night?" But



Colonel Scott.

his advisers insisted, and he finally consented to do whatever they thought best. In this emergency, Colonel Scott, who was vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, did the work of a hero. He took charge of all details, and soon cleared the tracks for a special train to Philadelphia.

At that point Lincoln would catch the regular train, pass through Baltimore at night, and arrive in Washington at daylight.

Colonel W. H. Lamon was selected to attend Lincoln. As they were about to leave the hotel for the depot, thousands of loyal citizens cheered wildly for Lincoln and the Union. That no one in that crowd should know of the new plans, Governor Curtin called out in a loud voice, "Drive us to the Executive Mansion." When the carriage was almost there, the driver was ordered to take a

roundabout way to the depot. In the mean time, Scott and McClure had arranged for a locomotive and a single car. Lincoln and Lamon were not noticed by the people standing around as they entered the car, and with a quiet "Good-by, and God protect you," the train moved away on its momentous mission.

As soon as the train left, Scott cut every telegraph wire that connected Harrisburg with the outside world. It was a long, anxious night for the men in the secret. No one could sleep. All knew that the fate of the nation was speeding through the darkness. The man of destiny and his trusted companion reached Philadelphia at eleven o'clock, caught the express for Washington, and sped to the capital. Mrs. Lincoln wept all the night through. At last the first glimpse of dawn, purple with the promise of day, swept across the eastern sky. Scott anxiously and nervously reunited the broken trail of the lightning messenger, and called up Washington. A solemn hush fell upon the waiting group in the little telegraph office. The sharp "tick, tick, tick" seemed like the ring of rifles, and then slowly came the message, "Plums delivered nuts safely." It was a secret cipher dispatch. Scott knew what it meant. He leaped to his feet, whirled his hat high in the little telegraph office, and shouted, "Lincoln's in Washington!" Messengers rushed to the Jones House to tell the good news to the heavy-hearted wife; and to the Executive Mansion to tell the governor. Soon the telegraph had told the world that Lincoln had in safety made a midnight journey to the capital. When the Baltimore plotters awoke on the 23rd to carry out their wicked plans, Lincoln was quietly resting in Washington.

REYNOLDS AT GETTYSBURG.

WHEN General Robert E. Lee decided to carry the war into the North, he threw his army by a series of brilliant movements and forced marches into the valley of the Shenandoah. Over three thousand Union soldiers



Statue of Reynolds, Philadelphia.

were surprised and captured in and around Winchester. Those who escaped reached the Potomac at Hancock and Harpers Ferry. Their stories spread fear and consternation through the North. The farmers in Cumberland valley hurried to the mountains with their mules and cattle. Drove of people with their household goods loaded in wagons crowded the roads leading towards Harrisburg.

The tolls at the bridge crossing the Susquehanna had never before been so great.

The War Department at Washington ordered General Hooker with the Army of the Potomac to hasten to Harpers Ferry, to defend the crossing of the river at that place and prevent Lee from invading Pennsylvania or attacking Washington city.

General Lee, however, had given Hooker the slip. With a few troops he held the Federal forces cooped up at Harpers Ferry, while he pushed the main body of his army into Pennsylvania. He had two purposes in view. One was to hold the mountain passes opening into the Shenandoah and Cumberland valleys, while by forced marches he could escape the Army of the Potomac and dictate terms of surrender to Philadelphia and New York; the other was to capture from the rich farmers of Pennsylvania a supply of cattle and horses, of which his army was sorely in need.

By the time Lee's army was crowding the roads between Chambersburg and Carlisle, his raiders had followed the valley eastward until they saw the church spires at Harrisburg. Others had raised clouds of dust from Gettysburg and Hanover to the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, causing the frightened men at Columbia to burn the great bridge which spanned the river at that place.

When Lee heard that the Union army had crossed the Potomac east of the mountains, he feared that an attempt might be made to cut his line of communications into the Shenandoah valley; and he therefore determined to change the path of invasion. By crossing the mountains into the next valley to the southeast and threatening the defenses of Baltimore and Washington on the north and east, he was sure that he would compel the Army of the Potomac to fall back to defend those cities, while he would be able to cross the Susquehanna at Columbia instead of at Harrisburg as he had intended.

He depended upon Stuart, one of his chief commanders of cavalry, to keep him posted about the movements of the Union army. Stuart by a rash move put his troops in the

rear of Meade's army, and while endeavoring to ride rapidly in a northeasterly direction to get around Meade's lines and join Ewell he was driven by Kilpatrick towards Hanover and York.

Lee, not hearing from Stuart, supposed that Meade was not far from the north bank of the Potomac. With the impression that there was no enemy near he began moving his army slowly towards Gettysburg by way of the Cash-town road.

On June 30 part of Lee's army was retracing its steps in Cumberland valley from Carlisle to Chambersburg. General Heth had pushed through the mountains and located himself at Cashtown. The men being sadly in need of shoes, Heth ordered Pettigrew to go at once to Gettysburg and secure all that General Ewell had not taken when he rushed through the town a few days before.

Pettigrew was very much surprised when he reached Gettysburg to meet the Union General Buford with a large body of cavalry. Pettigrew, not knowing how large Buford's force was, fell back as far as Marsh Creek, half-way to Cashtown. He was afraid to expose his long line of wagons which were coming to be loaded with shoes.

Meade's army was still in Maryland. Generals Reynolds and Buford, both Pennsylvania men, had been sent towards Gettysburg to clear the roads and to learn if possible the movements of Lee's troops. It was generally thought that Lee was located near Chambersburg. When Buford met Pettigrew in Gettysburg, June 30, he was as much surprised as the Confederates were.

He knew that Reynolds was not far behind. With a soldier's instinct he saw that Gettysburg was a fine field

for a battle, and that the advantage would be with the army which first took possession. With great boldness he decided to risk everything in holding the ground until Reynolds could bring up his forces.

A hurried message was sent to Meade and Reynolds. Early on the morning of July 1, Buford ambushed his men along the banks of Willoughby Run, north of Seminary Ridge, and quietly waited until the enemy should arrive. Buford's scouts soon told him that all the roads leading into Gettysburg from the north were lined with Confederate soldiers. He well knew, when he arranged his band of little more than 4000 men, that the entire Confederate army would be upon him before the sun was very high, but he knew that Reynolds would come, and he knew that he was in Pennsylvania. These facts nerved him to risk everything.

By eight o'clock in the morning the Confederate soldiers are rushing down the slopes on the north side of Willoughby Run. They receive a murderous fire which leads them to believe they have met a body of infantry. They do not know that men are holding Buford's horses in bunches in the rear. They do not know that there is but a handful of cavalry before them.

They halt and prepare for a desperate encounter. Then with all their Southern valor they dash against Buford's cool-headed men. A close hand-to-hand struggle with carbine and sword follows. Peaceful little Willoughby Run grows red with blood. Can Buford's brave heroes hold out against superior numbers? How soon will Reynolds come? Up in the tall belfry of the seminary on the ridge is Buford's signal staff watching the Emmetts-

burg road for Reynolds. Turning their glasses towards Cashtown, they see the long lines of Lee's advance column hurrying towards Gettysburg.

If Reynolds does not come, Buford is lost, and these hills will soon be held by the Confederates. Buford has sent his last reserves to the front. They cannot hold out much longer. He rides from battery to battery, encouraging the artillerymen:—"Hold on a little longer, boys, and Reynolds will be here."

The men are black with smoke and powder; grim death is all around them; stubbornly they yield the ground inch by inch. Buford is arranging to order a retreat, when a signal from the belfry tells him that Reynolds is coming.

With bated breath the signal staff have been watching the Emmettsburg road. A cloud of dust rises in the distance. Can it be Reynolds? Nearer it comes; a band of horsemen riding at full speed burst from this cloud of dust. "It's Reynolds, it's Reynolds, at the head of his staff!" shout the men in the belfry. They signal Buford, and then turn to watch this son of Pennsylvania, as the sparks fly from under the feet of his foaming steed.

Buford buries the spurs in his horse and dashes towards the seminary. He has scarcely reached the belfry when he hears Reynolds shouting to him. There is no time for greeting: Reynolds's men are coming, and Buford is saved. Rapidly the hard-marched but eager troops pour over the slopes of Seminary Ridge. Reynolds is all activity, arranging his lines. There is scarcely time to take position before the charging Southerners are upon them. They cross Willoughby Run and make a dash for a clump of trees on the McPherson farm. This controls the Cash-

town road. Quick as a flash Reynolds realizes that this road must be blocked. That clump of trees must be held by the Union soldiers. He hurls his troops towards the spot.

Leaving Wadsworth to form the right wing, Reynolds dashes on towards the McPherson farm, encouraging his soldiers by his example. The attack has scarcely com-



House to which the Body of General Reynolds was carried.

menced when a cruel bullet strikes Reynolds in the head, and he dies without a word.

While the sorrow-stricken soldiers were carrying Reynolds's body from the field, the Southern prisoners seemed to be as much moved by the loss as the Union soldiers. Reynolds had been military governor at Fredericksburg, and the South joined with the North in mourning his death.

The officers in the Union army all respected and loved him. His clear judgment and cool self-control were admired by all who knew him. Yet his loss only kindled the ardor of his soldiers. They fought on native soil, and they fought to avenge the loss of their leader. Reynolds, though dead, seemed yet alive. His clear mind had planned the day's struggle. His timely and prompt arrival held the Southern army north of Seminary Ridge until near night. Buford selected the battlefield, but Reynolds made it possible for Meade to place his troops on Cemetery Ridge, south of Gettysburg, during the night of July 1, stretching his lines from Culps Hill to the Round Tops.

Reynolds by his death secured Meade the advantage in the following two days' struggle, when the fate of the Union was settled on Pennsylvania soil.



The Reynolds Monument, Gettysburg.

IN THE REAR AT GETTYSBURG.

WHEN the startling news came that General Lee was at Chambersburg and that his soldiers had taken all the provisions and horses they could find, Mrs. Bayly, whose farm lay north of Gettysburg, determined to save her horses and flour.

A few weeks before the battle of Gettysburg Mr. Bayly had brought home the great farm wagon loaded with barrels of flour. It was their custom to have all their wheat ground in June and the flour stored for future sales.

Under Mrs. Bayly's direction, the boys and men brought the wagon to the woodhouse and carefully placed the barrels in a row on the ground. Then the great ranks of wood which had been cut with a circular saw for house use were neatly piled all around and over the flour. With the aid of a few boards this was done in such a manner that the flour was kept perfectly dry. When the work was finished, one saw only a huge pile of wood ready for the cook stove.

To save the horses, it was agreed that they should be driven into the sheep pen, which was under the corner of the barn, and that sheaves of rye straw should be piled against the door which opened into it.

On the morning of July 1, Mrs. Bayly grew curious and walked out upon the hill to see if the Confederates were coming. Silence and beauty were all around her. The stillness seemed oppressive. "How like a Sabbath morning!" she thought. "Even the chickens are not crowing as usual."

To the south lay Gettysburg, sleeping in the morning sunlight. Beyond was Cemetery Ridge, stretching far to the southwest, where Little and Big Round Top stood like a pair of sentinels watching the Baltimore pike to the east, and the Emmettsburg road on the west.

Mrs. Bayly strained her eyes, shading them with her hands, but was unable to see soldiers anywhere. Suddenly a great gun was fired, and a shell flew through the air. That was the signal for battle. As if by magic the hills seemed to be moving with crowds of soldiers, whose bayonets glistened in the morning sunlight.

It is not possible for Mrs. Bayly to see how General Buford, the brave Pennsylvania cavalry officer, has ambushed his little command of near four thousand men and is heroically trying to block the progress of Lee's army until General Reynolds, followed by Meade's entire army, shall come to his relief. With a quick glance she realizes that the battle is commencing on Willoughby Run, north of Seminary Ridge. A neighbor tells her that it will not be safe to remain on the hill, and she hurries away. While she is crossing the field, within sight of her home, a small body of Southern horsemen take her prisoner.

"How long will you keep me away from home?" asked Mrs. Bayly, unconscious of all danger. "Let me go down to the house and tell the children when I'll be back, and then I'll go with you."

The polite Southern captain raised his cap and smiled. A soldier was detailed to guard Mrs. Bayly. She immediately called to one of the children, who was at the attic window, to come and meet her in the field. The soldier, not following his prisoner closely, did not hear her tell the

child to have the boys hide the horses in the sheep pen and stack the straw before the door.

After a few hours the soldiers concluded that Mrs. Bayly was an unprofitable prisoner, and she was allowed to go home. When she reached the edge of her wheat field, she met a party of Confederate cavalry preparing to take out the bars in order to ride directly through the wheat to the barn, where they wished to water their horses.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Bayly, "that's wheat. You'll ruin the crop if you all ride through there. I beg of you to go around by the orchard, as we always do."

This amused their leader, who ordered his men to ride around the field to the barn. During the entire three days of the battle this field of wheat was preserved untouched. The soldiers took all the corn meal Mrs. Bayly had, preferring this to some flour she had in one barrel. They never knew what stores were hid in the woodpile or even the sheep pen.

Unfortunately, after the battle was over, the hired man, thinking that the Confederates were all gone, carried a bundle of hay by daylight to the little window of the sheep pen. Some Confederate stragglers in the edge of the woods, seeing this, shrewdly concluded that horses were hidden there; and they came and took them all away.

The Confederate cavalry were almost constantly around Mrs. Bayly's during the three days of the battle, but they always treated her with respect and kindness. One day a slender boy in the Confederate cavalry looked with tired and hollow eyes at the comfortable home and farm around

him. He had never seen anything like it before. Late that night Mrs. Bayly heard a soft knock at her back kitchen door. With much caution, and in a low voice, she asked who was there before she opened the door.

"I want to come and live with you," she heard a low voice answer; "I've deserted from the Rebel army. I'm so tired. They forced me into the service. I can't hold out any longer." Without striking a light Mrs. Bayly let him into the shed kitchen and gave him a suit of old clothes, telling him where in the garden to bury his own worn uniform. The next day some of the Southern troopers noticed this slender lad, and one of them remarked, "Your boy, madam, looks tall enough to be in the army; why didn't he enter the service?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Bayly, quickly, "we have men enough to go to war. We don't have to send our boys."

Her remark turned their attention away from the boy. This Southern lad remained for several years on the old Bayly farm. After the first day's battle Mrs. Bayly took a horse which was too old to tempt the raiders, and filling the saddlebags with provisions, lint, and bandages, started out to see whether she could not help the wounded and the dying. When she reached the scene of the battle she found the dead and the wounded scattered along both sides of the road, in the gutters and fence corners. She called upon the Union soldiers to raise their hands. She gave them something to eat and drink, bound up their wounds, and received many a dying message. One poor soldier thanked her faintly for the proffered food, saying, "I can't live much longer; give it to that Johnnie there, it'll help him."

WILLIAM PENN'S BURIAL PLACE.

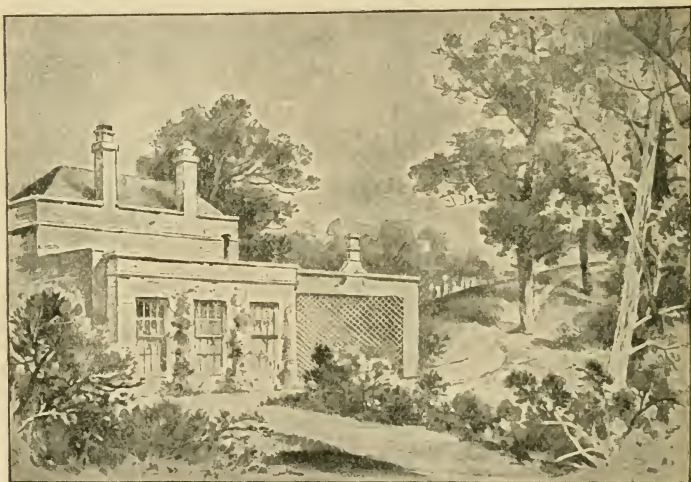
A GOOD question for debate is this: Resolved, that William Penn did a greater service to the world in founding Pennsylvania than in preaching the Quaker doctrine.

In 1881, the Legislature and governor of this commonwealth decided this question in the affirmative, and Governor Hoyt sent one of Philadelphia's most noble citizens to England to obtain permission of the heirs, the committee of the Friends' meeting in charge of Jordan's burying ground, where Penn lies buried, and the English government, to remove the remains to Philadelphia and lay them to rest in the sacred soil of his own beloved state. The commissioner selected for this important duty was Mr. George L. Harrison.

Although Mr. Harrison did everything in his power to succeed, he was obliged to return much disappointed. The committee of the Quaker meeting had for its chairman Mr. Richard Littleboy, and he acted more like a small boy than a great man on this occasion. He decided before seeing Mr. Harrison that the body of William Penn should remain in the forsaken old burying ground of Jordan's.

But the mission was not wholly in vain. It called attention to the fact that William Penn, one of the foremost men of the world, lies in a neglected grave in a secluded spot in England, not far from Stoke Pogis, where Gray, the poet, sleeps beside his mother in the country churchyard made memorable by his elegy.

The burial place of William Penn is near the Burnham Beeches, and not far from Chalfont, where Milton fled to escape the plague. Close by is Isaac Pennington's "Grange" at Chalfont. Here Penn visited his friend Isaac Pennington and was introduced to the latter's step-daughter. The minutes of the monthly meeting of that district tell the result.



The Grange.

"In the twelfth month, 1671, William Penn, of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Tilers End Green, in the parish of Penn, proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage."

As the rule is among the Friends, they were obliged to wait till the next meeting for a decision. The following minute shows that William and Gulielma were made happy:—

"In the first month, 1672, the consent and approval of Friends was given thereto."

Jordan's meeting house, where Penn and his family are buried, is a one-and-a-half story building of brick with a roof of tiles. In front of the main entrance is the graveyard. The stones which mark the graves are plain



William Penn's Grave.

marble, about two feet above ground, and on them, plainly cut, are the names of those buried beneath. The whole place is badly kept, grass long and uncut, fences and gates broken down; and only one meeting is held here in a year.

Penn's body may remain here for all time, and it may some day be lifted in its leaden casket, carried across the Atlantic Ocean, and laid to rest in the heart of the great city he founded, by the beautiful river he made famous,

and in the midst of a devoted people whose ancestors he loved.

But his noble life, his devotion to his family and his church, his hatred of slavery, his respect for the wild Indian, his great system of government, and his wise sayings, will be remembered and recalled with tender regard forever.





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